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THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND AFTER.

In the summary of his chapter on Spanish civilization, Mr. Buckle wrote:

"A people who regard the past with too wistful an eye will never bestir themselves to help the onward progress; they will hardly believe that progress is possible. To them antiquity is synonymous with wisdom, and every improvement is a dangerous innovation. In this state Europe lingered for many centuries; in this state Spain still lingers. . . . Content with what has been bequeathed, they [the Spaniards] are excluded from that great European movement, which, first clearly perceptible in the sixteenth century, has ever since been steadily advancing, unsettling old opinions, destroying old follies, reforming and improving on every side, influencing even such barbarous countries as Russia and Turkey, but leaving Spain untouched. . . . While Europe is ringing with the noise of intellectual achievements, with which even despotic governments affect to sympathize, in order that they may divert them from their natural course, and use them as new instruments whereby to oppress yet more the liberties of the people; while, amidst this general din and excitement, the public mind, swayed to and fro, is tossed and agitated, — Spain sleeps on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it. There she lies, at the furthest extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost."

In President Eliot's summary of the most important contributions that the United States has made to civilization, he says: —

"These five contributions to civilization — peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being — I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which every candid citizen would admit with regard to them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all five essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit."

In the fertile but devastated island that is the pathetic remnant of Spain's dominion in the New World, these New

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World virtues have never thriven. As for the diffusion of well-being, Spanish rule has been a rule of colonial oppression and of open plunder even in times of nominal peace. As for religious toleration, and confidence in manhood suffrage, and a welcome to newcomers, men do not think of these things when they say either "Cuba" or "Spain." As for peace-keeping, not to recall the rebellion of 1823 and subsequent disturbances, an organized revolt was begun in 1868, which, though formally ended in 1878 by the characteristic Spanish method of bribing the rebel leaders, has never really ceased; for the present revolt, which has gone on since 1895, is only a continuation of the old struggle. By the persistence of the insurgents, and by the exterminating method of General Weyler, one of the richest islands in the world has been brought to starvation. A large Spanish army has perished, and a large population has died of hunger. In the history of barbarities it would be hard to find a parallel to the misery of the colony. Spain has not been able either to govern it respectably or to keep the peace.[1]

Here, then, if Mr. Buckle's and Mr. Eliot's summaries of the two civilizations be accurate, is an irreconcilable difference of civilizations, — a difference that lies deeper than the difference between any other two "Christian" civilizations that are brought close together anywhere in the world. If irreconcilable civilizations are brought close together, there will be a clash; and since Cuba is within a hundred miles of our coast, at a time when all the earth is become one community in the bonds of commerce, a clash of ideals and of interests has been unavoidable.

It is no wonder, then, that we have had a Cuban question for more than ninety years. At times it has disappeared from our politics, but it has always reappeared. Once we thought it wise to prevent the island from winning its independence from Spain, and thereby, perhaps, we entered into moral bonds to make sure that Spain governed it decently. Whether we definitely contracted such an obligation or not, the Cuban question has never ceased to annoy us. The controversies about it make a long series of chapters in one continuous story of diplomatic trouble. Many of our ablest statesmen have had to deal with it as secretaries of state and as ministers to Spain, and not one of them has been able to settle it. One President after another has taken it up, and every one has transmitted it to his successor. It has at various times been a "plank" in the platforms of all our political parties, — as it was in both the party platforms of 1896, — and it has been the subject of messages of nearly all our Presidents, as it was of President Cleveland's message in December, 1896, in which he distinctly expressed the opinion that the United States might feel forced to recognize "higher obligations" than neutrality to Spain. In spite of periods of apparent quiet, the old trouble has always reappeared in an acute form, and it has

[1] In summing up the narrative of the loss of Spain's other colonies in the New World, Justin Winsor says, in The Narrative and Critical History of America (vol. viii. p. 341): "The Spanish colonies commenced their independent careers under every possible disadvantage. All important posts, both in church and state, had almost invariably been given to Spaniards. Out of six hundred and seventy-two viceroys, captains-general, and governors who had ruled in America since its discovery, only eighteen had been Americans; and there had been one hundred and five native bishops out of a total of seven hundred and six. The same system of exclusion existed in the appointments of the presidents and judges of the *Audiencias*. This injustice not only gave rise to bitter complaints, but it was permanently injurious to the colonists, because it deprived them of a trained governing class when the need arose. Their exclusion from intercourse with the rest of the world had been still more injurious, and had thrown them back both as regards material prosperity and educational facilities."

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never been settled; nor has there recently been any strong reason for hope that it could be settled merely by diplomatic negotiation with Spain. Our diplomats have long had an experience with Spanish character and methods such as the public can better understand since war has been in progress. The pathetic inefficiency and the continual indirection of the Spanish character are now apparent to the world; they were long ago apparent to those who have had our diplomatic duties to do.

Thus the negotiations dragged on. We were put to trouble and expense to prevent filibustering, and filibustering continued in spite of us. More than once heretofore has there been danger of international conflict, as for instance when American sailors on the Virginius were executed in Cuba in 1873. Propositions have been made to buy the island, and plans have been formed to annex it. All the while there have been American interests in Cuba. Our citizens have owned property and made investments there, and done much to develop its fertility. They have paid tribute, unlawful as well as lawful, both to insurgents and to Spanish officials. They have lost property, for much of which no indemnity has been paid. All the while we have had a trade with the island, important during periods of quiet, irritating during periods of unrest.

The Cuban trouble is, therefore, not a new trouble even in an acute form. It had been moving toward a crisis for a long time. Still, while our government suffered these diplomatic vexations, and our citizens these losses, and our merchants these annoyances, the mass of the American people gave little serious thought to it. The newspapers kept us reminded of an opera-bouffe war that was going on, and now and then there came information of delicate and troublesome diplomatic duties for our minister to Spain. If Cuba were within a hundred miles of the coast of one of our populous states and near one of our great ports, periods of acute interest in its condition would doubtless have come earlier and oftener, and we should long ago have had to deal with a crisis by warlike measures. Or if the insurgents had commanded respect instead of mere pity, we should have paid heed to their struggle sooner; for it is almost an American maxim that a people cannot govern itself till it can win its own independence.

When it began to be known that Weyler's method of extermination was producing want in the island, and when appeals were made to American charity, we became more interested. President Cleveland found increasing difficulty with the problem. Our Department of State was again obliged to give it increasingly serious attention, and a resolute determination was reached by the administration that this scandal to civilization should cease, — we yet supposed peacefully, — and Spain was informed of our resolution. When Mr. McKinley came to the presidency, the people, conscious of a Cuban problem, were yet not greatly aroused about it. Indeed, a prediction of war made a year or even six months ago would have seemed wild and foolish. Most persons still gave little thought to Cuba, and there seemed a likelihood that they would go on indefinitely without giving serious thought to it; for neither the insurgents, nor the Cuban Junta, nor the Cuban party in the United States, if there was such a party, commanded respect.

The American public was in this mood when the battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The masses think in events, and not in syllogisms, and this was an event. This event provoked suspicions in the public mind. The thought of the whole nation was instantly directed to Cuba. The fate of the sailors on the Virginius, twenty-five years ago, was recalled. The public curiosity about everything Cuban and Spanish became intense. The Weyler

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method of warfare became more generally known. The story of our long diplomatic trouble with Spain was recalled. Diplomacy was obliged to proceed with doors less securely shut. The country watched for news from Washington and from Madrid with eagerness. It happened to be a singularly quiet and even dull time in our own political life, — a time favorable for the concentration of public attention on any subject that prominently presented itself. The better the condition of Cuba was understood, the more deplorable it was seen to be; the more the government of the island was examined, the wider seemed the divergence between Spain's methods and our own; the more the diplomatic history of the case was considered, the plainer became Spain's purpose to brook no interference, whether in the name of humanity or in the name of friendly commercial interests. The calm report of the naval court of inquiry on the blowing up of the Maine and Senator Proctor's report of the condition of Cuba put the whole people in a very serious mood.

There is no need to discuss minor and accidental causes that hastened the rush of events; but such causes were not lacking either in number or in influence. Newspapers conducted by lost souls that make merchandise of all things that inflame men's worst passions, a Congress with no attractive political programme for the next election, and a spirit of unrest among those classes of the people who had not wholly recovered from the riot in false hopes that inspired the followers of Mr. Bryan in 1896, — these and more made their contributions to the rapidly rising excitement. But all these together could not have driven us to war if we had not been willing to be driven, — if the conviction had not become firm in the minds of the people that Spanish rule in Cuba was a blot on civilization that had now begun to bring reproach to us; and when the President, who favored peace, declared it "intolerable," the people were ready to accept his judgment.

It is always a most difficult art to discern, in so large a country as ours, when a tide of public opinion is rising; and it is an art at which men who are most contentedly engaged with their own affairs, or who think much of other lands or of things in other times, are not likely to excel. The undercurrents of public opinion sometimes find accurate expression in the newspapers and in Congress, and sometimes they do not; but there are moods when the public temper shows itself in ways all its own, sweeping slowly and strongly like an undertow beneath the customary forms of expression; and it moves not always logically, but from event to event. Now, there can no longer be doubt that after the blowing up of the Maine public opinion moved forward instinctively to a strong pitch of indignation, impelled not only by lesser causes, but by the institutional differences laid down by Mr. Buckle and Mr. Eliot. It felt its way toward the conviction that the republic does stand for something, — for fair play, for humanity, and for direct dealing, — and that these things do put obligations on us; and the delays and indirections of diplomacy became annoying. We rushed into war almost before we knew it, not because we desired war, but because we desired something to be done with the old problem that should be direct and definite and final. Let us end it once for all.

Congress, it is true, in quiet times, is likely to represent the shallows and the passing excitements of our life rather than its deeper moods, but there is among the members of Congress a considerable body of conservative men; and the vote for war was practically unanimous, and public opinion sustained it. Among the people during the period when war seemed inevitable, but had not yet been declared, — a period during which the Powers of Europe found time and mind to express a hope for peace,

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— hardly a peace meeting was held by influential men. The President and his cabinet were known to wish longer to try diplomatic means of averting war, but no organized peace party came into existence. Except expressions of the hope of peace made by commercial and ecclesiastical organizations, no protest was heard against the approaching action of Congress. Many thought that war could have been postponed, if not prevented, but the popular mood was at least acquiescent, if not insistent, and it has since become unmistakably approving.

Not only is there in the United States an unmistakable popular approval of war as the only effective means of restoring civilization in Cuba, but the judgment of the English people promptly approved it, — giving evidence of an instinctive race and institutional sympathy. If Anglo-Saxon institutions and methods stand for anything, the institutions and methods of Spanish rule in Cuba are an abomination and a reproach. And English sympathy is not more significant as an evidence of the necessity of the war and as a good omen for the future of free institutions than the equally instinctive sympathy with Spain that has been expressed by some of the decadent influences on the Continent; indeed, the real meaning of American civilization and ideals will henceforth be somewhat more clearly understood in several quarters of the world.

American character will be still better understood when the whole world clearly perceives that the purpose of the war is only to remove from our very doors this cruel and inefficient piece of mediævalism which is one of the two great scandals of the closing years of the century; for it is not a war of conquest. There is a strong and definite sentiment against the annexation of Cuba, and against our responsibility for its government further than we are now bound to be responsible. Once free, let it govern itself; and it ought to govern itself at least as well as other Spanish-American countries have governed themselves since they achieved their independence.

The problems that seem likely to follow the war are graver than those that have led up to it; and if it be too late to ask whether we entered into it without sufficient deliberation, it is not too soon to make sure of every step that we now take. The inspiring unanimity of the people in following their leaders proves to be as earnest and strong as it ever was under any form of government; and this popular acquiescence in war puts a new responsibility on those leaders, and may put our institutions and our people themselves to a new test. A change in our national policy may change our very character; and we are now playing with the great forces that may shape the future of the world — almost before we know it.

Yesterday we were going about the prosaic tasks of peace, content with our own problems of administration and finance, a nation to ourselves, — "commercials," as our enemies call us in derision. To-day we are face to face with the sort of problems that have grown up in the management of world-empires, and the policies of other nations are of intimate concern to us. Shall we still be content with peaceful industry, or does there yet lurk in us the adventurous spirit of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers? And have we come to a time when, no more great enterprises awaiting us at home, we shall be tempted to seek them abroad?

The race from which we are sprung is a race that for a thousand years has done the adventurous and outdoor tasks of the world. The English have been explorers, colonizers, conquerors of continents, founders of states. We ourselves, every generation since we came to America, have had great practical enterprises to engage us, — the fighting with Indians, the clearing of forests, the war for independence, the construction of a gov-

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ernment, the extension of our territory, the pushing backward of the frontier, the development of an El Dorado (which the Spaniards owned, but never found), the long internal conflict about slavery, a great civil war, the building of railroads, and the compact unification of a continental domain. These have been as great enterprises and as exciting, coming in rapid succession, as any race of men has ever had to engage it, — as great enterprises for the play of the love of adventure in the blood as our kinsmen over the sea have had in the extension and the management of their world-empire. The old outdoor spirit of the Anglo-Saxon has till lately found wider scope in our own history than we are apt to remember.

But now a generation has come to manhood that has had no part in any great adventure. In politics we have had difficult and important tasks, indeed, but they have not been exciting, — the reform of the civil service and of the system of currency, and the improvement of municipal government. These are chiefly administrative. In a sense they are not new nor positive tasks, but the correction of past errors. In some communities politics has fallen into the hands of petty brigands, and in others into those of second-rate men, partly because it has offered little constructive work to do. Its duties have been routine, regulative duties; its prizes, only a commonplace distinction to honest men, and the vulgar spoil of office to dishonest ones. The decline in the character of our public life has been a natural result of the lack of large constructive opportunities. The best equipped men of this generation have abstained from it, and sought careers by criticism of the public servants who owe their power to the practical inactivity of the very men who criticise them. In literature as well we have well-nigh lost the art of constructive writing, for we work too much on indoor problems, and content ourselves with adventures in criticism. It is noteworthy that the three books which have found most readers, and had perhaps the widest influence on the masses of this generation, are books of Utopian social programmes (mingled with very different proportions of truth), by whose fantastic philosophy, thanks to the dullness of the times, men have tried seriously to shape our national conduct, — Progress and Poverty, Looking Backward, and Coin's Financial School. Apostolic fervor, romantic dreaming, and blatant misinformation have each captivated the idle-minded masses, because their imaginations were not duly exercised in their routine toil. It has been a time of social reforms, of the "emancipation" of women, of national organizations of children, of societies for the prevention of minor vices and for the encouragement of minor virtues, of the study of genealogy, of the rise of morbid fiction, of journals for "ladies," of literature for babes, of melodrama on the stage because we have had melodrama in life also, — of criticism and reform rather than of thought and action. These things all denote a lack of adventurous opportunities, an indoor life such as we have never before had a chance to enjoy; and there are many indications that a life of quiet may have become irksome, and may not yet be natural to us. Greater facts than these denote a period also of peace and such well-being as men of our race never before enjoyed, — sanitary improvements, the multiplication and the development of universities, the establishment of hospitals, and the application of benevolence to the whole circle of human life, — such a growth of good will as we had come to think had surely made war impossible.

Is this dream true? Or is it true that with a thousand years of adventure behind us we are unable to endure a life of occupations that do not feed the imagination? After all, it is temperament that tells, and not schemes of national

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policy, whether laid down in Farewell Addresses or in Utopian books. No national character was ever shaped by formula or by philosophy; for greater forces than these lie behind it, — the forces of inheritance and of events. Are we, by virtue of our surroundings and institutions, become a different people from our ancestors, or are we yet the same race of Anglo-Saxons, whose restless energy in colonization, in conquest, in trade, in "the spread of civilization," has carried their speech into every part of the world, and planted their habits everywhere?

Within a week such a question, which we had hitherto hardly thought seriously to ask during our whole national existence, has been put before us by the first foreign war that we have had since we became firmly established as a nation. Before we knew the meaning of foreign possessions in a world ever growing more jealous, we have found ourselves the captors of islands in both great oceans; and from our home-staying policy of yesterday we are brought face to face with world-wide forces in Asia as well as in Europe, which seem to be working, by the opening of the Orient, for one of the greatest changes in human history. Until a little while ago our latest war dispatches came from Appomattox. Now our latest dispatches (when this is written) come from Manila. The news from Appomattox concerned us only. The news from Manila sets every statesman and soldier in the world to thinking new thoughts about us, and to asking new questions. And to nobody has the change come more unexpectedly than to ourselves. Has it come without our knowing the meaning of it? The very swiftness of these events and the ease with which they have come to pass are matter for more serious thought than the unjust rule of Spain in Cuba, or than any tasks that have engaged us since we rose to commanding physical power.

The removal of the scandal of Spain's control of its last American colony is as just and merciful as it is pathetic, — a necessary act of surgery for the health of civilization. Of the two disgraceful scandals of modern misgovernment, the one which lay within our correction will no longer deface the world. But when we have removed it, let us make sure that we stop; for the Old World's troubles are not our troubles, nor its tasks our tasks, and we should not become sharers in its jealousies and entanglements. The continued progress of the race in the equalization of opportunity and in well-being depends on democratic institutions, of which we, under God, are yet, in spite of all our shortcomings, the chief beneficiaries and custodians. Our greatest victory will not be over Spain, but over ourselves, — to show once more that even in its righteous wrath the republic has the virtue of self-restraint. At every great emergency in our history we have had men equal to the duties that faced us. The men of the Revolution were the giants of their generation. Our civil war brought forward the most striking personality of the century. As during a period of peace we did not forget our courage and efficiency in war, so, we believe, during a period of routine domestic politics we have not lost our capacity for the largest statesmanship. The great merit of democracy is that, out of its multitudes, who have all had a chance for natural development, there arise, when occasion demands, stronger and wiser men than any class-governed societies have ever bred.

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THE UNCERTAIN FACTORS IN NAVAL CONFLICTS.

THE outbreak of war has filled our people with forebodings as to the possible result of a naval conflict, and in the mind of the non-technical citizen the battleship has become almost the synonym for disaster. This huge machine is considered uncertain, unwieldy, and unsafe, and the friends of our sailors are awaiting anxiously the experiments which must determine its place in the system of national defense. When a landsman, or even a sailor of the old navy, steps on board a modern battleship, he finds himself in an unknown country. The crew is probably scattered and hidden away in small compartments, and a few forbidding guns look out at the visitor from behind heavy masses of metal; altogether there is a decided air of unfriendliness which leaves him depressed and uncertain. It is the unknownness, like that which strikes a lad upon entering a vast forest.

No nation has had really decisive practical experience with modern weapons at sea, and we have proceeded upon theory as invention after invention has been added to our resources. The past generation has witnessed a complete revolution in the manufacture of guns, armor, machinery, and ships. Those, therefore, who have not learned the naval profession have a natural lack of confidence. The newspapers have contained many illustrations of terrific conflicts, in which ships have been drawn crashing into one another, and plunging into the depths, carrying men and guns down with them. One of the pictorial weeklies has gone so far as to represent a battleship as a huge sphinx. Only a few months ago, a Japanese periodical gave us a picture of the battle of the Yalu in a cross-section of the sky, air, water, and earth. Bombs were bursting in the air, ships were plunging into the water, and men in submarine armor were hacking at one another with battle-axes on the bottom of the sea.

Something like this picture, it would seem, must be present in the minds of many over-anxious people, no doubt strongly impressed upon them by the disasters which have occurred to warships during the past few years. The ill-fated Captain which capsized in the British Channel, the Victoria sunk by collision, and lately the Maine have partly destroyed our faith in every floating thing made of iron or steel. People forget that about the time the Captain was capsized the English wooden sailing vessel Eurydice suffered the same fate off the Isle of Wight; that her sister ship left the West Indies never to be heard of again; that although the Victoria was sunk by a ram, so also was the wooden frigate Cumberland when struck by the Merrimac; and that the end of the Maine was paralleled by that of the Albemarle. We have lost our terror of wooden sailing vessels through centuries of use and the traditional reliability of the hearts of oak.

There is really no essential difference, as an element of danger, between wood and metal when properly used. A wooden pail and an iron kettle will float equally well if they displace the same amount of water; and if they have holes of the same size punched below the water-line they will sink with equal rapidity, and will carry the same weights down with them. The only difference in the two cases is the element of time; but with the same reserve of buoyancy this difference is reduced to a minimum. The complexity of a ship's construction and the enormous increase in the power of our weapons account in a large measure for the uncertainty felt throughout our own country, and the curiosity in all other

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parts of the world to see how the new things are going to work in skillful hands. It is a sad fate which forces the latest builder of a navy to make a trial of its ships. Humanity might be better off if the problem were never solved, and if we could go on for centuries building upon theory.

Have our doubts any justification? Have the modern guns and torpedoes increased the chances of procuring that hole below the water-line which is thought to be almost certain to send a ship to the bottom? These are questions which, when this is written,[1] are waiting for answers. At this stage of our affairs it is hazardous to predict, as a battle may come quickly enough to prove the undoing of one who attempts to foretell its results; yet there is much less cause for uneasiness than we are led to believe. Our vessels are not the death-traps that they are often thought to be. The results will depend much upon the class of ships engaged.

We are not quite so uninformed as might at first thought be supposed, for our theories have been based upon the experience of four wars since the introduction of iron and steel for ship-building purposes. Our own civil war with its numerous examples of the monitor in action, the battle of Lissa between the Italians and Austrians, the battles off the South American coast between Chile and Peru, and lastly the decisive action near the mouth of the Yalu River afford a sufficient basis of judgment on many points. One thing we know well, and that is the absolute uselessness of wooden hulls as opposed to iron and steel. One large battleship of the latest construction would have been fatal to the whole of both fleets at Trafalgar, and one modern commerce-destroyer could probably have swept from the sea the entire commerce of England during Nelson's time. The experience of our war and of that between Chile and Peru has taught us how to design a turret and to protect the men behind the guns. We have learned, also, the fearlessness of trained men when cooped up in boxes of iron and steel. The battle of the Yalu has demonstrated that battleships with heavy armor are not easily sent to the bottom even when attacked by much superior force, and that cruisers and gunboats are in great danger when carried into fleet action. As might have been supposed, the splinters and fire from all woodwork above the water-line have proved trying to the crew even of a battleship.

Naval vessels may be divided into four classes: battleships, capable of making an attack and of taking heavy blows; cruisers, whose chief function is blockade duty and commerce-destroying, but which would not stand a very heavy fire; armed merchantships, employed as scouts and patrols; and finally, torpedo boats and destroyers, exclusively for offense, having no protection whatever against even the smaller rapid-fire guns. It is not to be doubted that all these ships would be carried fearlessly into action, if it seemed advisable to the commander-in-chief, but prudence would remand all vulnerable craft to the rear or to points within easy reach of a safe harbor. The chief reliance must necessarily be placed on ships built especially for the line of battle, and we may well consider what is likely to be their fate when opposed by vessels of their own class.

There are three types of heavy fighting vessels in our navy: the harbor defense monitor, capable of service in smooth water; the coast-line battleship, for coast defenses; and the sea-going battleship, which can handle its guns in a fairly heavy sea. None of these have a speed exceeding sixteen or seventeen knots, the principal differences among the three classes being in the height of the guns above the water-line, and the capacity to maintain their highest speed in rough water. The Iowa, as the best of its class, is our only completed example

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of a sea-going battleship, and she may be taken as a type. She has been described as "a vast honeycomb of steel." Doubts have been expressed as to the stability of this honeycomb under the shock of a heavy projectile. Writers who have had no experience on the sea are likely to forget the heavy shock which the hulls of all our ships have already withstood in firing their own guns. In fact, there is not much difference between the jar to the turret and its machinery from the reaction of a twelve-inch shell and that resulting from a blow.

The Iowa carries forty-six guns, two more than the rating of our old Constitution, and, like that vessel, is among the first of a new type. Four twelve-inch guns are mounted near the ends of the ship in steel turrets fifteen inches thick, and four eight-inch guns are placed on each side in smaller steel turrets six inches thick. These turrets have steel covers and are like inverted cheese-boxes, with holes for the muzzles of the guns, nearly all of which are fully twenty-five feet above the water. The other guns are of smaller calibre, of the rapid-firing class. Four Gatling guns are mounted on platforms on the single mast, called the fighting-tops. They are placed high in the air for the purpose of delivering a plunging fire upon the decks of an opponent. While the Constitution fired a broadside weighing about seven hundred pounds, the Iowa is capable of discharging forty-five hundred and sixty pounds in one broadside. If we reckon the total weight of metal which can be thrown by the Iowa in the time required by the Constitution to fire a broadside, we have not far from nine thousand pounds.

A feature of the modern gun will doubtless be its accuracy of aim. The guns of the first monitor had the ordinary sights, and the men had to look out through the port-holes of a revolving turret to find the enemy. We might say they often fired "on the wing," with very indefinite notions of the range and the briefest instant for training the guns. The Iowa's turrets have small boxes projecting above the covers for lookouts. Horizontal slits are cut near the tops of these boxes, giving a view around the horizon. The guns themselves are aimed by means of cross-hairs in telescopes, and fired by electric buttons which are instantaneous in their action. Once the cross-hair is on the object, the projectile may be sent on its way at a velocity of two thousand feet a second before the roll of the ship has time to impair its accuracy. The range is found by means of instruments set up as far apart as possible, which make the ship the base line of a triangle having the target for its apex. In case of failure of the instruments the range may be found by trial of the rapid-fire guns, which deliver from six to twenty shots a minute.

While the ship is built for her guns, a great number of machines are required to bring them into action and to make them effective as offensive weapons. There are two powerful engines for propulsion, many machines for auxiliary purposes in the engine and fire rooms, and other smaller machines for steering the ship, turning the turrets, hoisting the ammunition, and ventilating and lighting the compartments. One of the main objects in the design is to provide for the protection of all these machines which constitute the vitals of a ship, and to enable her, in case her guns are crippled, to ram or to get out of the way. A very good idea of this protection would be obtained by imagining all the upper works removed down to the deck three feet above the water-line. An inverted box, about one hundred and fifty feet long and seventy-two feet broad, would be found, made of fourteen inches of steel on the sides, twelve inches on the ends, and two and three quarters on the top, constituting a huge house containing all the machinery whose derangement might prove disastrous. In the living space above this iron box are placed

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various rapid-fire guns with five-inch steel armor on the sides to protect the men from small-arm fire. The fourteen-inch armor on the sides extends four or five feet below the water-line for the more effective protection of the hull between wind and water. The turrets communicate with the magazines by means of heavy steel tubes extending to the armored deck. In addition to all this armor there is a steel tower or lookout, placed high above the batteries, from which the commanding officer may con the ship and direct her movements, communicating, through a tube seven inches thick, with all important points below the water-line. About eighteen hundred tons of coal are carried, to enable the ship to keep the sea for a reasonable period. The spread of water in case a shot penetrates near the water-line is prevented by placing the coal in thirty separate water-tight compartments or rooms. For the same purpose, the subdivision of all parts of the hull below the water-line is carried out with equal minuteness.

All these constructions have proceeded along the line of theory, as our naval officers have pictured in their minds the contingencies likely to arise in action; but it is hard to believe that practical experience will justify any very vital changes. The batteries may be rearranged and increased, the guns may be reduced in size, and better protection may be given to the men; still, the ships will be substantially the same. There is no reason to think that we are less skillful in engineering applied to warfare than in engineering in its many applications for peace. For a generation we have designed steam-boilers, bridges, ships, and buildings upon theory, and few great disasters have followed when the laws of science have been faithfully observed. Technical men are not more afraid of a boiler which carries two hundred pounds of steam than of one which carries only twenty. The same factor of safety is provided in both cases, and both boilers are reliable in service. In fact, we have found high-pressure boilers the more reliable, as greater care has been taken in their design and construction. The same thing may be said of the higher power guns, and we can fire a shot weighing half a ton with as much safety as our forefathers could fire a shot weighing twenty-four pounds. Hence it would seem unreasonable to expect such disastrous results as we are sometimes led to anticipate. The battle of the Yalu showed that an armored ship could go into action, suffer a terrific fire, and still have the ability to steam out of action and proceed to a place of safety.

It is almost certain to be the small things which give trouble under stress. Take the different important elements of the Iowa, for instance, and let us see what are likely to be the difficulties in store for our officers and men. The first thing which presents itself is the complicated system by which the captain gives his orders to the divisions under his command. The conning-tower contains speaking-tubes to the engine-rooms, the magazines, the turrets, the steering-room, and the guns mounted separately. There is, besides, a central station below the water-line communicating with these compartments, and connected by a single tube within easy reach of the commanding officer. There are also telephone connections with all parts, and a system of mechanical bell-pulls to direct the motion of the engines. The cutting of one of these tubes or wires would bring another, or reserve, into use, and the cutting of them all would throw the conning-tower out of action. But even this would not necessarily impair the fighting efficiency, as the central station below the conning-tower would still be available. If worse came to worst, a system of communication could be established by stationing a line of men along the berth deck. There would also be at hand, for directing the engineers, bell-

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pulls in the pilot-house, on the bridge, and at the steering-wheels aft. It will readily be seen that while the destruction of all means of communication would seriously hamper the ship, it would not follow that she must retreat or even go out of action. Experience with the Huascar, a monitor belonging to the Peruvian navy, has proved this. This little ship fought two battleships for several hours after her conning-tower had been practically destroyed. In the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the former's speaking-tube connecting the conning-tower with the other parts of the ship was broken early in the action, and yet it was the Merrimac which had to retreat.

The derangement of machinery presents much greater difficulty, and an accident to even a small element might cause the loss of a ship, by placing her at the mercy of a ram or a torpedo. The propelling machinery and the boilers are below the water-line. They are very substantially built, and it seems doubtful if they are more likely to give out at so critical a time as a sea-fight than in stress of heavy weather. As a matter of course, greater chances would be taken in the former case, and the engines might be forced to their utmost at times. The danger from shot is not so serious as the liability to the development of hidden defects under high tension, and the lack of reliable communication among the engineers and firemen, shut off from one another in small water-tight compartments. Almost all conceivable contingencies, however, have been provided for.

The steering machinery also is entirely below the water-line, and is of a type with which we have had much practical experience. The eight-inch turrets are turned by steam-engines so near the ship's bottom that a shot could not possibly disturb them. The same may be said of the hydraulic machinery which turns the turrets containing the twelve-inch guns. The eight-inch guns can be turned by hand as well. The only accident likely to happen is the disturbance of the gearing, due to the impact of a heavy shot. Even if the turrets could not be turned, the guns could be fought by turning the ship. The ammunition is hoisted by electricity, with a reserve of hand power. The electric current is provided by dynamos, of which there are four, forming a very large reserve. A breakage or short circuit in the wire would plunge the lower part of the ship into darkness but for the dim glow of oil lamps or candles.

This array of machinery would be disheartening if we did not know that every machine is in the hands of trained men, whose practical experience will go far toward securing safety and promptness in action, and eliminating the danger of breakdowns. Up to this time the examples which may be cited as evidence are few, but we may be sure that our men will prove equal to the requirements of the occasion. The battle of the Yalu is inconclusive, on account of the lack of intelligence with which the ships on the Chinese side were handled. Only those ships not designed for fighting in fleet were destroyed by the Japanese.

It is an axiom to say that with equally good ships on both sides the result of a fight will depend upon the steadiness, the intelligence, and the training of the men. After all, it is they who form the chief factor in these days as they did in the past, when our weapons and ships were of a more elementary type. The ability and bravery of our seamen cannot be questioned. One of the finest episodes in history is the sinking of the Cumberland at Hampton Roads. Her crew went down firing the guns until the ship was submerged, and the flag was never lowered. In calculating the chances of victory we must take into account the dispositions and character of our opponents. Any deficiency in their mechanical know-

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ledge and skill is certain to invite defeat. Bravery goes for naught in the presence of machinery, if a people be hampered by tradition and methods belonging to the Middle Ages. Evidence for the present case may be gathered from the behavior of the descendants of the Spaniards in South America. The machinery of their ships has always suffered except in the hands of foreign engineers, principally Scotch and English, hired for the purpose.

That they have courage, when they are cornered, is undoubted. In the war between Chile and Peru, the Huascar made herself famous in two naval battles, in which was exhibited the splendid bravery of the Spaniards on both sides. She had a small turret five or six inches thick, and side armor of three or four inches. She went down to Iquique under a German captain named Grau, who found the Chilean ship Esmeralda in the harbor, an old-style wooden frigate, not at all adapted to fighting a monitor. The action began at long range, no shot taking effect, however, until the vessels were close together. Early in the fight three of the boilers of the Chilean exploded, and very nearly disabled her. A shot passed through the engine-room, exploded there, and completely destroyed the machinery, so that the ship had no motive power thereafter. Of course the men suffered meanwhile, but the ship made no pretense of surrendering. The Huascar endeavored to ram the Esmeralda, and struck her a glancing blow with no serious effect. But while the two ships were in contact, the Chilean commander, Arturo Pratt, calling to his men to follow him, leaped on board the Huascar. Only one man was able to join him before the ships separated. Captain Grau called to him to surrender, saying that he did not want to kill a gallant man. As Captain Pratt shot one of the crew, both he and his man were killed. The Huascar made another attempt to ram, and was boarded by the third officer of the Esmeralda, followed by six or seven men. They too were swept from the deck. A third attempt to ram was successful, and the Esmeralda went down, with her men cheering and her flag still flying. A few months later the Huascar was captured by two ironclads, after nearly all her officers and crew had been killed. When the Chilean officer came on board to take possession of her, he found her chief engineer opening a sea-valve in the engine-room, with the intention of sinking the ship.

The distinction between those men and ours is not one of bravery, but one of mechanical knowledge and force, and these seem likely to be the determining factors in the present war. Accidents are most common with men who have no mechanical foresight and no steadiness in the handling of machinery and guns.

This fact was very plainly exemplified after the destruction of the Alabama. A nine-inch shell from the Alabama struck the Kearsarge in the sternpost and lodged there without exploding. It should have torn the stern out of the ship, and the struggle would have ended otherwise. The failure to explode must be attributed mainly to lack of care of the fuses on the part of the Alabama's crew. A section of the sternpost containing the shell was subsequently sawed out and sent to the Naval Academy to serve as a living example to our young officers.

There is another consideration which distinguishes modern warfare from that in the days of the sailing navy, and that is the coal supply. A ship can no longer keep the sea for an unlimited time, and we bid fair to acquire experience in the method of providing for our steamers at a distance from their coaling stations. As many indefinite notions upon this subject are held by our people, an example may be taken from the navy in time of peace. Just after the Baltimore affair at Valparaiso, the Charleston was ordered from Shanghai to Honolulu, and upon reaching the latter place found

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orders to proceed to Valparaiso. She took on eight hundred tons of coal, which was sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to carry her five or six thousand miles. She left Honolulu and headed for Callao, but about three days out she struck a very heavy gale of wind dead ahead. After steaming for ten days against this wind and a tremendous sea she was obliged to put in to San Diego, California, with coal for only one day's steaming left. The distance actually covered was a little more than two thousand miles. It may readily be seen from this that the contingency of wind and weather cannot be taken into account when leaving port, and that a fleet would find the question of coal a very serious one indeed. The difficulty of coaling at sea is so great that ships or fleets would probably be helpless, if taken more than twenty-five hundred miles from the base of supply, unless an enemy's port could be captured or a place in quiet waters could be found where the coal might be transferred. A few commerce-destroyers have large bunker capacity, and would be effective across the Atlantic, but the experiment has never been tried.

The next important consideration is the facility for docking and repairs in case of damage to hull or machinery. A great part of this work can be done on board ship, with the class of men we now provide for our navy; but any heavy repairs would inevitably involve the proximity of a navy yard, a repair station, and a dock. The success of our ships in stress of weather and in their general reliability is a proof that we have little to fear in comparison with other nations, and especially with nations having no mechanical ability. No device has yet been able to cope with the fouling of an iron ship's bottom at sea. We can send divers down to scrape off the barnacles, which at once begin to grow again, and in a few months seriously reduce the speed.

While it seems probable that our battleships would be able to make a vigorous and effective attack, and to take heavy blows without fear, the really uncertain elements in modern naval warfare are the torpedo and the ram. It is scarcely to be doubted that a ship would sink if pierced below the water-line by either. Actual experience, however, has given us few data upon the use of these weapons between ships in motion. There is a record of ships at anchor destroyed by torpedoes, but the two cases are not the same. The Chilean ironclad Blanco Encalada was sunk in the harbor of Caldera by a Whitehead torpedo fired from the torpedo boat Almirante Lynch. Her water-tight doors had not been closed, and her crew is said to have been asleep when the torpedo boats came into the harbor. At any rate, she went down without having made any attempt to get out of the way. Very few guns were fired. The Albemarle was sunk at her anchorage on a dark night. The Aquidaban was destroyed by night in Santa Catharina Bay.

All these, however, are cases of ships lying at anchor without picket boats, and we have nothing to tell us what torpedo boats can accomplish against battleships in motion or at anchor surrounded by proper scouts. They may prove to be more dangerous in imagination than in reality. At best they are frail structures in which everything is sacrificed to speed. Even a voyage across the Atlantic is perilous, and they are of no use whatever unless accompanied by a coal supply. The protection against torpedo boats is provided by a number of rapid-fire guns, and when we consider that one shot would be likely to destroy the motive power of one of these little crafts we can understand what a slender chance she would have if discovered. The Iowa could fire at least one hundred and twenty shots per minute on each broadside, and could thus encircle the ship with a shower of projectiles delivered with great accuracy of aim. Is it un-

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warrantable to believe that our ships will scarcely find torpedo boats a grave element of danger? They undoubtedly create a feeling of nervousness and apprehension on a battleship, only exceeded by that on the torpedo boats, whose sole defense against large vessels is their speed. The stake in men, time, and money is far greater for the former, but the risk is almost prohibitive for the latter. In fleet action, such a small vessel would be like a small boy who has interfered in a street fight among men. A fleet of torpedo boats could, however, wait beyond the range of the guns, and come up to destroy an enemy whose gun fire had been silenced.

The place of the ram cannot be stated definitely from past experience. Its use will probably be confined to the delivery of a death-blow after an antagonist is disabled. While one ship may attempt to ram, the other may have equal facility in avoiding the blow. Besides this, the torpedo, with which every battleship is armed, acts as an efficient deterrent. Our battleships are provided with four or six torpedo tubes from which automobile torpedoes may be fired. It seems likely that these would be in place, ready for use, in case two ships were very close together. The danger from their premature explosion, if struck by a shot, would be likely to keep them below the water-line until occasion for use arose. It is reported that the Chinese actually fired their torpedoes into the water, and left them to wander aimlessly around, rather than to trust them in the tubes, where they were exposed to rapid-fire guns.

The subdivision of the ship below the water-line is made with great minuteness, and its effectiveness in preventing the entrance of a large quantity of water depends upon the prompt closing of the water-tight doors. These doors must be closed upon the slightest indication of danger, and the crew must be thoroughly trained in the care of apparatus required to make them tight. The penalty of carelessness is well understood. One needs only to read the records of the marine insurance companies to establish the fact that water-tight bulkheads have saved many ships that would otherwise have been lost. It is still within the memory of those who cross the Atlantic that the Arizona ran into an iceberg and had the greater part of her bow torn off, but that the ship made her port without serious apprehension on the part of her captain. A few years ago, the officers of the Hartford, lying in Valparaiso, saw a Chilean torpedo boat, going at full speed, accidentally ram a large ironclad. The bow was doubled up on itself and the hull badly torn, but no great amount of water entered, and the boat easily made her landing. There are many records of grounding where the bottom-plates have been pierced without seriously endangering the safety of the ship. The use of wood does not give us immunity from accident and its results, and we are prone to exaggerate the faults of metal. No wooden vessel could possibly have remained afloat after a collision like that of the Arizona, and we are but too familiar with the stories of pumps going for days in a slowly settling ship.

The Chinese war, while not to be taken as reliable evidence, affords some little information on the subject of rapid-fire guns. The deck of a battleship would probably be swept by a torrent of small shot. The fire from the Gatling guns in the fighting-tops of the Iowa would quickly drive the men from the upper deck of an antagonist. If this torrent were directed at the openings around the heavy guns, it might render the inside of the turrets very uncomfortable. The turret of the Huascar was cleaned out three times by the fire from the Chilean ships, and one of her officers was struck by a shell entering a gun-port. A shot had previously penetrated the five inches of metal and disabled one of the guns. An accident to the Iowa is exceedingly

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unlikely, as there is hardly a gun afloat which could penetrate her steel armor under ordinary circumstances of an action at sea.

The forward and after parts of a battleship contain nothing of vital importance above the water-line, and therefore are not protected by armor. A three-foot thickness of corn pith is packed in along the sides to prevent the entrance of water in case the metal be riddled. No great damage could be done, as the ship could use her guns even though the ends were converted into pepper-boxes.

The use of cruisers whose vitals are protected by a thick steel turtle-back deck hidden within the hull is fairly well worked out. They are provided with high speed to run away, and no commander would feel himself justified in combating battleships with cruisers except in the gravest emergency, where dash and skill might win the day. A blockade may be conducted with both cruisers and gunboats, and an enemy's port might even be entered without the support of heavy ships, if the fortifications were not well manned. All similar vessels belonging to an enemy would be on equal terms, and we may be sure that our officers would accept the gage of battle in such cases. From what we know of Anglo-Saxon blood, it is doubtful if they could be restrained.

Our strongest tendency is to take alarm at the differences between ships of the present day and those of the past; yet by taking another view of the case, and dwelling rather on the likenesses between the past and present, we may well feel reassured. The men who command our ships and those who man them are of the same blood as those who have gained victories on the sea for America and for England. Our sailors are bred to the sea, and may be trusted to uphold the traditions of the service. War has always been risky, and men will not be free from danger now any more than they were in the past, but that danger does not bear a greater proportion to their ability to meet it. The newspapers have a strong tendency to exaggerate the sensational side of war. We have been assured that many surprises are in store for us, but it is difficult to see how that which is anticipated and provided for can be called a surprise. It is true that a battleship is a very complicated machine, liable to accidents; but we may feel sure that here the genius of our people has not gone far astray. The Americans are naturally mechanical, and instead of surprises we may look for many confirmations of our theories. We may lose some of our smaller ships, but there is no reason to anticipate any great disaster, unless one of our battleships should be taken by surprise or overwhelmed by a number of ships.

In conclusion, it may be said that the machine is not an untried factor in warfare. Its possibilities are really the unknown quantity to be determined in practice. Our guns will probably do just what they are expected to do, and unless a new weapon, more certain and deadly than anything we now have, be devised, a single naval battle is likely to affect only the arrangement of details in the future. The qualities of the men must, after all, remain the determining element, and we have no cause to think that they have changed.

Ira Nelson Hollis.

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THE MONTANIANS.

I.

THERE is opportunity for a very entertaining essay by Mr. Owen Wister, if he cared to write it, on The Passing of the Wild and Woolly. For the old West — the West of Buffalo Bill and W. G. Puddefoot, the West of Bret Harte stagecoaches and Remington bronco-busters — is fast vanishing away.

But the new West has not altogether evolved. The inner impulse has already "rent the veil of the old husk," but not as yet has the new creature come forth in "clear plates of sapphire mail." Montana is still the chrysalis, — old and new in one, either, neither, or both, as you will, — transitional, and, like every healthy chrysalis, very much alive. In just this lies the intellectual fascination of Montana; it is social evolution caught in the act.

As Paris is France, so Sapphira is Montana. Says the Queen City of the Rockies, "L'état, c'est moi." The history of Sapphira is the history of the entire commonwealth. First there was gold, — thirty million dollars of it in Humbug Gulch. Then there were pioneers. Immediately there was a camp. Upon the camp settled the vampires. Upon the vampires pounced the Vigilantes. Out of Vigilantism came law. With law came women. With women came civilization. With civilization came the "boom." The boom "busted," and you have — Sapphira.

If Sapphira is a chrysalis, what, pray, is a chrysalis? A worm? Assuredly. A dragon-fly? a butterfly? As truly. So of Sapphira. All the men in Butte and half the men in Sapphira carry "guns," but who shoots? "Hold-ups" are frequent enough in Montana (I have myself carried my money in my boot), but are highwaymen totally extinct in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania? The bandit is neither Eastern nor Western: he is American, — at least just at present. To be sure, Sapphira has still a saloon called The Bucket of Blood, but "necktie parties" and that sort of thing are long since well gone by. Until the present year the gambling-hells were licensed by the state, and as you passed along the street you could look in through the open doors and see the crowds around the green tables playing faro, poker, craps, and fan-tan under the benign sanction of the law. This condition of things, however, owing to the courageous efforts of the Reverend T. V. Moore, of Helena, has been finally done away. Thus, little by little, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

"The vices die," says one; "the virtues never die." Sapphira has progressed many a moral parasang since the old days, and there has been no appreciable reversion to type. The city is rapidly learning the art of applied decency. It would not now be prudent for an exalted politician to ride down Main Street in the company of a notorious woman. In these days, if a pretty adventuress "goes over the Great Divide," she is not buried in state, nor do the merchants of Sapphira shut up their shops to attend her funeral, nor do they vie with one another as of yore in the extravagance of their floral tributes. The arrival of wives and children changed all that. Moreover, it is now some years since fine dames were accustomed to horse-whip objectionable young gentlemen by daylight. Sunday is no longer a carnival of blood. Indeed, so far as I can see, life in Montana is swiftly losing its pink-newspaper flavoring.

And there are yet better things in store. Suicides will become less frequent when the hazards of finance reduce them-

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selves to comparative stability. Some day there will be less fact than fun in the Montana definition of a millionaire, namely, "a man who owes a million dollars." The time will come, I even venture to predict, when the social oligarchy of Sapphira will no longer afford an interesting study in criminology. When that time does come, — and I hope it will be soon, — race-track betting will be thought unladylike, to say the least; and in that happy day a man may move in "good society" without being exposed to contact with the families of embezzlers, defaulters, and professional gamblers.

My first glimpse of Sapphira, I am free to confess, was by no means pleasant. I loathed it, I hated it, I ridiculed it. I borrowed the pungent phrase of Corporal MacFadden, who, having commanded the awkward squad to "presint arrums," cried out impatiently, "Begorrah, *what* a presint! Stand off and look at yersilves!" I have, however, no longer any such feeling. I think I have seen deeper.

For the fast set is already an anachronism. It is a survival of the old days. It is one of many such survivals. The community is rapidly sloughing them off. The emergent new Montana is taking to itself "clear plates of sapphire mail." Sturdier character you will nowhere find than in lovely Sapphira. What zest for life! What freedom from self-consciousness! What exuberant perennial youthfulness! They have never caught the disease of our time, those vigorous Montanians, and they never will! Middle age, disillusionment, the cynical weariness of life, — you cannot, by the wildest stretch of fancy, associate any such thing with the gay, light-hearted folk of Sapphira. Socially, they have grace without affectation, brilliancy without pedantry, cordiality without insincerity. Intellectually, they take you for granted. That a man is traveled, that he is college-bred, that he reads because he loves to read, are things to be expected. Æsthetically, they are sincerely fond of the best the world offers. Little, indeed, have they ready at hand, — save what any man of culture may find in his own luxurious home. But you forget: is not St. Paul but a paltry thousand miles away, or is it more than a five days' journey to Boston and New York? Morally, your Sapphiran is emphatically himself. He is self-reliant, self-poised, self-sufficient. Nobody conceals his faults. Nobody assumes a virtue if he has it not. Conduct exactly represents character, — what 's in comes out. Montana character is the result of a rigorous process of moral evolution. The fittest survive; the weak succumb. The Treasure State is still the haven of runaways from everywhere else; it is still the haven and heaven of adventurers; it is still thought very bad form to ask a man what his name was back East: and yet, in the midst of all this moral Bohemianism, the Montanians are developing a splendid type of rugged American manhood.

Mr. Kidd, I suppose, would ask what part religion has played in the social evolution of Sapphira. Apparently, a very little part.

Look down from the rocky crest of Mount Sapphira and ask yourself why the city looks so singularly flat and thick-set. Is it because there are no trees, or, at any rate, none that rise above the second-story window-sills? Perhaps. Or is it because the houses are all so much of a size? Possibly. But there is a better explanation than either: it is because there are no church spires. Churches there are, but you must have sharp eyes to find them. They are little, they are insignificant, they are monuments of a disgraced and unpopular cause. Says Broncho Billy, "Look at them darned, contemptible churches, — all-same shacks! I could buy out any three of 'em!" Out of ten thousand people, only fifteen hundred Protestant church-goers!

Sapphira is a peculiar town, too, for in

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Sapphira there are classes and no masses, unless you call the Chinese merchants, mechanics, and laundrymen masses. It is not the old problem of reaching the masses; it is the entirely new problem of reaching the classes. Cultured, law-abiding, progressive Sapphira has little toleration for religion. The tiny congregations in the tiny churches are made up mainly of women; a Sapphira church is a "lady chapel." A Montana business man objects to walking on the same side of the street with a church. There is still more truth than fiction in the old saying that "west of Bismarck there is no Sunday, and west of Miles City no God."

For this state of public opinion the church is largely to blame. The denominations have made Montana their ministerial ash-heap and dumping-ground. Upon it they have flung their outcast clergy, — vicious men, disgraced men, renegades of all shades and colors. In Sapphira, at least, nearly every denomination has at some time or other supported an adept in applied scalawagics as its clerical representative, with the result that in that splendid little city Chinamen, Indians, and ministers rank about alike. A minister may win respect in Sapphira, but he wins it in spite of his profession, not by virtue of it.

Some of the blame, too, lies with the home missionary popes (there are popes in all denominations but ours), who have fancied that anything would do for the wild and woolly. There is no wild and woolly now. Instead there is cultured agnosticism. When the warring sects learn to divide the field, and to maintain a dignified representative in the limited section each assumes responsibility for, they will save both souls and dollars.

But if I at all understand the situation, the shifting character of the population as largely accounts for the failure of the churches. When a fellow goes out a-buccaneering, it is not likely that he will "dig up" to pay pew-rent. The bumblebees never yet lent loyal tribute to Jack-in-the-pulpit. When a whole community regards life as a picnic, the parson can be dispensed with. Nobody expects to stay in Montana, — nobody save a very few. Hardly anybody means to bring up a family in Sapphira. Every one hopes to get rich and get away. Your Montanian is just now an adventurer, just now a holiday-maker; he is taking a moral and spiritual vacation. Some say they have left their religion in North Dakota. Some seem to believe in a stay-at-home Eastern divinity who cannot follow them West. All this will change. Change it must; for Sabatier is right in saying that humanity, as a species, is "incurably religious." Though in Montana religion has as yet been only a minor factor in social progress, social progress will yet become a potent factor in religious development. Montana needs women. Montana needs homes. Montana needs to acquire the art of staying put. Given a normal community, and you will have a normal church.

II.

Incongruity, then, is a leading characteristic of life in Montana, — incongruity by reason of transition. The chrysalis is neither worm nor dragon-fly, but both at once and both in one.

Naturally, the streets of Sapphira abound in curious contrasts of old and new. That sombre row of log shacks, — observe them carefully. They were set down in Humbug Gulch (for so it was called then) away back in the early sixties, while the left wing of Price's army was first settling Montana. They are relics of the early days: the days when flour sold for one hundred and forty dollars a sack; the days when a glass of whiskey was worth a pinch of gold-dust; the days when miners stood (like Wordsworth's daffodils "in never-ending line") waiting their turn to buy Larry Finnigan's incomparable apple pies, made of dried apples with brown paper upper crust, one dollar each; the

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days — the dear golden days! — when the Hangman's Tree, a little farther up the gulch, bore, on certain memorable mornings, a most extraordinary fruitage. Yet see! a blank wall vaults skyward eight stories: it is close against the chalet-like cabins; it is the blank side wall of the gilded palace of the Oro Fino Club; it is part of the magnificent pile for which that exclusive coterie is still inconceivably in debt, and ever will so remain. Or what of the Energy Block? Yes, it is a twentieth-century sky-scraper, — carved stone, plate glass, tessellated floors, twin elevators: and this in a town of only ten thousand people! Sidewalks, wooden death-traps that would disgrace an Idaho mining camp, annoy one beyond endurance; yet in the same thoroughfares with such dilapidated footways are rows of splendid houses that might be set down in the lovely residential districts of any Eastern city, and would there attract attention only by their beauty! Covered wagons, perambulatory flats of the sort that used to be called prairie schooners, graze the hubs of luxurious traps and barouches. The mounted ranchman yonder, — how ferocious he looks, how Remingtonian, in his ten-dollar sombrero and fringed leather "chaps," and how straight he sits in his high-pommeled embossed saddle! Can he ride a pitching horse? Yes, indeed, "ride him plenty;" and he is just now very likely to give you full evidence of his equestrian tenacity, for suddenly round the corner comes a scorching Vassar girl on her chainless Humber! Street fights between colored coachmen and social dons; concerts in the Auditorium, by Scalchi, or Yaw, or Juch; masonic funerals in Chinatown; extensive additions to the Public Library, which already numbers fifteen thousand volumes; a more than Austrian "rough house" in the legislature at Helena (the Montana legislature is probably the funniest governmental body in the world), — these are some of the things you may read about in either of Sapphira's two daily newspapers. Sometimes you meet an individual who himself embodies the most discordant elements of the Montanian genius. I know a man who has two avocations, — he is now a lawyer, but he used to be a cowboy, and his father was a college president — he has, I say, two avocations: one is broncho-busting; the other is the writing of society verse. He is equally good at both.

One gradually loses the faculty of astonishment. Sapphira is everything, by turns or all at once. So are the Sapphirans. They are incoherently American, — a national vaudeville, a social kaleidoscope, an incongruous complex of the innumerable, irreconcilable, incompatible elements that make up the nation. Speak any dialect you choose, and nobody will call you peculiar. Dodge your *r*'s, like a New Yorker; put them on where they do not belong, like a bourgeois New Englander; say "cain't," like a Missourian; ape the Oregonian webfoot, and say "like I did;" or adopt the speech of the native Montanian, and obscure the short *i* in "it," saying, for instance, "I believe ut;" but no matter what be the turn of your tongue, you will find yourself in the company of your kind.

Nearly everybody has come from somewhere else; and nearly everybody has brought along a title, — colonel, major, commodore, or whatever sort of tinsel caught his fancy. Some of these titles are no doubt authentic. In a state whose population numbers only one hundred and fifty thousand everybody has a chance of sooner or later going on the governor's staff. I asked a Montanian how Colonel Brinckerhoff got his title. "Oh," said he, "he was jigadier-brindle on somebody's body-guard."

The population is cosmopolitan; so are the aspects and incidents of life and its surroundings. From the top of Mount Sapphira you can see the Continental

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Divide, whose melting snows flow westward into Puget Sound, and eastward into the Gulf of Mexico. The cold wind comes from Hudson's Bay, the warm Chinook from Oregon and the coast. The grass — what grass there is — bristles with little cacti, "prickly-pears," which suggest Southern California. The howling coyote is the same predatory creature that roams the Middle West under the humbler guise and name of prairie wolf. The hot tamale (pronounced ta*moll*y) — a molten, pepper-sauced chicken croquette, with a coat of Indian meal and an overcoat of corn-husk, and steamed in a portable boiler, the result being a diabolical combination that tastes like a bonfire — was introduced by cowboys from the Mexican frontier. The Montanians eat oysters from two oceans. The miners have plagiarized the garb of the Michigan lumbermen. A Sapphiran belle goes gowned in a robe from Paris.

So utterly atrophied is your sense of novelty that you even cease to marvel at the climate. You become meteorologically blasé. On the first day of November, nasturtiums (who ever heard of pink ones?) and gorgeous sweet peas (crimson and purple at their richest and deepest) were still blooming in our gardens. Four weeks later the mercury shrank to twenty-eight below zero. On the 5th of December live dandelions appeared on the lawn. Then the storm-god treated us to thunder and lightning, and after that a snowfall. But with all their capricious ups and downs Montana winters are mild. The mountain tops are white from fall to spring, but there is little snow in the valleys. Who rides in a sleigh? For weeks at a stretch, last winter, skaters went cycling to the pond with their skates slung over their shoulders. Matching one season with another, the Sapphirans have played tennis every month in the year. Extreme cold comes like a Nansen lecture, and is as soon gone. It is something to be seen rather than felt. For when the mercury drops so amazingly low, and all Sapphira struts forth in buffalo-skins like a community of motor-men, the air is absolutely still. That is why you do not realize the intensity of the cold. From every chimney in town, on such a day, there rises a white column of steam a hundred feet high and as straight as a flag-staff. But when the Chinook wind comes, there is no room for debate, no recourse to the thermometer, no appeal to the eye. The Chinook is unmistakable. It comes roaring and raging over the Rockies; it catches the snowdrifts on their gleaming summits and swirls them out into long, horizontal, Vedder-like streamers pointing eastward: and the noise of the approaching Chinook is heard in the valley while all below is still calm; for though the clouds are already racing with the wind, and the topmost mountain pines madly shouting their protest, it will be yet a matter of minutes before the lower atmosphere leaps to join the frolic. The mercury rises fifty degrees. The snow has hardly time to melt and run away. It seems to be picked up magically, smitten with invisibility, and hurriedly whisked skyward. And as for the people, — oh, pity the people! They feel like ten thousand hard-boiled owls, — enervated, demoralized, "let down."

But from July to November is not that climate ideal, idyllic? Why dread the summer's heat? It is invariably cool in the shade, and the nights are always refreshing; people never have sunstrokes, dogs never have hydrophobia; in fact, Montana is the best place in the world to keep cool in summer and warm in winter. Saving only the brief cold snaps and the rainy month of June, the climate of the Treasure State is incomparable; and of this fact the homesick exotics are continually reminding one another by way of consolation.

III.

I protest that mortals have no business to live in the high heavens. The

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Montanians, however, set my protest at defiance. They have found their Babel Tower ready-built. Sapphira is four fifths of a mile above the sea. It has *altitude*, and of that you are immediately made aware. At first you are sleepy. That wears off. Then you can't sleep. No wonder, — it 's the altitude.

This is one's introduction to the fundamental principle of Montana philosophy. The altitude accounts for everything. Knock off forty-two hundred vertical feet of the dense lower atmosphere, and what remains is marvelously thin and clear. Its properties are magical. Breathe it for a year and a day (there 's champagne in the air), and you will be altogether a new creature, saying to yourself, I doubt not, "Lawk-a-massy on us, this is none of I!"

You will get into sympathy with Shelley's skylark. You will exclaim appreciatively: —

> "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
> Bird thou never wert,
> That from heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart."

You will know precisely how a skylark feels. You are as high in the air as he. Then why should not the altitude affect your spirits, also? The altitude affects flowers, so that the blossoms of a single species become more gorgeous the higher up you go. The altitude puts such exuberant life into horses that runaways are twice as common as here at home, and it gives the ordinary roadster such hardihood that the Rocky Mountain "cayuse" will travel fifty miles with less fatigue than the New England animal would suffer from a journey of twenty. The altitude inspires cattle with such temperamental viciousness that you will look long and far to find a meek-eyed cow, one that would suggest *βοῶπις Ἀθήνη*; for in Montana they have only the glaring, fierce-faced variety, with nervously twitching tails, — provided that those tails have not been frozen off in a "cold snap." The altitude has also its effect upon cats. There are parts of Montana where cats cannot live. In Sapphira, a cat with two lungs is, biology aside, a *rara avis*. Kittens assume a more than Parisian frivolity; half of them die young, of dissipation. Then why, pray, should there be any marvel that human nerves respond to the stimulation that comes with every breath of that exhilarating but most unwholesome mountain air?

Women feel it first. Montana women look older than they are, and act younger. The settled-down, matronly, family-tree composure that comes to our women at forty-five or fifty is a thing unknown in the Rockies. Yet the outward signs of age are sooner seen: a girl begins to fade at twenty; faint lines, the beginnings of wrinkles, appear in the faces of mere maids of seventeen. The complexion loses its freshness; the hair turns gray prematurely and falls out at an unexampled rate, because of the extreme dryness of the air in a country where the sun shines three hundred days in the year. Young woman, stay East!

But *que voulez-vous?* If you will have perennial sunshine and live in the upper heavens, why, bless you, you must brave the consequences! Men — they say Montana is "a good place for men and steers" — men, if they work out of doors, will sleep like rattlesnakes and eat like grizzlies. However, they will die young. The pace is delightful; one's heart beats faster and stronger, one's lungs breathe deeper and fuller, till it is a perfect exultant, bounding joy just to exist; but it is nevertheless the pace that kills. Yet not a red penny cares the Sapphiran for that. (As a matter of solemn fact, there are no pennies in Sapphira.) He has no desire to be old. As he gallops through life, he means to live with a boisterous vengeance all along the hurrying way. No distant day he will be "shipped East in a box;" but why worry? There is little hope of es-

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cape. Montana is the land of the lotus-eaters. Once a Montanian, always a Montanian. When a man has got himself well acclimated in Sapphira, and then goes home — alive, I mean — to "the states," or, as he says, to "God's country," he is disgusted with the heavy air and torpid life of the "effete East." So westward again to Butte, or Great Falls, or Helena, or Sapphira, he hies him, sorry that ever he sought to leave that dewless and treeless wonderland of golden sunshine.

Pity the thinker, pity the writer, pity the speaker, in heaven-high Sapphira! Upon such the ceaseless nervous tension tugs most cruelly. You can think more clearly, talk more directly, and write with greater precision and vivacity; but whither, meanwhile, has fled your old endurance? You can do more in an hour, but you cannot work so many hours. Nobody pretends to exert himself. Sapphirans walk slowly, avoid "rustling," and never open their shops before nine in the morning. You can wear yourself out without knowing it. To-day you would like to fight dragons, to-morrow you are in bed with nervous prostration, day after to-morrow you are "shipped East in a box."

The principal plague is insomnia. Not that you cannot go to sleep, — you can; but you wake at four, or three, or even two o'clock in the morning, and so ends your slumber. Your eyes pop open of a sudden, and you find yourself as wholly refreshed as a newly awakened Rip Van Winkle. There until dawn you lie, hearing at intervals the cry of the hot-tamale man: "Hot tamales! Red-hot tamales! Hot lunch and wiener-wurst! *Chickie* tamales!" The man is a mile away, but through that thin, vibrant, resonant atmosphere you catch every syllable that he utters. Then there is the sunrise. Montanians are great authorities on sunrises. And very splendid they are, — blue clouds such as you never saw before, dazzling combinations of gorgeous colors, amazing effects of unimaginable beauty.

But suppose Morpheus plays you false after this fashion three or four nights a week; then, beyond a doubt, you are growing old at double the normal rate.

There is just one way to beat the altitude. Sit up. Eleven is not late, neither is twelve. Will Hannah, who lives in Helena,— or did,— says he regularly reads the morning paper before going to bed.

All things considered, it comes naturally about that, jocosely or seriously (or, as Browning would say, jocoseriously), the Montanians expect the altitude to account for everything. When little boys pull up one's sidewalks, tear down one's fences, and lodge one's veranda chairs in the top of one's favorite sycamore-tree, they are celebrating Allhallowe'en. The altitude explains their methods. When an "old-timer" becomes testy and irritable and altogether uncompanionable, the Sapphirans call him "cranky." Crankiness results from the altitude. When a girl eats opium, and sees things and says things, it is because she is suffering from insomnia. Again the altitude. Yes, and when some victim of a "deal," or of a "freeze-out game," or of the "annual ascension" of the First National Bank blows out his jaded brains, it is chiefly the altitude that drove him to distraction. The altitude pardons beer-drinking, excuses late hours, and accounts alike for the effervescent, not to say explosive hilarity of Sapphira society, and for the appalling dimensions, out of all proportion to the size of the town, of Sapphira's vicious and dangerous slums.

The altitude grants plenary indulgence. It is Pontifex Maximus.

IV.

Victor Hugo wrote Fourscore Thirteen. That is French for "Ninety-Three." The Sapphirans have also written Fourscore Thirteen, — they have

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written it in anguish, they have written it upon their hearts; for Ninety-Three was the year of the "crash."

Just before the crash Sapphira was nearly twice as big as it is now, in population. It was the richest city of its size in the world. It had one thousand dollars per capita, — counting every negro, every Chinaman, and every baby, — one thousand dollars per capita deposited in banks, to say nothing of other investments. It had a millionaire for every thousand of the population. It was growing as if forced by electricity. It juggled lobby politics at Washington till it got Fort Bandersnatch, it stretched out long financial tentacles and seized two railroads, it secured the capacious mosque-like Bayswater Natatorium and made the town a summer resort, it wrote itself up in a leading magazine, it became a supply-station for a ranching and mining district as big as the state of Maine. The people said, "We shall be a Detroit, a Minneapolis, a Chicago." The whole Grub Stake Valley was laid out in town lots, — twelve continuous miles of them. Palaces, warehouses, and public buildings rose out of the earth as by enchantment. The entire community lost their heads, — invested insanely, lived like princes, feasted, gamed, squandered.

And then the bubble burst. The wires thrilled with agonizing messages. There was a hasty packing of trunks at the World's Fair, a mad rush for the scene of the disaster, a wringing of hands and a gnashing of teeth, a sudden and hideous disillusionment. That was the crash. That was Ninety-Three. That was the inciting moment of a financial tragedy, banks breaking, real estate values diving to nowhere, vast fortunes going up in clouds of disappointment, the sheriff and the receiver turned loose in the land. The more property you had, the poorer you were. The city was suddenly filled with ruined millionaires. People went to church who had never been seen there before. A third of the population "vamoosed the ranch" and went "back to God's country."

As in the sunset a certain moment "cuts the deed off, calls the glory from the gray," so in Sapphira a certain moment called a halt in the supernatural progress of the city. The marks remain. The Presbyterians were building a new church edifice; they are now the proud possessors of a cellar and a Sunday-school. The Kensington School was to have been two hundred feet long. Only one section had been built, and there are not children enough to warrant the continued existence of even that section. The Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute (that is what they call it, though the Sapphira High School does not prepare for college, and pupils who cannot keep themselves intellectually afloat in the High School are sent to the "Polly") was being built on the installment plan. There had been only one installment. With that the work "stopped short, never to go again," like grandfather's clock. The city, laid out as for a vast metropolis, had "staked off a claim" of such dimensions that it entails enormous expense to light and pave and drain it. The survivors are consequently taxed to death.

Apparently, the hard times ground Sapphira more cruelly than any other town in the country. Its growth had been artificially stimulated, its wealth had been largely fictitious, its enormous enterprises had been based upon borrowed capital, and when the evil days came, and the years drew nigh, when the Sapphirans said, "We have no pleasure in them," it was necessary not only to live upon a reduced income, but to float a colossal indebtedness. Matters grew worse and worse. The depression continued, even increased. You "could n't raise a hundred dollars on your right eye."

In the spring of 1897, the city of Sapphira had two wrecked banks and three wrecked churches, commodious stores stood vacant in Main Street, the second-

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hand shops were filled with abandoned office furniture, the fire department had been reduced to eight men and the police force to four patrolmen, while the city water department was in the hands of a receiver, and the town had given up the collection of garbage. You could rent a white stone mansion out in Kensington, the west end of Sapphira, for eight dollars a month.

Since then matters have begun to improve. But the spell is broken forever. The romance has gone out of Sapphiran enterprise. Investors no longer manipulate the supernatural. The task is now the mere prosaic, brown-colored, matter-of-fact process of recuperation. There is no vision, and the people perish. Enterprise used to mean a sort of actualized epic poetry; now it means a dull materialism.

Materialistic the Montanians undeniably are. Their patron saint should be Martha, who was troubled about many *things*. Everybody has a considerable assortment of industrial irons in the fire. Beside the inevitable exactions of his calling, nearly everybody has mining and ranching interests to be troubled about. You are amazed to hear seamstresses, petty drummers, news-venders, and waiter-girls talking of their mining stock, — a hundred shares in the Bald Butte mine, five hundred shares in the Marble Heart, two hundred and fifty shares in the Never Sweat, seven hundred shares in the Wake-Up Jim. But later the wonder ceases. A share can be bought for a song. Its par value is one dollar; it may fall to five cents. Hence even the tawdry poor may enter the lists and tilt for millions. Our cook was grub-staking her husband; that is, paying his expenses while he went out a-prospecting. Occasionally she would send in a little box of "spressmens" (specimens) for us to admire. "Shure," said Nora, "Oi 'll be a foine lady wan av these days, begobs!" And no doubt she will. Gold is a great leveler. It levels up, not down. Colonel Patsy Rafferty, who can write nothing but his own name, can make that name worth five million dollars whenever he chooses to sign a check for that amount. He was once a prospector; he is now an imperial Cæsar.

Not only do mining interests enlist the attention of the whole community; they are all-absorbing and all-engrossing in their power over the individual. For mining is a gambling game, — legitimate, to be sure, for a successful miner is an adder to the world's wealth, but nevertheless a game of hazard played against nature. Montana is Monte Carlo moralized. Your mine may pay "from the grass-roots;" you may, on the other hand, put a superb fortune, if you can borrow it back East, into a mere "hole in the ground;" the richest vein may "peter" to-morrow; and when your mine begins to "play out" and "the grade runs low," you are afraid to sell, lest the purchaser, running the tunnel a few yards farther into the mountain, locate immense ore-bodies that would have made you a multi-millionaire.

Hence Sapphirans think in terms of quartz and placer. A boarding-house table is a school of mines. Mining terms are absorbed into the vocabulary of common talk. Things "pan out;" people "get right down to hard-pan;" to beat an opponent at cards is to "clean him up;" and to secure funds is to "raise the riffles." The Montanians "pack" everything, — they pack water, they pack umbrellas, they pack the baby; for the word "pack" means to carry. In the old days mining outfits were carried on pack-horses. One even finds the grotesque names of mining claims set down in solemn gravity upon the map. The town of Ubet was originally the You Bet mine; Oka was formerly the O. K.

As of mining, so in less degree of ranching. Stock-raising, precarious at best, is exposed to the hazards of a capricious climate. Your huge "bunch of cattle" and your immense "band of

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sheep" are turned loose on the ranges and are shelterless all the year round. Heavy snows will work a measureless havoc. Sheep know how to huddle together for warmth and to burrow for food, but the poor senseless cattle will stand up in the snow till they die of exhaustion. Several winters ago a great storm wrecked the ranching interests of half the state, and the cattle-kings were reduced to bankruptcy. The banks, however, by the "wild-cat" methods for which they are deservedly famous, set them all on their feet again.

When a Montanian has worried himself into brain-fag over his mining ventures, he may rest his cortex by considering his flocks and herds. So ranching terms, like the talk of the camp, find their way into social parlance. You are invited to a New England "round-up." You are "corraled" by your hostess. You ask a Sapphira girl what she has been doing of late, and perhaps you get an answer like this, — I did. "Not very much," said she, with a toss of her pretty head. "Father and mother have gone to the National Park, and I 've had to stay at home and *herd the kid*."

Montanians will do anything for money. People of education will go into deliberate exile to "hold down a claim." Young men of social training and refined tastes will live in intolerable mining camps like Rimini (pronounced Rimin-eye), and there are even some forty thousand abandoned wretches who are wasting their days in Butte.

Butte (pronounced Bewt) is the most ridiculous city in the world. It is precisely on a level with Mount Washington, provided it can be said to be on a level at all, for it is built on a steep mountain side. There is no night in Butte. The mines are continually worked, and the smelters never shut down. Moreover, as five tons of sulphur, arsenic, and other poisons are thrown out into the air every twenty-four hours, there is in all that city no tree, nor any shrub, nor so much as a single spear of grass. You wake coughing; you wander about all day in a dense fog of brimstone; you have continually the sensation of lighting a parlor match. It is only in summer that the air is clear. Had Dante seen Butte, he would never have taken the trouble to invent an imaginary Inferno. Morally, the city justifies its suggestive appearance. It has been rightly named the Perch of the Devil. And yet there are people in Butte, — forty thousand of them. They stay there to make money.

V.

I have never yet been able to say whether Montana is more beautiful than every other place, or whether a Sapphiran is merely more intensely alive to its beauty. Perhaps that too is a matter of altitude. But in either case the spell is irresistible.

One views all the grandeur of the world with a babelike freshness.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

That is my memory of Montana.

The blinding glare of the sunshine; the depth of the altogether Neapolitan skies; the undimmed lustre of the landscape; the immeasurable panoramic sweep of mountain masses, swung chain upon chain, sierra upon sierra, across the world; the thrill of exalted masterhood in nature, and the buoyant, joyous sense of out of doors, — it makes my heart leap up even now at the thought of it.

It was not so at first. The landscape troubled me: I could not interpret it; it bore no sort of rationality. Those miniature blue crags, — they defied perspective; they had the shape of immense mountains, but they had the apparent size of mere hillocks. They looked five miles off; they were in reality thirty-five miles away, and in any lower altitude

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they would have been so dimmed by the pellucid vapor-masses hung between as to be obviously and legibly remote. But gradually the eye learns a new grammar of aerial perspective, and then — behold the overwhelming Miltonic majesty of those inconceivable piles of living rock.

A glory of primeval romance hangs over the northern Rockies. There are the forests of low-grown pines as yet untouched; there are the Titans' treasure-hoards as yet unrifled; there are the haunts of elk and grizzly, of mountain lion and antelope, of gray wolf and huge-horned mountain sheep, whose domains are all but uninvaded; while below those rock-strewn steeps surges the newly violated Missouri. It all meets the eye with a glow of stirring actuality; the horizon is within reach of your hand; nature becomes compendious; you are in conscious command of totality.

As the day wanes, the mountains appear to be crossing the valley. The slant lights of late afternoon make them seem increasingly near. The mountains come up to be admired, to be loved. They shrink away in the twilight. One by one the glorious stars come out, twice as bright as here in the East, and twice as big. It is, as Stevenson would say, "a wonderful clear night of stars." The Milky Way is a radiant mist. Meteors trail fire. And the moon, — oh, if it be but winter! — the moon fills all that wonderland with an unutterable beauty that starts the same sense of white-robed purity, the same response of sparkling loveliness, that one's heart throbs with while reading Tennyson's St. Agnes' Eve.

> "All heaven bursts her starry floors,
> And strows her lights below."

And then the mountains, silvern-blue and snow-capped, are yours once more.

In spring Montana is laden with flowers. Valley, cañon, gulch, and coulee are a many-tinted fairy spectacle. The prickly-pears color all the landscape with their gorgeous blossoms. Purple lupines blaze amongst the Nile-green sage-brush. The sand-rose turns from white to pink. The night-blooming cereus droops in the sunlight. Whole fields are gilded with yellow daisies. A botanist, they tell me, has collected a thousand species of native flora.

And the beauty of Montana is touched with a wistful air of melancholy. Somehow you cannot escape a feeling of regret for the days gone by, and for the aboriginal inhabitants, both man and beast, so recently dispossessed. I am no fond lover of Indians; Flatheads, Blackfeet, and Nez Percés never charmed me. I saw enough of the Sioux when they took me behind the scenes at Colonel Cody's Wild West show; the Crees, who want a dime to pose before your kodak, and who regale themselves with dog soup (I saw them do it), are rather the worst of the lot; but yet I cannot reconcile myself to the Weyler-like warfare that exterminated the bison to keep the Indians in order.

The red man lived on the bison; where the bison roved, nibbling the bunch-grass, there roved the red man. When the soldiers had slaughtered the bison herds, and the Indian began to prey upon the ranches for food, his traveling days were done. He was between the devil and the deep sea. The soldiers hunted him into the camps of the cowboys. The cowboys, in their turn, hunted him into the camps of the soldiers. He has since submitted, though not with the best of grace, and lives upon his reservation in involuntary peace and quiet. But the bison, — there is only one pen in North America sympathetic enough to tell the story of the bison, and that is the pen that wrote the tenderest of all our nature essays, A-Hunting of the Deer.

Even the beauty of life is tinged with a similar pathos. Friendships in Sapphira are mournfully transitory. You no sooner bind a man to you than forth he betakes him to Livingston, or Billings, or Glen-

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dive, or Missoula. The town is like an eddy in the river. The water runs into the eddy, the water runs out of the eddy; the eddy is always changing, yet the eddy remains unchanged. So the streams of newcomers pour into Sapphira, and the streams of disappointed fortune-seekers pour out of Sapphira; Sapphira is always changing, yet Sapphira remains unchanged. The Sapphiran beauties make eyes at a procession. There is in Montana more opportunity for acquaintances and less opportunity for acquaintance than in any other part of the world. But when all has been said, the social result of that restless shift and change is only an exaggeration of a universal law. For so we go through the world, touching many hands, clasping but few.

And out of this very transitoriness comes, if you would know the truth, the hospitable geniality of Sapphira society. For the Sapphirans are compelled to keep their friendships in constant repair. They welcome you in, like Lewis Carroll's crocodile, "with gently smiling jaws." They welcome the next newcomer with a similar cordiality. People entertain one another at a desperate rate. They have to; for life in Sapphira is like life in a garrison, and all the fun the Sapphirans can get is what they get out of one another. "Shows" rarely visit Sapphira; the city itself becomes monotonous after three weeks, and it is a hundred miles to the next town, and there is nothing to see when you get there. Hence the ceaseless round of dances, card parties, musicales, clubs, chafing-dish parties, mountain parties, coasting parties (what would a Bostonian think of a slide five miles long with a descent of twelve hundred feet?), and social dissipations of every imaginable and unimaginable sort.

At last, you, in your turn, move out and away. Perhaps you are ordered East by your physician as the only possible device for postponing that which you are naturally somewhat anxious to defer, namely, total extinction; or perhaps professional reasons forbid you to live any longer in the Treasure State of the Rockies.

Accordingly you lay in a stock of mementos. You must have a ranching scene in water-color by Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist; and to that you will add a group of miners panning out gold by the inimitable Swaim. Then to the taxidermist's for mounted heads, — an elk, surely, and no doubt an antelope or a mountain sheep. If you can afford it, you buy a fine grizzly rug. And after that you choose a pretty handful of Montana sapphires (the red and the yellow ones are lovely, but the blue are loveliest of all) set in Montana gold by Montana workmanship.

You buy your yard-long railway ticket (five cents a mile to St. Paul); you pay a scandalous fee by way of advance charges on your freight; you yield up your last dollar to silence the accusation of "excess baggage;" and you depart amid the cheers of your friends and admirers.

Then you think you have bid adieu to Montana. But in that you are wrong. Montana awaits you in Boston. You meet former Sapphirans upon Commonwealth Avenue. You are presented to the friends of Sapphirans in Beacon Street. You are invited to Montana "round-ups" in Brookline and the Back Bay. You drop in at the Touraine for a rare-bit with a Harvard man from Helena. You sit down in the Boston Public Library and peruse the columns of the Sapphira Daily Globule. Indeed, the sun never sets upon Montana. Go where you will, its charmed associations are ever around you. You are a member of a world-wide fraternity.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

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WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

II. CONGRESSIONAL ORATORS.

THOMAS CORWIN.

AMONG congressional orators of distinctively Western type Thomas Corwin holds perhaps the foremost place. Born in Kentucky in 1794, he went in boyhood to the little village of Lebanon, Ohio, thirty miles north from Cincinnati, where he picked up a common school education and studied for the bar. His quick intelligence and address soon brought him a large practice. Elected to Congress in 1830 by the Whigs, he served ten years in the House, and was then chosen governor of Ohio. In 1844 he was elected to represent Ohio in the Senate of the United States, and in 1850 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore. Three years later he resumed the practice of his profession. He was again elected a Representative in Congress in 1858 and 1860, but resigned in 1861 to go as Minister to Mexico, whence he returned after the accession of Maximilian, and died at Washington December 18, 1865.

Corwin very early evinced that native aptitude for oratory which gave him such distinction in later years. His intellectual faculty was keen, his grasp of principles firm, and his sense of humor, which made him a master of the art of ridicule, was delightfully spontaneous. In physical aspect he was large, though but of medium height, his complexion was notably swarthy, he had jet-black hair, and his eyes were dark. He had a mobility of feature that was marvelous, and I never saw the man in public life who could so surely throw a crowded audience into roars of laughter by apposite witty appeal, or anecdote set off by an irresistibly comic facial expression. This was perfectly natural with Corwin; he never went in search of ancient and mouldy jokes, nor lugged in illustrations which did not fit his theme. Those who had heard him oftenest were the most eager to hear him again; and they would watch expectantly the quick play of his twinkling eyes and the mercurial expression of his features, which gave warning beforehand of a comical interlude. Indeed, so marked were Corwin's rare talents for amusing an audience that it was said if he had chosen a less serious profession he might have made one of the best comedians in the world. In personal appearance he resembled the late comedian William E. Burton.

But, great as were Corwin's powers of humor, they were always kept subordinate, in his speeches, to the aim of convincing his audience. He carefully prepared the topics and the general outline of his speeches, relying upon his copious vocabulary for expression at the time of utterance. In Congress he spoke but rarely. He hated all display, and was the most modest, unassuming, and amiable of men. He had studied closely in early years the great law writers and the best books in modern history, and his retentive memory was stored with illustrations which led many to credit him with far wider learning than he actually possessed. He had a clear, cogent method of statement, using language so plain as to be comprehended by all. His style has been characterized as rhetorical rather than logical, and yet I have heard from him, in and out of Congress, some of the finest argumentative statements ever expressed. None who heard him speak could doubt the entire sincerity and deep conviction of the orator. To those who, misled by popular rumor of his facetious qualities,

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expected to hear only a jester, the grave earnestness and frequent solemnity of his appeals came in the nature of a surprise. In nearly all his speeches there were moments of intense strength. No crude and unconsidered speech ever fell from his lips, and he was free from that common vice of the stump orator, vociferation. His voice was one of rare compass and flexibility, soft, yet full-toned, and he often changed from the higher notes to a confidential tone hardly above a whisper, with the varying exigencies of his subject.

The most remarkable of Senator Corwin's public efforts was his famous speech on the Mexican war, on the 11th of February, 1847. This was in the midst of the campaign of invasion under Generals Scott and Taylor, which resulted in the capture of the Mexican capital and a peace dictated by the United States, with pecuniary indemnity and about seven hundred thousand square miles of territory added to our domain. The war was generally popular, the army was marching from victory to victory, and the few dissentient voices in Congress were drowned in the tumult of overbearing majorities which urged on the war. A bill for three million dollars and ten thousand more men to carry it forward was before the Senate. Corwin cherished a profound conviction that the government was wrong; that in its origin and principles the Mexican war was wholly without justification; that the declaration by Congress that war existed by the act of Mexico was false; and that the projected plundering of a weak government by the great republic would end in acquiring vast territories, which would lead to an embittered struggle between North and South for their possession, and would seriously imperil the Union. He took the unpopular side; he boldly proclaimed what he deemed the right against the expediency of the hour; he refused to vote money or men to prosecute the war; and he calmly took all the odium which his course entailed, strong in the conscientious conviction that he had done his duty.

The result might have been foreseen: his speech, powerful as it was, was denounced from one end of the country to the other; the dominant party poured out upon him all the vials of its wrath; "Tom Corwin" was burned in effigy, execrated in public meetings, declared unpatriotic and anti-American. Yet it is difficult to see wherein he was more unpatriotic in uttering his condemnation of what he deemed an unjust war than was Lord Chatham when he declared on the floor of Parliament, "I rejoice that America has resisted."

Said a Southern newspaper, the Louisville Journal: "While reading this debate, we could not but feel that Mr. Corwin towered in the Senate like a giant among pygmies. He deliberately surveyed his ground, and duty made him brave the fires of persecution and the anathemas of party. The oft-repeated sophistries of slavery are trampled into dust by Mr. Corwin, with as much disdain as Mirabeau spurned and trampled on the formulas of royalty. When did falsehood ever receive a quietus more effectually than this mendicant plea of the ultras for more slave territory on account of their worn-out lands?"

It may be pertinent to recall, as a favorable specimen of the eloquence of Corwin at his best, one passage of this notable senatorial speech of fifty years ago:

"I am somewhat at a loss to know on what plan of operations gentlemen having charge of this war intend to proceed. We hear much of the terror of your arms. The affrighted Mexican, it is said, when you shall have drenched his country in blood, will sue for peace, and thus you will indeed 'conquer peace.' This is the heroic and savage tone in which we have heretofore been lectured by our friends on the other side of the chamber, especially by the Senator from

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Michigan [General Cass]. But suddenly the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations comes to us with a smooth phrase of diplomacy, made potent by the gentle suasion of gold. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs calls for thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops; these, we are assured, shall 'conquer peace.' . . . Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles, in bloody fields of war, let us do it. If that is not the plan, then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her, and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, — and for what? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain) what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there, 'to point the way to heaven'? Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no, none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of solitudes their ravages have made.

"In return, up comes your Anglo-Saxon gentleman, with the New Testament in one hand and a Bill of Rights in the other, — your evangelical colonel and law-practicing divine, Don Walter Colton, who gives up Christ's Sermon on the Mount, quits the New Testament, and betakes him to Blackstone and Kent, is elected justice of the peace, takes military possession of California, and, instead of teaching the way of repentance and plan of salvation to the poor ignorant Celt, holds one of Colt's pistols to his ear and says, 'Take trial by jury, or nine bullets in your head.'"

This remarkable speech, though quite ineffective as an attempt to stem the tide of war sentiment which was sweeping through the country, planted seeds of thought which germinated in after-years. It is notable that Mr. Corwin, in correcting the speech for the Congressional Globe, while he did not soften down any of its vigorous denunciations of the war and the administration which was waging it, corrected a good deal of the wit out of it by expanding some passages and omitting others. The speech as reported in the New York Tribune, just after delivery, by one of the most accurate of reporters, is far more fresh and incisive than the official report. Mr. Corwin, reversing the prevalent rule, did not write as well as he talked. One pointed and epigrammatic phrase at the expense of Walter Colton, a navy chaplain who made himself conspicuous in California before it was conquered from Mexico, describing him as "your evangelical colonel and law-practicing divine," is wholly omitted in the official report, though restored in the foregoing quotation.

One of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Corwin's speeches was the very frequent introduction of Scriptural phrases and illustrations. His early reading had included the Bible and Blackstone's Commentaries, and the former must have made the deeper impression of the two. I have heard him, when defending a poor newspaper reporter in Cincinnati, charged before a United States court with aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, after convulsing the court with merriment at his picture of "the majesty

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of the United States" in hot pursuit of an unhappy negro making toward Canada as fast as his feet would carry him, turn the fun into solemn silence by apt allusions drawn from the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount.

Corwin's speech in the House in 1840, in reply to General Crary, of Michigan, who had attacked the military record of General Harrison, is still often referred to as a fine example of irony and sarcasm. It covered the unhappy Crary with ridicule, and even the sedate and serious John Quincy Adams, then in the House, alluded to the victim immediately afterward as "the late Mr. Crary." But there were in nearly every one of Corwin's speeches some scintillations of wit or humor to enliven the ordinarily dull debates, and whenever he took the floor the members were sure to listen eagerly.

Speaking upon internal improvement of rivers, he said, "Your Constitution is a fish that can live and thrive in a little tide-creek which a thirsty mosquito would drink dry in a hot day."

In ridiculing the Southern claim of the right to dissolve the Union if precluded from carrying slavery into New Mexico and adjacent territory, he described the great American desert as a "land in which no human creature could raise either corn or cotton, — a land wherein, for over a thousand miles, a buzzard would starve as he winged his flight, unless he took a lunch along with him."

In the dark foreboding days of 1860–61, Mr. Corwin was honored by being chosen chairman of the Congressional Committee of Thirty-Three (one member from each state) upon the state of the Union and the perilous condition of the country. The election of Lincoln to the presidency in November, 1860, had alarmed the Southern states beyond measure. In spite of all assurances of Republican Congressmen and of the organs of Northern public opinion of the moderation likely to prevail in the course of the incoming administration, the agitation for breaking up the Union was diligently fomented from Maryland to Florida by political leaders and by the Southern press. Conventions were called and excitement grew, until the Southern secession fever had so alarmed the North as to bring on a financial panic, in which all values tumbled downward month by month. By the end of January, 1861, five Southern states had withdrawn their Senators and Representatives from Congress, and others were planning to secede. The Union seemed to be breaking in pieces day by day, and the seizure of the capital by insurgents was a topic of every-day discussion in Washington. A "peace conference" of more than one hundred members was in session there, elected from twenty-one states out of thirty-three, to recommend measures of agreement or pacification between the sections. In these critical circumstances, while the Crittenden Compromise was held back in the Senate, as reported by its Committee of Fifteen, Corwin reported from his committee a series of resolutions, which were passed by the heavy majority of 136 to 53, declaring that no sufficient cause for dissolution of the government existed; that it was its duty to enforce the laws, protect federal property, and preserve the Union; that no authority to interfere with slavery existed; and recommending the states to repeal all obstructive laws, whether aimed at the Fugitive Slave Law at the North or at citizens deemed obnoxious at the South. Its final measure, proposing an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that no amendment should be made to that instrument giving Congress the power to abolish slavery, was also adopted by more than two-thirds majority, — 133 to 65. This amendment also passed the Senate March 2, 1861, by a majority of two thirds, twelve radical anti-slavery Senators only voting against it. It is instructive to note that just four years later

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Congress, by more than the same majority, recommended to the states an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, and that amendment was adopted.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who died in 1865, at the early age of forty-eight, is to be reckoned among the more eloquent of congressional orators of recent times. He was a rare specimen of the scholar in politics, a variously gifted man, who brought into the House of Representatives the ripe fruit of a studious and laborious youth, devoted to jurisprudence, history, and literature. First elected in 1854 from a Baltimore district, he came into public life just when the issues which culminated in civil war were violently agitated, and he took so vigorous and influential a part in them that he became the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in Maryland. The position of that state — with a slave population of nearly one hundred thousand, with the ingrained conservatism of generations, with a proslavery policy ruling her legislation, lying on the border line between the seceding states and the loyal states of the North, with powerful interests and sympathies zealously enlisted with the South — was a most critical one. How near Maryland came to joining the Southern Confederacy is known to but few of the present generation. She was held back by the influence of the strong national sentiment inspired by a few patriotic leaders, of whom Henry Winter Davis was the foremost.

He spoke in the halls of legislation and upon the hustings, always in favor of the most vigorous and thorough measures for prosecuting the war against secession, and for ultimate emancipation. Denounced, vilified, threatened with assassination, he turned a deaf ear alike to the assaults of enemies and the timid counsels of friends, spurning all compromise, and with indomitable courage kept on his steadfast way. Born in a slave state, and himself in early years a slaveholder, he is to be reckoned among that honorable and high-minded band of Southern statesmen, including Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, and others, who have left on record their abhorrence of human slavery. He lived to wield a strong influence in bringing about the abolition of slavery in Maryland by the adoption of the state Constitution of 1864, passed in the midst of the civil war, and the subsequent ratification of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forever prohibiting slavery.

The advanced anti-slavery views of Davis led him to oppose, in Congress and elsewhere, the plan of Mr. Lincoln for compensated emancipation and colonization of the negroes; at a later date he was found even more radical than his party on the state reconstruction issues, and wrote, in 1864, the Wade-Davis manifesto, criticising the position of President Lincoln upon that question. But his opposition took no personal or permanent form, and he loyally supported Mr. Lincoln's reëlection, making powerful speeches in advocacy of the Republican ticket.

The characteristics of Henry Winter Davis as an orator were so marked as always to hold the attention of his hearers. I heard him often in the House of Representatives, when the hush of absorbed listeners was such that even his lightest tones penetrated to the remotest corners of the galleries. He never read from manuscript, nor wrote out his speeches beforehand, trusting to a brief of topics or note of illustrations, and was thus free to impress his audience by the spontaneous utterance of his ideas, enforced by graceful gesture, and depending for choice of words upon his well-furnished vocabulary. His finely modulated voice was singularly sweet, almost musical in its more effective tones, and in

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loftier passages rousing the hearer like the sound of a trumpet.

In person he was a graceful, attractive figure, slightly below the medium height, his well-knit frame without an ounce of superfluous flesh, his fine head and studious face showing a strong intellectual force. In personal intercourse he was reserved with most whom he met, gravely courteous rather than familiar; but he was a fascinating companion to friends, who were charmed by his sparkling conversation, bearing always the impress of a refined nature.

The literary merit of his speeches lay in their simplicity, force, and dialectic skill. He was sometimes classical, but never florid. His style was singularly chaste, free from that involved rhetoric and rambling inconsecutiveness which mark so many congressional efforts at oratory. He seldom used quotations, but when he did it was with the appositeness of a scholar. In his early years Tacitus and Gibbon were his favorite authors, and he delighted in translating into English the masterly and succinct chapters of the great Roman historian. To this exercise, and to the highly condensed and stately march of the style of Gibbon, may be ascribed a certain severity of taste, which prevented him from falling into the habit of diffuseness.

Another element of his success as an orator was his characteristic enthusiasm. A man of strong and sincere convictions, lofty aspiration, and earnest purpose, he threw into his public utterances all the energy of his nature. With him was no trimming, no half-hearted advocacy or opposition, none of that double-faced subserviency which discriminates the demagogue from the statesman. His yea was always yea, and his nay, nay, whether in speech or in vote. Such were his independence and self-reliance that they sometimes alienated personal friends and political allies; but he believed in choosing his own path and following his own advice.

With an idea and a principle before him as clear as the sunlight, his indomitable will and singleness of purpose carried him forward to advocacy of an unpopular cause in the face of all opposition. He fought the battle of freedom in slaveholding Maryland with a moral courage that was sublime. Before great popular audiences in Baltimore and in the country towns he championed the cause of a free Constitution with a power of reasoning as persuasive as that with which he urged in Congress the amendment abolishing slavery. Sometimes his audiences, too large to be contained in any hall, would stand for more than an hour in the rain to listen to his arguments. While his speeches were always plain and clearly reasoned, he often had impassioned passages of appeal to patriotism and love of the Union. These were sometimes so powerful and affecting as to carry his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Under the inspiration of a great cause, and against opposition so strenuous and determined, all the energies of his nature were called forth. So effective with the people were his efforts, so irresistible were the arguments by which he bore down the sophistries of slavery, that he sent his hearers home convinced, or far advanced on the road to conviction, and in the end wrested a great moral and political victory from what seemed at the beginning only the forlorn hope of freedom.

It is rarely quite safe to attempt any illustration of an orator's characteristic style, since so much depends upon the occasion, and upon the more complete context than can be given by quoting an isolated extract; but an example of what may be called the cumulative statement, not infrequent in the utterances of Henry Winter Davis, may interest the reader. It is from a speech in the House of Representatives in 1864, when the great military struggle for the integrity of the Union was at its height: —

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"When exultant rebels shall sweep over the fortifications, and their bomb-shells shall crash against the dome of the Capitol; when the people — exhausted by taxation, wearied of sacrifices, drained of blood, betrayed by their rulers, deluded by demagogues into believing that peace is the way to union and submission the path to victory — shall throw down their arms before the advancing foe; when vast chasms across every state shall make apparent to every eye, when too late to remedy it, that division from the South is anarchy at the North, and that peace without union is the end of the republic, — then the independence of the South will be an accomplished fact, and gentlemen may, without treason to the dead republic, rise in this migratory House, wherever it may then be in America, and declare themselves for recognizing their masters at the South rather than exterminating them. Until that day, in the name of the American nation, in the name of every house in the land where there is one dead for the holy cause, in the name of those who stand before us in the ranks of battle, in the name of the liberty our ancestors have confided to us, I devote to eternal execration the name of him who shall propose to destroy this blessed land rather than its enemies.

"But until that time arrive it is the judgment of the American people that there shall be no compromise; that ruin to ourselves or ruin to the Southern rebels are the only alternatives. It is only by resolutions of this kind that nations can rise above great dangers and overcome them in a crisis like this. . . . It is by such a resolve that the American people, coercing a reluctant government to draw the sword and stake the national existence on the integrity of the republic, are now anything but the fragments of a nation before the world, the scorn and hiss of every petty tyrant. It is because the people of the United States, rising to the height of the occasion, dedicated this generation to the sword, and pouring out the blood of their children as of no account, and avowing before high Heaven that there should be no end to this conflict but ruin absolute or absolute triumph, that we now are what we are; that the banner of the republic, still pointing onward, floats proudly in the face of the enemy; that vast regions are reduced to obedience to the laws; and that a great host in armed array now presses with steady step into the dark regions of the rebellion. It is only by the earnest and abiding resolution of the people that whatever shall be our fate, it shall be grand as the American nation, worthy of that republic which first trod the path of empire, and made no peace but under the banners of victory, that the American people will survive in history."

MATTHEW HALE CARPENTER.

Among the senatorial orators of recent years, Matthew Hale Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was ranked as one of the foremost. Contemporary in Congress with such speakers as Sumner, Conkling, Edmunds, Trumbull, Morton, Schurz, and Blaine, he was the peer in debate of any of his colleagues. Born in 1824 in Vermont, and studying for the bar in the office of Rufus Choate, young Carpenter, well convinced that in the West were the surest avenues to success in his profession, migrated to Wisconsin in 1848. He records that when he arrived at Beloit he had but seventy-five cents, and no visible means of support but a law library and his own brains. The library, too, quite large for that day, had been bought on credit, upon the volunteered guarantee of Choate to the Boston booksellers. Thus equipped, young Carpenter soon found clients, though much of his legal business was without fees. While in his earliest practice he charged a client a dollar for conducting a case, ten years later he received from a railroad capitalist six thousand dollars

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as annual fees for attending to his legal business. So speedily did his natural abilities, with untiring labor and a personal popularity which has rarely been equaled, raise him to the foremost rank in his profession.

The strong personality and intellectual force of Carpenter, with the great number of noted legal causes and political struggles in which he was associated, give a kind of dramatic interest to his career. His was a person of singular attractiveness. Tall, graceful, well proportioned, his massive head set upon broad shoulders and crowned with a heavy profusion of dark hair carelessly worn, his blue eyes full of spirit and humor, he at once impressed every one in his favor. His smile was perhaps the sunniest I ever saw, and his peculiar stride carried with it a breezy, confident air which marked the healthy, self-reliant man that he was. His manners in personal intercourse were charming. All who knew him testified to the ready freshness, variety, and exuberant wit of his conversation. With his graceful courtesy to women he was a universal favorite with them, and his fascinating speech and buoyant flow of spirits were often accompanied with a laugh so musical and hearty as to be fairly contagious in any circle. He was notable for the easy and confidential way in which he addressed his friends, and on his visits to the Library, to which he often resorted for aid, he would familiarly call me "my son," though I was but a little his junior in age.

Carpenter had a voice of wonderful sweetness and compass. I have heard him on many occasions when he put forth all his powers, and the varying impressions, from the softest tones when some tender sentiment caused his voice to vibrate with emotion, to the thrilling emphasis of his most powerful denunciation, dwelt long in memory. He was a natural orator, and the combined versatility and acuteness of his intellect were such that he charmed equally by the matter of his speeches and by their manner. Whether addressing a great popular audience (and it is said that he once spoke to forty thousand people at Chicago) or a court or a jury, where his arguments generally drew a crowd, or in the Senate at Washington, or in the Supreme Court room, where he very frequently appeared, Carpenter was always a magnet of attraction. As a lawyer, he was said by the almost unanimous judgment of men of his profession to have few equals and no superior. He was thoroughly familiar with the textbooks in jurisprudence, and with what is known as case-law. His clear and analytic brain grasped the principles that lay at the basis of every case, and his method was to pursue it through the precedents of the whole Library until he had thoroughly mastered it. Then, but not till then, he would rest.

Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds said of him, "His arguments, both in the Senate and the courts, were unsurpassed for learning, logic, and eloquence." Judge J. S. Black declared, "He was worthy to stand, as he did, at the head of the legal profession." And Chief Justice Chase said of him, "We regard that boy as one of the ablest jurists in the country. I am not the only justice on this bench who delights in his eloquence and his reasoning." The expression referred to the fresh, youthful, jaunty air which Carpenter carried with him, though he was fully thirty-eight years of age when it was made. Into the grave and decorous presence of the Supreme Court he bore the easy, good-humored look and twinkle of the eyes which characterized him everywhere. He was a great favorite with all the members of the court, and was for years almost the only man who could be jocular and playful while conducting a case before them, without sacrifice of dignity or good taste. It is to be said that the justices of that tribunal, with all their gravity and learning, have

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been men who dearly loved a joke, and neither Marshall nor Taney, any more than Chase or Waite, rose superior to that weakness.

Carpenter was counsel in more important causes than any other lawyer in the West, and had his full share in that lucrative railway litigation which has made the fortunes of a few great lawyers. Yet he spent his money as freely as he earned it, telling the law students at Columbian University, "Save money if you can, but how you are to do it must be learned of somebody besides me." He was charitable and generous to a fault. His sympathies were acute, his heart always tender to the appeals of those in distress. Though making great sums every year, he usually had little money, and he left no large property to his family beyond a life insurance of fifty thousand dollars, and a fine library of five thousand volumes of law and six thousand of miscellaneous books. His taste for literature and his eagerness for learning of every kind were strong from very boyhood. Choate said of him, "Young Carpenter was possessed of a passion for devouring books that was more than remarkable; it amounted almost to a mania." He had an innate love of work, and few who listened to his luminous and apparently spontaneous arguments (for he almost never wrote out a speech) were aware how much labor they had cost him. One of the busiest men in America, he yet found time to read, and he spent many hours in the Congressional Library digging out decisions and historical data for use. He had a power of absorption that would appear marvelous to the ordinary reader who plods through a book sentence by sentence. Carpenter seemed to read a sentence by one glance of the eye. In his later years he was so engrossed by professional studies and public speaking that he read less literature, but his mind was stored with many of the masterpieces of prose and poetry. For a year or two of his early life in Wisconsin he had been afflicted with blindness, and his friends had read to him the Bible, Shakespeare, and the poetry of Walter Scott. In after-years he could repeat the whole of The Lady of the Lake from memory.

In politics, Carpenter acted with the Democratic party in early years, and voted for Douglas in 1860. But the moment that the authority of the United States was resisted in the South he was the first noted Democrat in the West to range himself on the side of the government, and he went farther than the farthest in his zeal for emancipating the slaves and maintaining the Union. Elected to the Senate as a Republican in 1869, he served six years, was defeated in 1875 by a coalition of Democrats and bolting Republicans, and re-chosen Senator in 1879. In that body he at once took rank as one of the foremost of its able debaters, and his ready command of language, fullness of information, clear and incisive style, and distinct and pleasing utterance rendered his speeches almost uniformly effective.

He spoke often, but never without saying something which elucidated the subject before the Senate. He excelled in the perspicuous statement of a case. He was clear-headed, straightforward, sincere, and always thoroughly in earnest. As a constitutional lawyer, who had read much and thought deeply upon American institutions and our political history from the beginning, he opposed or defended measures according to his own independent judgment. He thus found himself not unfrequently opposed to his party. He pronounced some Republican measures unconstitutional, while on others he went beyond the radicalism even of Mr. Sumner.

His early attachment to the principles of Jeffersonian democracy led him, on many questions, to stand for state rights and against a consolidated or paternal government. He opposed the Bureau of Education, the Department of Agricul-

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ture, all propositions for a Labor Commission, railway monopoly, payment of Southern claims, amnesty to rebels, and civil service reform. He favored Chinese citizenship, increase of salaries (including "back pay"), the extension of the Ku-Klux act, and the franking privilege.

Elected in 1873 president *pro tempore* of the Senate, an honor due to his acknowledged abilities as a parliamentarian, he presided with impartiality, dignity, and unfailing courtesy. There were several acrimonious episodes during Carpenter's service in the Senate, involving sharp interpellations with Senators Sumner, Morton, and Blaine, upon St. Domingo, the French arms question, and the public character of President Grant; but as public interest in these questions has passed away, it is not fitting to recall them here. The controversy over the New York Tribune's publication of a treaty, surreptitiously obtained before its consideration by the Senate, brought a prodigious volume of obloquy and denunciation by newspapers upon Senator Carpenter, who was chairman of the committee upon whose report the Tribune correspondents were imprisoned by the Senate. He reciprocated the denunciations with sufficient violence, and was warned to drop the investigation, or the press "would never rest until it had ruined him," — meaning, no doubt, politically. The rancor thus engendered outlasted the efforts to discover the Senator whose name the reporters had refused to disclose.

It may be said of Senator Carpenter that while his great and admirable qualities brought him more devoted and enthusiastic friends than fall to the lot of most public men, he also stirred up animosities which were fomented and spread by many bitter enemies. Perhaps no Senator was ever pursued with more untiring denunciation, much of which was due to the bold independence, aggressiveness, and positive character of the man. Faults he had in abundance, but they were those of a man of a singularly ardent temperament, and will be viewed with the most charity by those who are duly conscious of their own.

I will give but a short specimen of Senator Carpenter's forensic utterances. In December, 1869, he offered a resolution declaring that the thirty gunboats then fitting out by Spain in the ports of the United States, to be employed against the insurgents in Cuba, should not be allowed to depart from the United States during the continuance of the rebellion then in progress. It is interesting as exhibiting nearly the same unhappy condition regarding Cuba thirty years ago as has recently existed.

"The Cubans are now struggling to throw off this unendurable tyranny. They have appealed to the God of battles in vindication of the inalienable right of man to self-government. Of the inhabitants within the district now controlled by the revolutionists, about one hundred and five thousand are capable of bearing arms. Of this number, from twenty to thirty thousand are now actually in military array, commanded by officers appointed by the Cuban republic, and but for the difficulty of obtaining arms the number which would instantly take the field would exceed those already under arms.

"It is claimed and represented that a large district of the island, capable of exact delineation and geographical description, is held by the patriots, and can only be entered by the Spaniards by military force; and that in this district there exists a regular government established by the Cubans, and which is in regular administration, except when disturbed by military operations; that it has a constitution, a judicial force actually exercising the functions which pertain to the office of judge; that it has a regular postal system, and that a vast majority of the inhabitants of this district pay habitual obedience to its com-

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mands; that it has a flag and an organized army; that battles have been fought, towns besieged, and other acts of war committed by the Cubans under officers appointed by the new government; that messages under flags of truce have been exchanged, and that regular warfare is now being carried on in the island to support the constitution of the republic of Cuba: and these facts have been shown by judicial proceedings hereafter to be mentioned.

"The constitution of the young republic of Cuba emancipates all slaves, and the contest of arms now going on to support that constitution involves the liberty or slavery of all who were slaves when the war broke out. This feature appeals strongly to our sympathies, and constitutes an irresistible claim of right to our observing an honest neutrality, if we cannot aid the Cubans. And I beseech the learned Senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of our Committee on Foreign Relations [Senator Sumner], to whom this resolution may be referred, whose voice was clearest and sweetest of the chorus of liberty in the early morn, to lend his experienced ear to the cry of humanity that comes up from this island of the sea. The weight of his influence to-day might pluck another jewel from the crown of despotism, and release other thousands threatened with the master's lash and rebelling against the clanking chain.

"I cannot express how much I regret that some step has not already been taken upon this subject by that honorable and honored Senator. But there are truths so mighty that if men hold their peace the stones will cry out; and it is the silence of that Senator that leads me now to address the Senate. We have happily escaped from the curse of human slavery ourselves, but as benevolence is stayed by no barrier of nature, acknowledges no limits of human dominion, we cannot, blameless, remain indifferent to such a contest within gunshot of our own shores.

"Now, sir, I submit upon this state of facts, which the Cubans offer to establish by judicial evidence, a great wrong, or rather an unaccountable series of wrongs, has been committed by our government. We are solemnly bound by the law of nations properly construed, expressly pledged by our own declarations upon this subject, to stand entirely neutral between Spain and Cuba; but as the law has been administered, it has been a shield to Spain, a sword to Cuba. Liberty in Cuba is in the helplessness of infancy; its life is feeble, its pulse low. I do not invoke your aid on behalf of Cuba; I only ask that to be done the neglect of which would justly bring war upon us, if Cuba had the strength to enforce her rights. As it is, whether the United States does its duty or violates its duty, Cuba is without remedy. But there is a bar, the bar of impartial history, before which all governments must stand; there is a God, and a great book in which the deeds of nations are written; and there is retribution for every nation which, knowing its duty, does it not."

On the delivery of this speech the Spanish authorities were quickly on the alert, and the warships to put down the Cuban revolt had sailed before Carpenter's resolution came to a vote. But the influential press of the country took sides with the Senator, declaring that the incident redounded much more to his credit than to Sumner's, who had vigorously opposed the resolution.

Senator Carpenter closed his career in the second year of his last senatorial term; he died in Washington, February 24, 1881. He had been warned by his physicians nearly a year before that he would die of an incurable malady within a few months. With his habitual firmness, and cheerful to the last, he set his house in order.

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

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A NEW PROGRAMME IN EDUCATION.

In Greece, in the golden age of Pericles, in those wonderful eight-and-twenty years which represent the flowering time of the human spirit, the impulse in education was national and contemporary. There was no past whose achievements were so notable as those of the present. The ideals of life were the ideals of education, and the servant still served his master. Education was distinctly a process, never an end. The one language was the Greek tongue; the one effort was the cultivation of personal power, the strong and beautiful body, the subtle and alert mind, the development of that sense of beauty and proportion which has left Greek art and literature unrivaled after more than two thousand years of human effort. Education, like life, was preëminently a thing of the present moment.

But this redeeming thought faded in the less beautiful culture of Rome, and went almost entirely out in that darkness which preceded our own dawn. When the fires of the Renaissance were kindled in the hearts of men, there seemed for them but one source to which they might turn for inspiration, — that bright light which still lingered like a memory over the shores of the Ægean and the Adriatic. The mechanism of culture became formal, for the culture sought was no longer an element of daily life, to be found in the hearts and the lives of their fellow men. It was an exotic, to be brought to a less friendly clime and coaxed into such growth as might be. The open sesame to this priceless culture of the past was not found in the idealization of the contemporary national life, which of all lessons was, it seems to me, the great lesson that Greek culture had to teach, but was found in keeping that culture wrapped up in the dead languages of Greece and Rome, and making education consist in learning how to get through the wrappings.

It would be an ungrateful spirit that denied, or perhaps even doubted, the spiritual value of the Renaissance, but we come here upon a picture which is at least calculated to make us stop and think. The two spiritual forces were the church and the university. But neither seemed to be laying very seriously to heart those pertinent words of Paul about the present nature of salvation. The Christian church was busily teaching pessimism, teaching how unprofitable is the present world, and claiming all that was fairest and best for a more shadowy realm. In the discouraging contrast between the things of this world and the things of the kingdom, in that constant antithesis which made the present moment an illusion, there was little to inspire an ideal of contemporary achievement. Even art was steeped in the same spirit. It expressed itself in cathedrals that stood for a kingdom which was to come, and painted saints and angels who had been. The schoolmen were as busily teaching a variety of scholastic pessimism; were practically demanding contempt for the present, and unlimited veneration for the past. Both of the spiritual forces of the time were making straight away from the artistic perfectness of daily life.

One almost trembles to think what would have happened had the men of those times been logical, and as devout and learned as priest and scholar would have made them. The priest would have been for sending them all straight to heaven through the renunciation of this world; the scholar would have been for sending the best of them out of warm, palpitating life into the thought world of the past. Both were for denying the present moment; but both failed. Hu-

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man nature admitted the premises, but declined the conclusions. It would not be so devout and it would not be so learned as the current thought demanded. Through this failure, which doubtless cost many a heartburn, the contemporary national life was saved from utter extinction, and was brought down the centuries to a later generation. To us remains the task of idealizing this contemporary national life, and accomplishing democracy.

The occasion for trembling has not yet passed. Theoretically, the majority of our people are steeped in quite as dangerous illogic as were the men of the Middle Ages. They are being saved by the practical denial of their own beliefs. I need not point out that salvation of such a type does not mean the liberation of the human spirit. The majority of our people are still avowed pessimists. The things of God still stand for light, the things of God's world for darkness. Those of us who live in an atmosphere of liberal and cultivated thought do not sufficiently realize, I think, that in the less cultured communions of the Christian church this thoroughgoing pessimism is being persistently preached to a people who nominally accept it, but who daily fail to live up to it.

Now, we can have no sincere national life which is not founded upon a deep religious sentiment. Nor can we have a sincere contemporary life which is not founded upon a belief in the sacredness of the present moment, and upon a genuine faith in the essential beauty and goodness of life. When we put these two truths together, we are forced to realize that we can hope for no sincere national, contemporary life that is founded upon the creed of pessimism. Somewhat the same thing exists in the schools. They too, to fulfill their purpose, must turn more and more from other countries, other times, and other people to the rich content of the present moment. To come up to the Greek standard, the instruction must offer less representation and greater reality.

But while in the official world of church and school things have been going rather badly, better things have been happening in God's greater world. In the fresh open of life, in the sacred cloisters of the human heart, forces have been gathering and growing and shaping, — forces, I am bound to believe, that will in the end do greater things than Greece was able to do. In Greece, the human body reached the highest degree of excellence and of beauty. In Greece, the human mind attained the acme of its power. Yet in this superb human animal there lurked an element of fatal weakness. It was in the human heart. Grecian civilization rested upon a foundation of human slavery. The downfall of Greece was brought about by her disregard of the rights of others. Supremacy passed away from Greece because she had not a humanity broad enough to extend beyond the family and the immediate state, beyond the boundaries of accident and circumstance, and give the hand of loving comradeship to the individual man. Greatly as we must deplore the overthrow of so much that was beautiful and precious, the travail of the centuries has brought a sweeter fruit. The force which I detect at the very heart of the modern impulse to life, stronger than Greece, more lusty than institutions, is just this giant cup-bearer of all my own hope, — it is the individual man.

There were men in Greece, magnificent men, and there have been men in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is the history of a few men. But their power has not limited itself to the wholesome personal power of the individual man. It has added the offensive power of undue possession, and a subservient following. It has lacked the saving grace of reverence for the individuality of the other man. What we want is the Grecian ideal of

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personal beauty and power touched with the modern ideal of human brotherhood and solidarity.

In the face of the undeniable struggle for wealth and peace and power, it may seem an over-optimism to declare that this is but an accident and circumstance of the time, and lacks significance. Yet I venture so to regard it. It is a passing fever which will spend itself and die. Meanwhile, the cause of humanity rests with a scattered handful of men and women, a saving minority, weak in numbers, but strong in destiny, — rests with them, and is perfectly safe. Their creed, if anything so informal may be called a creed, expresses itself in the same social terms, but terms that have been given a human interpretation. These men and women believe in wealth, but in a wealth that is human, in bodies that are both beautiful and strong, in senses that are alert and discriminating, in intellects that are sound and appreciative and creative; above all, in hearts that are warm and human. They believe in rank, but in the rank that is self-conferred and bears no stamp save its own excellence. They believe in institutions, but in institutions which are alive to the present needs of the spirit; which will keep fresh and green the social and moral and æsthetic and religious emotion of mankind, and will let the dead bury their dead. In this organic wealth we have a store of good fortune, of which there is quite enough to go all around, and which, happily, does not depend for its power upon another's poverty. In this it is a strong contrast to that inorganic wealth which is the passing idol of the hour, — a wealth whose sole power, mark you, depends, not upon human good will and loving service, but upon the pressure of grinding human need. To even up this inorganic wealth would be to rob it of its power; but the more organic wealth we have, the richer is every man's delight.

The modern impulse which in the midst of much that is accidental remains the significant fact, that impulse which is the timeless element in our restless American life, is just this insistence upon the individual man, upon personality, and upon the surpassing worth of the present moment. It is the spirit which declares, *I am.*

The poets have a way of going straight to the heart of matters which quite shames our own feebler efforts. They are forever proclaiming the unknown, revealing the unknowable, and seemingly without being aware of it. I remember, some years ago, telling a friend of mine, a literary woman, about my enthusiasm for Paracelsus, a poem which still seems to me one of the noblest in our language. It is a true picture of the way a young man feels, a young man who aspires and is ready to browbeat Fate herself. My friend answered rather drolly, "I have some hope for you, if you are caring for poetry." I had never myself felt other than hopeful, and so I hastened to explain, by way of defense, and perhaps fearing she might think I had taken to verse-making myself, that it was because I found so much true science in our poets, and because they had such a turn for getting at the real news of the universe. "Ah," she rejoined, "that interests me. I have always cared for poetry, and of late it has given me a love for science, just as your care for science has brought you to poetry." We had traveled different paths, but reached the same milestone. It is in the poets, then, that you will find the truest expression of this modern yet timeless spirit. If I were asked to sum it up in a single line, I could not do better than to turn to that sturdy Homeric and yet twentieth-century poet, Walt Whitman. Indeed, I could nowhere else do so well. It is in his Song of the Open Road: —

> "Henceforth I ask not good fortune. I, myself, am good fortune."

In these few words you have the whole of the modern impulse, — the denial of outside possession, conferment, prefer-

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ment; the assertion of the individual man; the present moment.

I must believe, in spite of the apparently contradictory signs of the times, I must believe that men and women are slowly coming to this sturdy, magnificent faith. It is difficult to exchange our trust in property, our trust in what other people say that we are, our trust in the sanity of the corporate mind, — to exchange this trust in outside possessions for an equally certain trust in our own personal prowess, a trust in our own knowledge of what we are, a trust in the sanity of our own spirit. It is difficult until we have once done it, and then it is difficult — nay, it is impossible — to do otherwise. In the heart where this faith resides die fear and the last lingering doubts of immortality.

The point is that this giving up of the illusions of life for the realities, this turning from *mâyâ* to *âtman*, as our Indian brother would say, does not come in the guise of renunciation. It is an exchange of quite a different sort, the surrender of a small good for a great good. It is that in the intellectual and emotional world, and in the bodily and intellectual and emotional wealth, we have the greater source of human delight. One does not need to be an idealist to realize this. The poor fellow who has spent youth and health in adding house to house and land to land, and then spends land and house in trying to regain health and youth, knows very well that yonder naked boy, exultant in the summer sunshine, and ready to plunge into the cool, sweet water, is richer than he. The tired man of affairs, in the very moment of his triumph, knows full well that the rosy youngster, lying stomach downward on the hearth-rug and kicking his heels together in glee over his dear Walter Scott, is happier than he. And we all know, if we are lonely and unloved and unattached, whatever our other triumphs may have been, that in the nearest true home circle there are men and women more blessed than we. It is in these simple joys of a sound body, an alert mind, a warm and generous heart, that the delight and the poetry of life reside; and it is in the beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, who feel this delight and live this poetry, that the wealth of the world is to be found. These are the materials, the rich human materials, in which our civilization is to express itself, and not in the magnitude of our industries, the complete division of our labor, the speed of our transit, the giant proportions of our commerce, the size of our button-factories, the story upon story of our office tombs. The charm and the success of life do not reside in these. They reside in persons. The work of the saving minority is in the humanizing of this too material civilization. To make good fortune consist in one's own superb person, this is the modern impulse, — an impulse which will have expressed itself only when all our people shall be beautiful, and accomplished, and noble, and free.

I cordially disapprove of much of the work of our current education, just because it is not expressing this modern spirit, is not laying the emphasis upon human beauty and power and emotion. But the modern spirit is abroad. The little prig who tells us that he has not missed a day at school for Heaven knows how many weary years is no longer praised. He has to answer the more searching question as to what good he got out of his school-going; or probably we look at him and answer the question ourselves. The same human spirit makes us take more kindly to the little truant, for often he turns out to be the more interesting boy.

It is in no ungracious or unfriendly spirit that I challenge the schools, but nevertheless I do challenge them. And back of me stands the more serious challenge of events. It is surely a significant fact that the men and women whose performances in art, in science, in literature,

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have most touched the heart and the imagination of our time have been, for the most part, men and women who have taught themselves. Lincoln, our first American, was quite untaught in any academic sense, but nevertheless in his Gettysburg speech he reached a level in both thought and language that had not been reached in America before. As we all know, his two masters were the Bible and Shakespeare. It is true that on the other side of the water the best English of the century has perhaps been written by Matthew Arnold, an academician to the backbone. I read both his poetry and his prose over and over again with delight, and yet I know that in his lack of human warmth he has failed, in any very vital way, to touch the imagination of his time. I cannot forget the comment of the clever woman who said to me, in reference to the minor chord which pervades Arnold's poetry, "Yes, I like him, but he always seems to me to be saying, 'Cheer up; the *worst* is still to come.'" A message so discouraging as this is not the utterance of first-class power. And we must confess, even if we do read Culture and Anarchy once a year, that there is a certain academic strut about it that we would gladly dispense with. The most considerable figures in current literature, men like Walt Whitman, Stevenson, and Kipling, are not academicians, but men who have seen and reported life, master workmen who have learned their craft at first-hand.

In science, it would be useless to ask who taught Darwin and Audubon, Agassiz and John Muir, for we all know that largely they taught themselves. Faraday, the great electrician of the early half of the century, was little more than a college servant, and yet when Sir Humphry Davy, the discoverer of the alkalis, the inventor of the safety-lamp, was asked which of his own discoveries he considered the greatest, he promptly replied, "Michael Faraday." And Edison, the great electrician of the latter half of the century, the man whose work has been so original that it has startled both continents, and whose inventions have changed the outer aspect and circumstance of daily life, — we know his history, know how completely he eluded the schools. In the world of art, of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, the cases are even more abundant and striking. Indeed, the schools would almost have been fatal. Art is to do; and to do with skill, one must set about the doing very young. In the studios of Paris, — and Paris, gay, cheerful, human Paris, is still the capital of the art world, — in these studios they attempt nothing so impossible as to teach art. There is your place, there are the materials and the studies, and you go to work. They do not mark your work 10, or 100, or A. If it is too bad, they say nothing. If it shows promise, they say, "Pas mal;" and on this encouragement you must live and work a month.

Now, the point is that the men and women whose performances have most touched the heart and the imagination of their time have been men and women who have done something that they wanted to do, some task prompted by their own activity, suggested by the consciousness of their own powers. They have done the work that was proper to themselves, and no one else in all God's world could know what that work was to be.

When I was quite a young man, I went to New York to try my fortunes in a literary way. Besides my scroll and inkhorn I carried a letter to Mr. Roswell Smith, of The Century Magazine. He received me very kindly, and talked with me for some time. Finally he said, "Well, if you want to write, write," and he held out his hand, — the interview was over. As I journeyed back to Philadelphia, I could not quite smother the reflection that I had gone considerable distance to get so obvious advice. But the more I thought about it, the more I saw that it was good advice, and just the

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sort of advice that, after all, when we address ourselves to the serious art of living, we must every one of us follow.

I repeat, it is a grave challenge to the schools that they are turning out, year after year, commonplace men and women, — somewhat informed, it is true, but too often ungracious and unattractive and unaccomplished, and in the main less capable than before of any truly original thought; while the flower of humanity, the men and women whom we delight to love and honor, have a way of coming to us from the open of life. I resent this social crime the more because commonplaceness and dull routine are precisely those unnecessary forms of destiny which I can tolerate with least patience. Life is so tremendously interesting: there is so much to be done and seen, and thought and felt; there are so many places of beauty and interest to be visited and appropriated; there are so many noble men and women to be known and enjoyed, — what ungracious guests are we if, in this magnificent hostelry of God, we do not accept so royal entertaining. I speak as warmly as I do because I rebel to see the tragedy of Esau reënacted on our modern stage; because I rebel to see boys and girls, men and women, selling their birthright for the cheap adornment of a formal education, for a bit of property, for a snug position, or for any other mess of pottage, however savory it may appear in a moment of conservatism and of weakness, when I know that the real charm of life is the beautiful and accomplished organism, the inquiring mind, the undismayed heart.

But I should ill serve the cause of human culture, to which I am in a way dedicated, if I simply tried to sow the seeds of discontent. Happily, my task is more gracious than that. It is a part of the present purpose to suggest briefly what seems to me ample remedy for the academic abuses of the hour. The problem of education is full of promise, full of the same bountiful promise as is the problem of society at large. And yet, just as I have been unable to say smooth things of the schools as they are, so I am unable to say smooth things of those half-and-half measures of reform which take the present school as a basis, and propose to mend it by an elaborate system of patching. From what I have seen of this operation, I am less hopeful than I am of the original article. Where the patching is most complete the results seem to me to be the worst. For this patching consists, not in renovating the curriculum along organic lines of cause and effect, but in adding to the curriculum in hopelessly ineffectual doses, perhaps one or two hours a week, the modern branches of gymnastic, manual training, sewing, cooking, clay modeling, science lessons, free-hand drawing, and the rest. I think we have but one result to expect, and that is failure. Some of these branches are added with the amiable thought that they may serve as opening wedges. But if we put so many wedges into a child's day and into a child's attention, we split them both into mere fragments, and the result is confusion. The children save themselves by not taking the matter too seriously.

It is not in the schools that light is to be found. It is in the great open world of life. If we start from this basis, the renovation of the schools is very simple, but it is also very thoroughgoing. The modern impulse which is to redeem society will also redeem the educational process. I have tried to point out what this modern impulse stands for; to show that it stands for personality, for organic wealth, for beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, beautiful alike in body and in spirit and in heart, and that this personality is to manifest itself here and now, in a strong, national, contemporary life.

To carry out this impulse, the school must stand resolutely for the present moment: not for the past, as is done in classical education; not for the future,

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as is done in industrial education; but resolutely for the present moment. The character of the present is reality. All representation is of the past or the future. The work of the school must limit itself to reality, and must put aside those interminable representations which have hitherto been its chief stock in trade. The school must be a place for training. The library is a better guardian of facts and representations.

This one condition, this demand for present reality, simplifies the problem tremendously, for at a stroke it cuts out nearly all of the present complicated curriculum. I have a little friend, a most artistic boy, from whom I expect great things in the future. He goes to school when it pleases him, but he has rather a distaste for work assigned him by other people. He was charged recently with wasting his time by playing around so much. He replied quite indignantly, "I *never* 'play around.' I make plans, and carry them out." These childish plans may seem trivial; but when we come to think about it, they are quite as important as many of the stupid things that fill our own days, and much more human and diverting. The particular injury which I think the schools do, in this matter, is to interfere with the child's plan without enlisting sufficient interest in the school plan to make it sincere and real. Both plans are thwarted, and the child falls between them into that deplorable abyss whose name is apathy. I like, myself, to have my own way, I like it very much; and you, if you are human, like to have yours. Why should we think it so naughty when children show the same predilection? I believe quite seriously that we shall have more interesting and more successful men and women when we conscientiously allow children to have their own way just as far as it is possible. The line of possibility is to be drawn very sharply at all acts of aggression, and less sharply at suspected danger. Childish aggression is to be resisted to the utmost, and especially for the sake of the aggressor himself; but children can do many things with perfect safety that would be quite dangerous for us oldlings. There are few forms of exposure so fatal as the forms that protection takes. Nature has a way of looking out for the little people who fend for themselves.

We can do in life only what we want to do, and we can do with graciousness and success only what we want to do very much. If we are to accomplish anything worthy in education, we must do it by carrying out the process through the *self*-interest and the *self*-activity of the children themselves, and we must set up as our ideal living, breathing men and women, charming people of flesh and blood, and not scholastic phantoms. This method and this aim, this shifting of the ground from the outside to the inside, represent the first step in the attainment of that organic personal good fortune which is the burden of Whitman's song.

But while I believe so strongly in the doctrine of non-interference, that we must come to our own, there is plenty of positive, present work for the schools to do, and I am not for a moment calling in question their ultimate usefulness. I am only recommending that they select the right work, and do it in the right way. To carry out the rich emotional and intellectual life of humanity, we need a good tool, a good body, a strong and beautiful and well-trained organism, and this is gained only through cultivation. This seems to me the right work of the schools. To seek this perfect organism through practical, organic training, along lines of cause and effect, seems the right way. In a word, I am commending organic education.

In our present official attempt at culture, we have the lower schools up to fourteen years of age, the high school from fourteen to eighteen, the college from eighteen to twenty-two, the university or professional school as long as we

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will. It is an appalling sequence, and we ought to do much more than we do toward realizing the charm and the success of life. For the present we may deal only with the lower schools. The modern impulse to life would reform these schools, not by patching them up, but by wholly reorganizing them; by abolishing entirely the present curriculum of formal study, and substituting a thoroughgoing system of bodily training, — a system carried out for the explicit purpose of furnishing an adequate tool for the full expression of the emotional and intellectual life. Such a system would include but five branches of instruction, — gymnastic, music, manual training, free-hand drawing, and language. I am naming them in what I consider the order of their importance. I place language last, because I believe that expression in action is incomparably better than expression in words; that it is far better to help our brother man than to commend helpfulness, to be brave than to praise bravery, to paint a beautiful picture than to talk about art, to love than to write love sonnets; and also because I am quite sure that sound content will find suitable dress. The present wail over our deficient English composition is at bottom a wail over deficient thought. It is overwhelmingly difficult to say anything when you have nothing to say. Dr. Holmes is responsible, I believe, for the observation that the boys on the Boston Common never misuse "shall" and "will." I need not add that the Boston school children sometimes do. It is the same in art: no amount of technique atones for the absence of a true sentiment.

I omit mathematics altogether, and the other formal studies, except as they come in incidentally, because they are not a part of the present moment for a child, and may safely be left to the boys and girls of the high school.

I place gymnastic first, — not athletics, but gymnastic, — because it seems to me that good health and abounding vitality are the foundations of all other excellence. I believe with Dr. Johnson that sick men *are* rascals. Ill health is a form of serious immorality, and a most prolific source of social unhappiness and vice. But gymnastic has a larger mission even than good health. As an educational agent, it is to add to the body beauty and grace and usableness, to make it an admirable tool for the admirable purposes of the heart and mind.

The same human motive makes me place music second; and by music I mean the artistic cultivation of the voice in both speech and song, as well as distinct musical training on some suitable instrument. What a tremendous contribution to the charm and success of life would be wrought by this simple innovation! We lose much through our harsh voices, in the gentle art of living. And then, too, music and song add so much to the joy of life. The sailor singing at the capstan, the negro singing in the cotton-fields, experience an uplifting of spirit that we cheat ourselves by not sharing.

In the third branch, manual training, we have profitable occupation for as many hours a day as we will, — occupation touched with sincerity and reality, and therefore morally acceptable. It is possible to make many beautiful and useful things and to cultivate a cunning hand. But meanwhile, and better even than this, while the children are gaining muscular dexterity they are also gaining an equal mental dexterity, and are coming into that best of all possessions, the possession of themselves. I value manual training so highly, not because I want to turn our boys into artisans and our girls into clever housewives, but because I want to turn them into men and women of large personal power.

In free-hand drawing we have only another method of expressing the self, and one to be cultivated purely for this purpose, not, therefore, by giving the children set tasks, but by allowing them

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to express themselves in such drawings as they choose to make, helping them only in the method of representation and by limited suggestion.

I come once more to the question of language, and I want again to call attention to the fact that in importance it stands at the end of the list. All the other branches, in the hands of cultivated teachers, would involve constant practice in expression, and the specific study of English might even be omitted. Where it is undertaken, however, it might profitably be limited to spoken English, and the classes in reading and writing might be made entirely voluntary, allowing the children to come to these arts in their own good time and as the result of their own impulse. If at fourteen they did not know how to read, it would be surprising, but not in the least alarming. Few children in educated families, if left to themselves, pass the age of eight without learning to read, and many learn at four. At the same time one other spoken language might be learned, for a perfect pronunciation can hardly be acquired later than fourteen. French has the advantage of being still the language of art and of the world, and of being a great practical help in the formation of a clear and beautiful English style. The men who write the most exquisite English, men like Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, have been much influenced by French literature. The reading of a good French book will be found a most helpful preparation, when one has a difficult article to write, for the French have the wonderful gift of lucidity. German may act the other way. Americans who study at the German universities show a curious awkwardness in their style, not entirely attributable to their being doctors of philosophy. German, with its immense wealth of thought, may safely be left to the high school.

Up to fourteen, then, a scheme of organic education would limit school work resolutely to the present moment, — to gymnastic, music, manual training, drawing, English and French. All of this work must enlist the good will, the good feeling, of the child, and the subtle spirit of *noblesse oblige* must be forever in the air. The best teacher of all is the one given to each child when it comes into the world, the mother. Poor indeed is the man who cannot say that from her have been learned the most priceless lessons. But of the many good and beautiful things which the mother tries to teach, nothing else is quite so helpful as that one lesson of the good expectation. More compelling than any spoken word is the sense that the good act is expected.

If one were limited to a single expression in which to sum up all virtue, one might safely choose "good breeding;" for in the generous interpretation of these two words is wrapped up everything in life that is beautiful and fair.

We should be sending up the most excellent material to the high school, were we to carry out such a scheme of organic culture, and in four years the children would be amply qualified for college. I speak so confidently because it is a matter of experience. In my own case school life covered only two years in all, and of this only five months were given to direct preparatory work. The requirements are more exacting now, but, with such splendid bodily equipment as these children would have, surely the work could be well accomplished in four years.

One may feel disposed to ask, however, What of the children who do not go to college, or do not even go to the high school? It requires, I think, no great boldness to maintain that even for them, perhaps especially for them, this scheme of organic training would still be the best; for it has as its goal personal power and accomplishment and goodness and beauty, and these qualities count vastly more, in the practical conduct of life, than the entire content of the present lower school formalism. And so I commend the

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scheme to Jack and to Margaret, whether they go to school many years or few.

It is quite time that I should bring this essay to an end, and yet I cannot resist the temptation of a final view.

The timeless impulse of the world is human. The imagination is stirred less and less by the giant apparition of the state, of the institution, of property, and more and more by the vision of the human, individual man. We are beginning to realize the true source of wealth, and to seek it where alone it can be found, — in personal power and beauty and sentiment, in the present moment, in the dear fatherland. The estimable part of life is human, beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, — beautiful, and accomplished, and lovable, and free. I linger over these choice words, for, as I write them, a group of such goodly and gracious persons come crowding into my brain that I would fain have them stop and keep me company. The secret of their incomparable charm is that it has been gained, not at the price of another's undoing, another's pain, another's exclusion, but with all helpfulness for their brother man. This timeless human impulse will prevail. The educational process which is to carry it out is one which brings to each little child, not information, but personal, organic good fortune, in a moment which is present and *is* good, and in a land which is ours and *is* great.

C. Hanford Henderson.

NORMAL SCHOOLS AND THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE increase of normal schools in the United States, which within a recent period has been phenomenal, shows the liberality with which the American people further any project that gives hope of advancing education. The first of these schools was established in Massachusetts in 1839, and since then the normal schools in that commonwealth have been fostered by state aid. They therefore offer a fair field for the study of the educational problem presented by them, the problem of the training of teachers. The conditions and the tendencies shown in Massachusetts, it may be assumed, will be found in varying degrees in the normal schools throughout the country. With regard to buildings, grounds, equipment, and modern conveniences, they rank with the other educational institutions of the commonwealth. The teachers are as earnest and industrious as could be desired. Yet the number of pupils has been decreasing. In the nine years 1888–97 there was a loss of twenty-three per cent as against a gain of thirty-eight per cent in the previous nine years. Secretary Hill, of the State Board of Education, in his report of 1895–96, suggests three reasons for this falling off: the influence of the local training-schools for teachers; the influence of the colleges in attracting to their courses many who would otherwise attend normal schools; and the influence of the higher standard of admission.

The last reason can hardly be considered a primary cause, for the higher standard of admission, requiring high school graduation or its equivalent, was not enforced until 1896, whereas the ebb tide in attendance set in as early as 1888. The total enrollment of pupils in normal schools, exclusive of the Normal Art School, shows this decreasing tendency. For example, the enrollment in the five schools from 1885 to 1890 exceeded one thousand (in one year it was 1152), whereas in the six schools of 1895–96 the enrollment was 903, and

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in the seven schools of 1896–97 it was only 894. The raising of the standard of admission, then, is clearly not the prime cause of this falling off.[1] The steadily increased attendance up to the year 1888, and since then the steadily decreased attendance, indicate that other forces have been at work to which adjustment has not been successfully made. The cause of the falling off in attendance is not evident upon the surface. A statement of some of the conditions under which the normal schools work is necessary to make the situation clear.

There were in Massachusetts, up to 1895, five state normal schools, exclusive of the Normal Art School. In addition to these there is the Boston Normal and Training School, of the same scope, under municipal supervision. The regular course of study is two years; and though there is an extra provision for a four years' course, it is a dead letter except in the Bridgewater school. The number of graduates from the state schools has been about two hundred and fifty annually, and the Boston Normal School graduates fifty or sixty pupils every year. The whole number of recruits annually needed as teachers by the schools of Massachusetts, according to careful estimates, is between twelve and fifteen hundred. In all probability nearly twice that number of vacancies occur, many of which are, of course, filled by the transfer of teachers already in the service. It is clear, therefore, that even if all the normal school graduates become public school teachers, the supply is inadequate to the demand.

That there is abundant room in the public school service for normal school graduates is shown by the reports of the State Board of Education. In the report of 1895–96 the total number of teachers in the common schools of the state was given as 12,275, of whom only 3903, or less than thirty-two per cent, were graduates of normal schools. Of the number of teachers in the service who were not normal school graduates, there were 1637 who had attended normal schools for a longer or shorter period without graduating. In 1885–86, with a total enrollment of 9670 teachers in the state, 2420, or about twenty-five per cent, were normal school graduates; from which it appears that there was an increase of nearly seven per cent in the number of normal school teachers within the ten years ending in 1896. Almost all of those who have had no special training — about one half the whole number — are graduates of high schools, or persons of less qualification, who have gone directly into their work without any preparatory instruction or training.

The evident uncertainty in the minds of educators as to the right method of training teachers has, no doubt, had something to do with the decadence of our normal schools. Two opposite views regarding the preparation of teachers are held. One, which may be called the college view, is that the chief element in the training of teachers is a wide knowledge of the subjects to be taught. The other view, held by many professional teachers and normal school men, is that the thing of chief importance in a teacher's equipment is training in methods of instruction.

[1] This view is sustained by the fact that the enrollment of new pupils at the beginning of the present academic year (1897–98) shows a significant increase. Secretary Hill accounts for this increase on the ground that the raising of the standard has inspired the public generally with a degree of respect for normal schools that was wanting when the standard of admission was low; for high school principals, when the normal school admission was lower than that of their own schools, were naturally not inclined to recommend normal courses to their graduates. The opinion of Secretary Hill will be found to be in harmony with the general conclusions of this article. The next step, after raising the standard, is to improve the quality of the work within the normal schools, to conform to the higher standard of admission, so that the renewed confidence of the public may not be disappointed.

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As is so often the case, the middle course, perhaps, is the right one. Wide knowledge of life in all its relations to the world is indispensable, but equally indispensable is the specially trained mind, responding instinctively to pedagogic interests. Such a conception, however, has not yet been worked out to practical results. The normal schools of the country have been too much hampered by elementary difficulties to carry out the conception, even had they held it. But the normal schools of Massachusetts, with the higher standards recently put in force, are now ready to go forward in working out this larger problem.

The regular course — as established by the Massachusetts State Board of Education — embraces: (1) psychology, history and principles of education, methods of instruction and discipline, school organization, school laws of Massachusetts; (2) methods of teaching reading, language, rhetoric, composition, literature, history, arithmetic, bookkeeping, elementary algebra and geometry, elementary physics and chemistry, geography, physiology and hygiene, mineralogy, botany, natural history, drawing, vocal music, physical culture and manual training; (3) observation and practice in the training-school, and observation in other public schools.

One fact is evident from a glance at this course of study. The normal school does not offer any new material of knowledge except psychology, history of education, and methods of instruction. The second and third divisions of the work aim to teach the methods of teaching those common school branches with which the normal school pupils are supposed already to be familiar. A crucial problem, therefore, confronts the normal school at the very beginning of its work. In natural science, for example, we have a mountain of knowledge piled up by modern investigators; in history and the social sciences there is another mass of facts, upon which modern civilization — its economics, its statecraft, its social life, and its forms of religion — is built; the common school is supposed to lay the foundation of a knowledge of these groups of facts, and the teachers of the common schools should know something about them. How then shall the normal schools, whose time is limited, fit their pupils for this important work? Two alternatives are offered: to grapple with this mass of knowledge; or, upon the other hand, to discover some substitute for it. As the course of study shows, the normal school has chosen the latter alternative, and has staked its fortune — perhaps perilously — upon the assumption that for the preparation of teachers a substitute for knowledge is possible and practicable. The substitute chosen is the selected facts required by the common school curricula, together with certain specific methods of teaching them according to the ordained principles which pupils are trained to believe are more or less fixed.

It is necessary to consider somewhat this principle of "substitution." Normal school training in the sciences offers a fair illustration; for in these branches, my observation assures me, the normal schools appear at their best. Their laboratories, museums, and general equipment for science work are, almost without exception, admirable. The Bridgewater laboratories, the fruit of years of patient attention by the principal to the needs of his pupils, are models of completeness and convenience. The common school curriculum draws from several sciences, — physics, chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, mineralogy, physiology, hygiene, and biology. The time given to any one of these sciences in the normal school varies with the subject and with different schools. I found in one school a course of twenty-four lessons sufficient for a study of plant life, and in another seventy-two lessons were allowed. Probably about fifty lessons, or a course of

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twelve weeks, may be assumed as a liberal average time given to any of these sciences.

It must not be inferred that this average time of twelve weeks is wholly or even chiefly devoted to the acquirement of the knowledge of the science. On the contrary, substitution is pushed to its utmost limits, and the "knowledge portion" of the instruction is curtailed at every possible point, to give place and time to the drill upon the applications of the fixed principles of teaching. The requirements of the common school curriculum determine the range of facts that are taught, and just enough knowledge of science is instilled to furnish material for the elaboration of methods of teaching. The fact is plain that practically nothing of science, as science, can be taught in these brief courses, even were there a disposition to impart knowledge for its own sake. Substitution, therefore, ever tends necessarily to make the store of the teacher's knowledge the exact equivalent of what she teaches.

It is a fact that will excite some astonishment, perhaps, that the stock of science knowledge and of training with which pupils from the high schools enter the normal schools is such that no account is taken of it in the normal school courses. I was emphatically assured, at the six normal schools which I visited (with the partial exception of the Boston Normal School), that the normal work in science is necessarily arranged upon the assumption of no previous knowledge. The explanation of this state of affairs is said to be that the high schools, in the work of preparing for college, throw emphasis upon the classics to the neglect of the sciences. Some pupils come to the normal school with no previous training in science; with others — notably in those schools which draw from the rural high schools — the preparation has been mere brief "memory work" without laboratory experience. Some pupils have had training in but one science, and their preparation, as a rule, is so uneven and unsatisfactory that, in the opinion of normal teachers, no use can be made of it.

There is nothing in the normal school curriculum that suggests even the existence of that immense body of culture material, the social sciences, upon which modern civilization is so largely built. The theory of the satisfactory equivalence of that which a teacher knows and that which she teaches allows no place for them. Even the term "history," as it is generally defined in normal school phraseology, is covered by a brief review of the bare bones of fact in American history. In one school, however, I found an enthusiastic teacher rapidly reviewing mediæval history, for the purpose of laying some slight foundation for an admirable plan of history stories in the practice and model school. But her normal pupils were not doing the work of selection; they had no mass knowledge of these stories; they had no time to investigate, to absorb, and to select. This plan of substitution raises the question here, as it ever must, whether the really essential training for teachers is not mass study, with its wide reading and its training, which investigation, absorption, and selection require. Perhaps the end would be better accomplished by emphasizing that which is omitted.

The second and third purposes of normal school work are to furnish pupils with the technique of teaching. This end is sought in general: (1) by giving precepts of technique and specific advice, and by describing, in advance of actual teaching by pupils, the applications of the fixed principles learned in the courses of psychology; (2) by allowing members of the class to practice teaching upon their fellow members, under criticism of the teacher and of the temporary pupils; (3) by observation in a model school or in the public schools; (4) and by teaching in the practice schools under critic teachers.

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It is evident that we are again met by substitution in another form. Much advice and many precepts which are given to pupils in advance of actual experience are true, and a part, perhaps, is remembered. In that form of substitution for experience in which a member of the class conducts the recitation, the other members serving as pupils, the pupil teacher generally plans the recitation in detail, and submits the plan in advance to the regular teacher. If approved, the work is put into operation. This sort of exercise is very general, even in schools which have practice schools. The following exercise, which I witnessed, while probably an extreme example, presents the typical tendencies of this substitution method.

The pupil, a young man, began the recitation by stating his problem somewhat as follows. "I went to Mr. K.," he said, "to borrow one hundred dollars, promising to pay the debt in two years. I gave a paper stating this fact. This paper is called a promissory note." He then went to the blackboard, and, taking a piece of chalk, asked in tones of great politeness, "Where shall I write the date? Perhaps Miss M. would like to tell me."

"In the upper right-hand corner," replied Miss M.

"Correct!" said the young man approvingly. "Now, Miss R., perhaps you would kindly tell me where I must write the face."

"In the upper left-hand corner," replied Miss R.

"Correct! Now how shall I commence the body of the note? Perhaps, Miss J., you would tell me."

In this manner the recitation continued, with the use of practically the same formulæ, until the note was written. Then the young man took the pointer and said, "We have now finished writing the note. The class will read it with me."

He pointed out the words one by one, and the class proceeded to read with him. But the class read faster than he pointed. In some distress, the class teacher sprang forward, took the pointer, and showed how to "phrase" while the class read, so that the stick should always fall upon the words as they were pronounced. The teacher also corrected the tone and form used in directing the pupils to read: he said it was too mandatory.

"Say it something like this!" he exclaimed: "'Now that we have the note written, perhaps the class might like to read it before we rub it out.'"

The pupil again took the pointer, and obediently repeated, "Now that we have the note written, perhaps the class might like to read it before we rub it out." His pointing also showed some improvement.

The second stage of the proceedings was to write a similar note, using colored chalks.

"Miss F., would you not like to write the date for us in red chalk?" asked the young man, encouragingly holding out a piece of tempting red chalk.

Miss F. rose, walked across the room, and gravely wrote in flaming color the place and date; she then, as gravely, returned to her seat. On similar invitations, other young women wrote the face, the time, and the name, in chalk of different colors, until the note was written in the hues of Joseph's coat.

Both notes having been written and read aloud, the young man politely asked, "Who will now kindly point out for us the date in the second note?"

A volunteer took the pointer, and with utmost gravity pointed out the date-line.

"Correct!" said the young man. "Now perhaps some one would like to point out the date in the first note."

The process was repeated, and with such accuracy that the young man was moved again to exclaim approvingly, "Correct!"

"What is the face of the note?"

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The definition being given, the face in each note was pointed out by separate pupils. In a similar manner, under this polite and encouraging direction, the play gravely continued.

This exercise was witnessed in a school whose pupils have opportunities for practice-teaching. Why it is allowed to occupy the time of such a school, and of young men and women who are not feeble-minded, is a mystery to which no intelligent answer can be given. Do these substitutes for experience fill the place of actual teaching so perfectly that the normal schools are justified in giving time to them, to the limitation of actual practice with real children and real problems?

Last year, of the seven schools in operation in Massachusetts, exclusive of the North Adams school, one had no practice or model school, one provided a practice course of five to eight weeks, three gave about twelve weeks, and the Worcester school required, in addition to the two years' course, six months' apprenticeship[1] under regular teachers in the public schools and a special critic teacher. It is clearly manifest that if the normal school proposes to supply teachers fully equipped to take up the work of the public schools, the usual time given to practice and observation is insufficient. The model and practice schools ought to supply a class of work which, by reason of the criticism of experienced teachers, shall be the equivalent of actual experience. But there is good experience, and there is bad experience. If the model and critic teachers are themselves the products of training upon the principle of substitution of something else for knowledge and experience, and are merely handing down what was similarly handed down to them, then the value of such training is doubtful. This form of training directly suppresses essential elements of experience, — independent decision, and training in personal judgment. Without these essentials, model and practice school training can in no sense be considered equivalent substitutes for experience.

It is evident that the elaborate system of methods derived from mediæval times, based upon the assumption that substitutes for knowledge and experience are possible, has absorbed too much of the energy, the interest, and the time of the normal schools, and they have already ceased to train and to supply teachers in the proportion in which it was meant that they should train and supply them. The demand for teachers has not decreased, but has rapidly increased; yet the state normal schools have been supplanted by colleges, especially by colleges for women, and by training-schools, which together now have in Massachusetts alone considerably over one thousand pupils in training for the work of teaching.

Behind the fact that a large proportion of the class of pupils who formerly went to the normal schools is now diverted is a matter of the gravest significance to educational interests. "The normal school pupil of the present, in point of native endowment and that personal culture dependent upon home influences, is distinctly the inferior of the normal school pupil of twenty or twenty-five years ago," said a gentleman whose position qualified him to make this statement. I have been assured of the truth of this assertion by so many different persons that there is no reason to doubt it. The time once was, before the high school had been brought to the door of every hamlet, offering a paved pathway to the college, when the ambitious youth of the land went to normal schools. The normal school was to them a sort of convenient compromise for the college. At that period, also, there were no colleges for women, and the normal school was woman's one educational opportunity. But within a few years these conditions have all been changed. Men no longer

[1] The term of apprenticeship in this school has recently been extended to a year.

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go to normal schools, and in Massachusetts alone the doors to Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, and Mount Holyoke — all exclusively for women — stand open, offering collegiate advantages. Their combined accommodations are now providing college education for more than two thousand women. A normal school principal with whom I was discussing the situation said frankly: "The better class of minds, those from the homes of culture, are going to the colleges. We normal school people are taking second pickings." Another normal school teacher ruefully admitted the situation somewhat as follows: "Education is too easy in these modern days. When I was a boy, it required some exceptional effort to go beyond the district school. Only those of exceptional purpose and ambition went beyond. The others dropped off into domestic service, into shops, or into other places where they would be directed what to do and how to do it. But now children go to school as the easiest thing to do. The better class, when they complete the high school course, as a rule go to college; of the others, some find work as clerks, as shop-girls, and the like. But these positions are already overcrowded. Two years more in a normal school make a teacher and the assurance of a livelihood. Some come to us, — teaching does not soil the hands, and is more ladylike."

We touch here a condition of the most dangerous significance. The ideal function of the normal school must be to attract to the field of education the better class of minds; for the problems of education, in importance and difficulty, are among the most subtile of all problems. When the normal school fails in this service, and sinks to the level of putting young women of the lower mental capacity into places where they can easily earn a living at the public expense, and thereby burdening the cause of education with an inert mass of dependents, then the institution becomes a positive evil. The sole purpose of the public schools is to educate. To confuse the educational functions of the normal school with those of eleemosynary institutions marks a point where a friend steps out, and an enemy steps in.

Facts in the history, environment, and internal structure of the normal schools explain their weakness. Fifty years ago Horace Mann was leading the campaign against the narrow theory of education then in practice, — the theory that a collection of school facts was the teacher's essential stock in trade, the textbook the authority *ex cathedra*, the memory the only means of learning, and the rod the only motive for it. The campaign he waged was for professional training as a means of modifying the existing crudities of practice. The campaign was won, and normal schools were established. Yet, while education has gone forward upon new waters in these fifty years, the normal school, strangely enough, is still upon the same old raft, paddled by substitutes for knowledge and experience, "contentedly round and round, still fancying it is forward and forward." Fifty years ago normal school graduates were competing with untrained teachers. The competition still goes on, and untrained teachers are still able to hold their own in the contest. Why?

Flaws in the internal structure of normal schools make this condition possible. There has been a breeding-in process in Massachusetts, and nowhere are the results more manifest than in the normal schools. During the year 1896 there were, approximately, one hundred and twenty-four teachers and principals in the state normal schools. Of these, fifteen, or twelve per cent, were college graduates; of the seven principals, four were college men, and one other held an honorary degree. From the records of the academic training and experience of one hundred and three of these one hundred and twenty-four teachers, on file in the office of the State Board of Education, it appears that ten others attended

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some college for periods ranging from a few months to two years; sixty were graduates of normal schools, almost exclusively of this state; fifty-four, or more than fifty per cent, had had no training higher than that offered by the normal school; eleven had had less than normal school preparation, and eleven had received their training in special schools of gymnastics, music, and the like. In the case of twenty-four of these teachers there is no record of high school graduation prior to their entrance to the normal schools. In the matter of experience, eleven had had no experience in teaching prior to their normal school appointment; thirty-nine had taught in ungraded or graded schools only; eighteen had taught in high schools, eleven in other normal schools, seven in training-schools, one in college, a few in various private or special schools; and four had been school superintendents. The striking fact that, of the eighty-five teachers in the five older schools, forty-three were graduates of the same schools in which they taught bears its significant import and suggestion. In one school, eleven teachers out of eighteen were graduates of this school, and the seven others included the four special teachers of music, gymnastics, sloyd, and drawing. In another school, nine out of fifteen were graduates of the school, with little or no evidence of any training outside its walls. These are unpleasant facts to refer to, but they are essential to a frank statement of the conditions upon which the normal school idea depends for sustenance, and are necessary for the comprehension of the problem.

With the pursuit of knowledge, with the broader view of education which the knowledge of modern social and natural sciences gives, with the scope of education, its broader purposes and ideals, the mass of these teachers have had no personal contact other than that which the normal school has provided them. They are good people, earnest people, and many are enthusiastic teachers, eager for progress and for opportunities to broaden themselves. But we must consider principles, and not individuals. The water of a brook, as a rule, is of the same character as the water of the spring from which it flows. This breeding-in insures in education what it insures in stock-raising, — perpetuation of original peculiarities, good and bad alike, — and hinders the infusion of other qualities. The temporary expedients, representing the conditions of the times of Horace Mann, naturally tend, by this process, to be perpetuated. In the report of the board of visitors of one of the normal schools, a few years ago, the statement is made with pride that there had not been a single change in the staff of teachers for ten years! In the six older normal schools in the state up to 1896, one of the principals had served more than thirty-five years, one more than thirty, and three had been at their posts between twenty and twenty-five years. Two were graduates of the schools over which they presided, and were teachers in these schools many years before they became principals. Taken separately, many of these facts are matters for congratulation; but in the mass they offer one significant explanation for the vigorous survival in modern times of the temporary expedients, purposes, and methods of early pioneer work.

The normal schools of Massachusetts are under the immediate management of the State Board of Education, and the system of supervision is to-day practically what it has always been since the schools were established. Theoretically the Board acts as a whole, but in reality each school is directed by two or three members of the Board, called "visitors," and it is not considered good form for the visitors of one school to interfere with the affairs of another. The recommendations of the visitors for the respective schools in the appointment of principals and teachers are followed practically

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without exception. But the old district system, now driven from nearly all the towns in the state, seems nevertheless to have settled in the State Board. Once a year the visitors of each school report to the Board. These reports, which are printed, demonstrate *prima facie* the puerility of such a system of supervision in the present age. They show some ingenuity in paying graceful and meaningless compliments and in writing obituary notices, but outside this literary function it is difficult to imagine their utility. Secretary Hill, in his last report, suggests, with due modesty, the employment of an expert board of supervisors.

I met at one of the normal schools one of these visitors paying an official visit. He was a kind old gentleman, whose vocation, while not that of teaching, was one of eminent respectability. I asked him how he, not being a school man, was able to select competent teachers. His reply was charming in its naïveté. He said that when he was a student at college he had taught school during some of his vacations. He had, therefore, personal experience. "And besides," he added, with a gentle touch of conceit, "I know pretty well a good teacher as soon as I set my eyes upon one." While there are elements of strength in the State Board, nevertheless the finger-marks of patronage methods show on the wall. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of every one concerned in education, time and time again, that educational interests cannot live in an atmosphere tainted by the patronage system of professional politicians. The internal conditions of the normal schools which have been described find abundant explanation in this outworn, diseased, and hopelessly inadequate system of management.

But the trouble is not wholly internal. I was the third party in a conversation between a normal school principal and a visiting school executive from another state. The latter was giving the principal some unsolicited advice upon how to conduct his normal school. When the adviser had finished, the principal replied in substance: —

"I agree to a great deal of what you say, but if I should follow your advice this normal school would soon be without pupils. If I should carry out your views, a particular superintendent, who usually takes eight or ten of our graduates, would look through our school and tell me that he was obliged to do his shopping at another store. He wants a teacher who can do things just so-and-so. It would be the same with other superintendents, and pupils would soon find out that this was a poor place from which to seek positions."

I sat one afternoon in a normal school listening to a lesson in devices. Each pupil in the class had a little box, and whenever, in the course of visiting schools, she saw a pretty method, or her own inventive genius suggested one, she made a note of it and dropped it into her box. Once a week these boxes were opened in the presence of the critic teacher, and the contents displayed. I was present on one of these occasions. One of the pupils drew out of her box some cardboard elephants, horses, bears, and the like. She explained that the child would draw around these, and make a much more accurate drawing than he could by free-hand. Another drew a circle with several diagonals on the blackboard; at the centre she wrote "at," and at the extremities of the diagonals she wrote the letters m, c, r, s. By the use of one of the consonants and the "at" in the centre, words could be constructed by the pupil, thus: m-at, c-at, r-at, s-at. It would help to teach spelling, she said. Another had a device for teaching addition of numbers. She drew two small oblongs on the blackboard, wrote "and" between them, and after the second oblong she made the sign of equality and another oblong. In the first oblong she put "3," in the second "7," and ex-

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plained that the pupil could be required to put the sum in the last oblong. In this manner the class proceeded; and when the recitation was done I inquired of the teacher her views as to the utility of the work. She gave me a patient look, and wearily replied: —

"Do you suppose that I approve of this class of work? I do not. I thought I had done with all such work when I came to this school; for the principal, you know, does not believe in the extremity to which the study of methods goes. But now it seems that we are drilling more than ever upon devices, — so many of our pupils go into schools where devices are required more than anything else."

At the meeting of the New England school superintendents held in Boston last May, the following topics were discussed: what constitutes a visit, inspecting, teaching, criticism of teachers, and supervision through teachers. One superintendent said that visiting included inspection not only of the instruction, but of everything pertaining to the school work, — even the janitors. Another ventured the trite declaration that at the first glance into a teacher's room she could discover the general character of instruction given. This assertion was disputed, and the disputant declared it to be the superintendent's duty to go into the room and sit awhile. A discussion arose here as to where the visitor should sit, — whether in front of the class, or off in a corner where the teacher could be watched at a distance. The problem of how to correct a teacher caught in the act of using an incorrect method consumed a good deal of time. One speaker insisted that the correction and criticism should take place on the spot, while the iron was hot, or the offense might be forgotten. An opponent favored postponing the correction until after school, and another thought it better to direct the teacher to come to the office. A good old gentleman explained at considerable length that when he wanted to see how pupils were getting on he sent for the class to come to his office without their teacher. Other details of superintendent's duties upon a similar level of importance were broached, and aroused active discussion. As the clock was striking twelve, Superintendent Dutton, of Brookline, arose, and turning upon his brother superintendents said: "Gentlemen, really, what have we been talking about this entire session? Have we not simply been threshing out the old straw of twenty-five years ago? Do let us try to get out of this fearful rut. Many schools to-day are where our fathers left them. Our practice is too far behind our theory. We know that hundreds of children in every city have physical defects and need special treatment. We have plenty of data at hand to prove this, and yet not a word has been spoken this morning to indicate that we are conscious of the trouble. Why should we spend an entire morning discussing matters which our fathers settled long ago, while so many vital questions, yet untouched, are pressing for solution? We have had our annual, warmed-over discussions on inspecting and testing. Inspecting and testing what? The intellectual, of course, for no word has been uttered touching the importance of the physical."

When Superintendent Dutton sat down there was no applause, and an adjournment was taken in silence.

The effect of the normal school doctrine of substitution has been to disseminate the fallacy, as repugnant to common sense as to the scientific view of pedagogy, that the normal school is necessarily a blind alley among educational institutions, and that the student of the rearing of children cuts himself loose from all the common concerns of men. Yet some one has asked the question, as pertinent as it is unkind, why it is that the "trained" kindergartner and the "trained" normal graduate never

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use their acquired methods in the rearing of their own children. The doctrine that special tricks or devices can take the place of the parental instinct and a liberal education is not a doctrine of pedagogy: it is a disease of the normal school, a green scum which gathers upon the surface of an educational pool which has become stagnant. Many of the universities and colleges are finding a place in their regular curricula for the material of pedagogy, as valuable for those who teach as for those who do not. But when I asked the presidents of two New England colleges, exclusively for women, from twenty-five to fifty per cent of whose students intended to teach, why no pedagogical courses were offered, each replied, with just a touch of loftiness, that it is not the function of the college to prepare for the special vocations! When and by what act has it been established that the rearing of children is a special vocation? What duty is further from specialization, if the tenet of biological philosophy be true, that the chief end of man is to conserve the interests of posterity? But this incident indicates how widespread and deep has grown the confusion of pedagogy with mere device and parasitic method. However, the New England colleges are private institutions, and when they declare that it is not their wish to give courses in pedagogy the subject is closed in this quarter. It becomes the duty of the state to take charge of the matter.

What is needed, then, at the present juncture, is the appointment of a state commission, with legislative power to inquire into this problem, and to establish the normal schools and the machinery for the preparation of teachers upon some plan fitted to present conditions and to the educational conceptions of the time. The codes of present procedure, purpose, method, and scope of normal school work were established by Horace Mann to meet temporary conditions fifty or sixty years ago, and they have never been changed.

Massachusetts, of all the states, is at present in the best position to seize upon a grand educational opportunity and set an example in the field of preparing teachers. From the educators of Massachusetts there could be chosen a commission that would be worthy of the task. The commonwealth already has a magnificent "plant" that has cost nearly $2,000,000, and it spends between $150,000 and $200,000 annually in its support. Massachusetts has never shirked its educational duties. The liberality of the state, the intelligence of the people, their ever ready and prompt recognition of educational progress, the demand for professional teachers, the supply of students from high school levels, — all these are factors which could not be so happily combined in any other community. The time is ripe for taking a definite step in lifting the normal school into its logical position of leadership in pedagogical affairs. The teachers of the normal schools must be of that timbre and scholarship which lead the teaching body, and the pedagogy which comes from these schools must be such as to lead educational thought. The problem of the preparation of teachers must be clearly recognized as pivotal, and the most important of the time. All other educational problems hinge upon it, and their solution waits upon its solution.

Frederic Burk.

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HIGH SCHOOL EXTENSION.

If we may believe President Eliot, one of the five great contributions to civilization made by the United States is the diffusion of well-being among the people. Not the least important of many agencies working to this end is the public school system, and I wish to consider briefly the responsibility which rests upon the high school in this movement, and the methods whereby it may most effectually promote systematic self-culture among the masses, making it one of the enduring interests of life.

At a leading New England college, some years ago, when the Commencement exercises were over and the diplomas had been distributed, a member of the graduating class, who had been distinguished more by conviviality than by studiousness, and who had barely escaped losing his degree, appeared upon the campus, and, waving the much-prized parchment over his head, shouted gleefully, "Educated, by Jove! Educated!" The idea expressed by the rollicking student, more in jest than in earnest, illustrates a notion of education which dies hard. The popular prejudice that culture is something extracted from books, picked up in a lecture-hall or a laboratory, or seized during the fleeting years of one's school or college life, is so prevalent that it becomes the obvious duty of the school to press home to the consciousness of every person the conviction that an obligation rests upon him to undertake a course of education lasting throughout his life.

Secondary school teachers are not likely to forget the needs of popular education for the masses. Most of us have regretted to see our pupils, some from necessity, others from a lack of ambition, leave school before the completion of the course. Not infrequently, a few years of business life wholly change the attitude of the indifferent boy; and even to those upon whom the burden of life falls early there come times when, with proper guidance, they would make substantial progress in self-culture. We have also been repeatedly humiliated to see how little the school has done to establish habits of systematic reading. To a great many the newspaper represents the only literary resource. Scrappy, desultory reading is the rule with all classes, not excepting those who have had good educational advantages.

There is abundant proof that in many high schools the extension movement has made considerable progress. Under ideal conditions, the high school numbers among its pupils representatives of every grade of society. Through these it has a more or less intimate connection with homes of every sort. Where this connection is a sympathetic one, there are not lacking opportunities for the teacher to impress himself upon others than those under his immediate instruction; and it would be easy to cite instances of the uplifting influence of the school upon the home. Through his pupils many an inspired teacher has imparted to the family group something of his own ideals and enthusiasm. In so far as the reading and thought of adults in these homes are influenced by the stimulating and suggestive work of such a teacher, to that extent is school extension an accomplished fact. We all know devoted teachers who are conducting, unobtrusively but perseveringly, extension movements of this character. By suggestion they determine very largely the class of books which are carried from the school or public library into the homes of their children.

The young of to-day are confronted and environed by a new set of interests. The social club, the Christian Endeavor Society, the athletic association, claim a

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large measure of the pupil's attention. From the standpoint of the schoolmaster, these are at first sight costly ventures, interfering with the amount of history that can be absorbed and the amount of Cæsar and algebra that can be mastered in a given time. We sometimes fume at such distractions, and sigh, perchance, for the good old times when there was but one educational thoroughfare, albeit a narrow one, and the schoolmaster alone was the guide thereto.

It is a juster view which recognizes in the many collateral interests of the modern schoolboy rare opportunities for social and civic training. Surely, the courage, the sense of fair play, the team work or coöperative effort which results from a participation in these, and the executive ability which comes from directing them, are not lightly to be esteemed. "The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education," says Emerson, "have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench of the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we call so. We form no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its comparative value. And education often wastes its effort in attempts to thwart and balk this natural magnetism, which is sure to select what belongs to it."

A mediæval school in a world of libraries, museums, and art collections, in a world of books and periodicals, and, above all, in a world of independent thought and conscious efforts at social and political reforms, is an anachronism. It cannot enter into competition with other better educational forces. There must be a sympathetic connection between the school and the best life in the community around it. With enlarged conceptions of the province of education comes a host of auxiliaries never dreamed of when narrower views prevailed. When the strength of the schoolmaster was expended in attempting to establish certain school arts, with little regard to the content of the subjects presented, his work was beneath the notice of all other intellectual toilers.

It should, therefore, be put to the credit of the new education — using the term somewhat loosely, it may be, to characterize that educational régime which is based upon sympathy with the educated, and which believes in a nutritious and vitalizing course of study — that by the very enrichment of its school courses it has touched adult life at so many more points. Education comes to be more generally recognized as a life-long process, in which all, old and young, are together participating. Who can doubt that the reconstructed curriculum of our public schools, placing so much emphasis upon literature, art, music, and cooking, will produce immediate results in many homes, — that there will be choicer books on the centre-table, less crowded, more simply furnished rooms, and better and more wholesome food?

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out-of-school activities of young people, of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself. One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few hints and out of the most meagre materials. I know boys who have belt-lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was the despair of his teachers won deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a novel electrical boat. An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity, or the natural history specimens that they have collected, will result in an exhibition which in variety and quality will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

So general and so wholesome a tendency is too significant to be ignored, and yet one almost hesitates to meddle with it, lest

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official recognition may rob it of its independence and spontaneity. With sympathy from the school, however, it may be directed and made more intelligent. The interest in nature, for instance, may help to fill profitably the long summer vacations. A pamphlet issued to the children in the Brookline (Massachusetts) schools at the close of the school year tells them what to observe and how to collect natural objects. It contains suggestions as to the study of trees, leaves, ferns, flowers, lichens and fungi, the dissemination of seeds, insects, birds, shells, rocks and minerals. In the fall there is an exhibition of the collections made by the pupils during the summer, and in all this out-of-door work, which promotes good-comradeship between old and young, the parents are asked to coöperate. If the schools of the country, instead of spending their force during the last of June in trying to discover how much their pupils have learned, were content, as a substitute for their examinations, to anticipate the summer's experiences and to prepare their pupils to profit by them, there would be far less physical and mental weariness, far more intellectual growth and vigor.

Wisely conceived courses in domestic science and home sanitation exert a powerful influence in a direction where there is the greatest need for reform. Municipal housekeeping is but one step removed from the care of the home. The public high school is the best of all places for training in citizenship. It is better than the home, the church, the special fitting-school, or the university, for it is a more perfect democracy than any of these. It shares with all public schools the advantage of being non-sectarian. It is in no sense a class school. There need be no arbitrary or artificial standards. For a boy to grow from youth to manhood in a school created and supported by the state, never breaking with the community life into which he was born, meeting representatives of every social class, learning to know them, measuring himself by them, and coming to realize that merit alone will win recognition among them, is to get a training in manly self-reliance, in sympathy for others less fortunate, it may be, than himself, and in respect for the rights of all, that no private school can give.

The high school is frequently more thoroughly representative of all classes than the district grammar school. Under favorable conditions, it is a community school in very close touch with the homes of its pupils and with the social and political world about it. Its pupils are at an age when they are peculiarly susceptible to impressions from this political and social environment. The precocity of the American boy with reference to current politics is quite without a parallel.

Educational experts are telling us much nowadays about nascent periods, times of the birth of faculty, which must be taken advantage of if we are to teach with the greatest economy. Now, I am convinced that the nascent period for the acquisition of social and political knowledge for most of our boys and girls is during their secondary school life. It is then that their institutional and governmental instincts are in the bud. They are capable of a large measure of self-government. Many of the necessary restraints, instead of being arbitrarily imposed by one in authority, may be self-assumed. Most, if not all misdemeanors may be so corrected as to teach an important lesson, which will not be forgotten when the pupil becomes an active member in the larger society outside the school. The boy who thoughtlessly scatters papers about the school yard may be led to see that it is just such carelessness with reference to refuse which endangers the health of our crowded cities. In guarding against the abuse of school property something may be done, I am sure, to correct the pernicious notion, at the root of much extravagant

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expenditure, that what everybody pays for nobody pays for.

The idea of stewardship, of holding property in trust, can be and must be established; and if the adornment of our modern school buildings counts for anything, we may expect standards of taste to be established which will save us from many of the atrocious examples of architecture and statuary which have been foisted upon an ignorant public. The most important lesson for some of us pedagogues to learn is that our chief function is, not to keep our boys from whispering, or even to teach them mathematics and Greek, but so to connect the school with the world that their school experiences may in very truth be a preparation for good citizenship after school.

But the subject of this paper suggests a specific and organized effort to extend the influence and advantages of the high school by enlisting, at certain seasons of the year, adults — parents, relatives, and friends of the pupils — in common courses of study. High school extension is the child of university extension. It has inherited the same spirit, the same aims, and much the same methods. Like the university, the high school has been for the few, and, like the university, it now aims to reach the many.

Any extension movement should be the outgrowth of the actual needs of a community. This is a lesson which the promoters of university extension have learned from experience, and from the first they have aimed to work through local organizations. No other local organization in America is so well suited to this purpose as the high school. Many of its teachers are college-bred men and women; they are in touch with the community; they understand its needs as no stranger can. The high school has resources which the traveling lecturer cannot well supply. A well-equipped high school building, with laboratories, art and natural history collections, reference library, and lecture-hall, is the natural centre for such educational work; and the community has a right to expect the largest possible return from the expensive educational outlay when it rears a modern high school building.

There is reason to suppose that a number of instances of high school extension could be brought to light, if data were collected.

Many high schools have long had post-graduate students, and the growth of the elective system in secondary schools will undoubtedly increase this class of pupils.

At Newton, Massachusetts, the English teacher has for years had large private classes of adults in the homes of his pupils.

At Danielsonville, Connecticut, the principal of the high school has given an evening course in geology to the teachers and some others for several consecutive winters.

At Stamford, Connecticut, a few years ago, the high school principal delivered a short course of Saturday morning lectures to a general audience of adults, upon political economy.

At Westfield, Massachusetts, "an attempt to utilize the potential usefulness of high school teachers," by offering courses to the public in literature, history, German, Greek, economics, and art, was begun with the present school year.

At Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, organ recitals for the students and the public have long been considered a valuable means of culture.

At Brookline, Massachusetts, we have had what have been called high school extension courses for the past five winters. Six years ago, we were prompted to project a three months' course in literature for the seniors, and to invite to the class the parents of the pupils and other persons who might be interested; and at its close to procure a university professor to give a course of lectures upon the period studied by the class. It was thought that these lectures could be made self-supporting. The plan was explained to

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certain members of the school committee. They were sympathetic, but not enthusiastic, although they were willing to coöperate. The development of other lines of school work interfered, however, so that nothing was done. I still believe that such a plan could be made a success. Late in the fall of 1892, one of the English teachers outlined a five years' extension course in literature. Division I., to be devoted to poetry, was subdivided into the Epic, the Lyric, and the Drama; Division II., devoted to prose, into the Essay and the Novel.

A syllabus covering the first year's work upon the Epic in English Literature was printed and sent to every recent graduate of the school. Bi-weekly evening meetings were arranged. The course was advertised in the local paper, and all except pupils in the schools were invited. Fifty persons presented themselves the first night, and the class soon numbered nearly one hundred; the average attendance was considerably less than this. Between the meetings, the class was supposed to read forty minutes a day, — eight hours in all, — and the class exercise consisted mainly of a "quiz," running comments upon the works read, and the presentation for illustrative purposes of numerous selections from the leading epics. The class was enthusiastic. Not a few did all the required reading, and more besides.

The second year's course, on the lyric, did not call out as large a number, only fifty names being registered. Such of the school textbooks as pertained to the subject under consideration were freely lent. Some new books, a few in duplicate, were added to the school's reference library. The public library placed all its resources at the disposal of the class, bringing the desired volumes together in an alcove by themselves. It was something of a disappointment to the teacher that she did not reach more of the poorer homes, though representatives of these were not lacking. Many of the members were public school teachers, and middle-aged women whose children were or had been in the school. In some instances children and parents undertook the work together. Boys and men were in the minority.

Encouraged by the first year's experiment, we announced three extension courses for the second season: in electricity, in French literature, and in art. These also were given by teachers in the school.

The first course, which was illustrated by experiments and stereopticon views, proved very popular, one hundred being the average attendance. Men and boys were far more numerous than in the course on the lyric. It was to one of these lectures that an English laboring man walked over from Faneuil with his three boys; explaining to me, after the lecture, that he wanted them to learn something about a subject which he, "as a young man at 'ome," had heard Michael Faraday lecture upon.

The other two courses, Romanticism in French Literature and The Barbizon Group of French Painters, which were closely related, were thoroughly appreciated, although the audiences were not so large (not exceeding thirty or forty). The art lectures were illustrated by numerous photographs and reproductions of paintings by Rousseau, Gérôme, Millet, and others, loaned for the occasion by a Boston firm. These were examined and discussed by the class after the lecture.

It has been found pleasant and profitable to have, at stated intervals, public Shakespearean readings, at which plays studied in the literature classes are presented in their entirety. This has been done by a local clergyman, a man of dramatic power and a student of Shakespeare, who has been willing to meet in this way a more representative audience than would perhaps gather to hear such readings in his own church parlors.

The school debating club has given annually, after careful preparation, mock

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sessions of the town meeting, of the state Senate, or of other deliberative assemblies. Modest attempts have been made, too, at dramatic representation of picturesque episodes of literature and history. Such appeals to the dramatic instincts of the school children might well be made with much more frequency.

Courses of lectures have also been given in astronomy, local history, Spanish literature, and X-ray photography. A morning course, for which a charge was made, and which proved very popular with women of leisure, was devoted to the history of Greek and Roman art. The lecturer met her class in the school art room, used freely the casts and photographs of the school collection, and occasionally conducted her class to the art museums in Boston and Cambridge. Two series of lectures have been given to the seniors, the first of which dealt with The Place of the Family in Society, The Relation of its Members, and The Care and Administration of the Home; the second, with such topics as Choice of Vocation, The First Year of College Life, Systematic Self-Culture after School.

Up to this point the instruction was given without extra expense, except the cost of printing syllabi and bibliographies. The lecturers, who were teachers of the school, citizens, or college professors, had received no compensation for their services. A new phase of the experiment was reached when private individuals furnished money for this supplementary teaching. The music committee of the Education Society has provided two series of young people's concerts, which have been highly appreciated by the parents as well as the children. And finally, a public-spirited citizen, seeing the possibilities in this extension movement, has given the school, for the past two winters, courses of university lectures: one by Professor Davis R. Dewey, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on Political Economy; the other on the Relation of Man to the Earth, by Professor William M. Davis, of Harvard University. In both instances the subjects have been chosen with reference to existing courses in the school, and the lectures have been accompanied by syllabus and bibliography.

The results in Brookline have fully equaled our expectations. The sustained interest justifies this effort to extend the influence of the high school. Still further justification is found in the community of interest it promotes in the home. Not infrequently, several members of the same family, parents as well as children, are reading the same books and pursuing the same course of study. This is one of the best things that can be said of it. Again, it is to be commended for its excellent reflex action upon the school itself. A teacher cannot meet the wants of an adult class by preparing lessons or lectures for an extension course without gaining greatly in the grasp and comprehension of his subject. It gives him a new point of view, as well as a new incentive to master, in some of its larger aspects, a subject which for him is in danger of being dwarfed by the limitations of the schoolroom. Incidentally, such work enlarges the constituency of the school, and, best of all, gives opportunity for the better acquaintance of teachers and parents.

In a community within thirty minutes of the Lowell Institute and all in the way of lectures and music that Boston has to offer, these extension courses have proved their usefulness. In a country village, where there were not too many distractions, and where there were fewer intellectual resources, much more might be expected of high school extension.

D. S. Sanford.

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THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XVIII.

At precisely the same moment, the next morning, two boats set sail from the south coast of Jersey, — one from Grouville Bay, one from the harbor of St. Helier's, — and both bound for the same point; but the first was to sail round the east coast of the island, and the second round the west coast. As to distance, little advantage was with either, the course of sailing practically making two sides of an acute-angled triangle. Once the boat leaving St. Helier's had rounded the Corbière, the farther the two went, the nearer they should come to each other. The boat from Grouville Bay would have on her right the Ecréhos and the coast of France from Granville to Cap de la Hague, and the Dirouïlles in her course; the other would have the wide Atlantic on her left, and the Paternosters in her course. The two converging lines should meet at the island of Sark.

The boat leaving Grouville Bay was a yacht carrying twelve swivel-guns, bearing Admiralty dispatches to the Channel Islands. The boat from St. Helier's harbor was a new yawl-rigged craft belonging to Jean Touzel. She was the fruit of ten years' labor, and he called her the Hardi Biaou, which, in plain English, means "very beautiful." This was the third time she had sailed under Jean's hand. She carried two carronades, for war with France was in the air, and it was Jean's whim to make a show of preparation. "If the war-dogs come," he said, "my pups can bark too. If they don't, why, glad and good; the Hardi Biaou is big enough to hold the cough-drops."

But Jean was quite sure that there would be war, for Easter had fallen in March this year; and when that happened there must be pestilence, war, and famine. In any case, Jean was the true sailor; he was always ready for the chances of life. It was his custom to say that it was easy enough to find a good road when the cart was overturned. So he had his carronades on the Hardi Biaou.

The business of the yacht Dorset was important: that was why so small a boat was sent on the Admiralty's affairs. Had she been a sloop, she might have attracted the attention of a French frigate or privateer wandering the seas in the interests of Vive la Nation! The business of the yawl was quite unimportant: Jean Touzel was going to Sark with kegs of wine and tobacco for the seigneur, and to bring back whatever small cargo might be waiting for Jersey. The yacht Dorset had aboard her the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, an old friend of her commander. He was to be dropped at Sark, and was to come back with Jean Touzel in the Hardi Biaou, the matter having been arranged the evening before in the Vier Marchi. The Hardi Biaou had aboard her Maîtresse Aimable, Guida, and a lad to assist Jean in working the yawl. Guida counted as one of the crew, for there was little in the sailing of a boat she did not know.

As the Hardi Biaou was leaving the harbor of St. Helier's, Jean told Guida that Lorenzo Dow was to join them in the journey back. She had a thrill of excitement: this man was privy to her secret; he was connected with her life history, — to how great purpose she was yet to know. Before the Hardi Biaou passed St. Brelade's Bay she was lost in her thoughts: in picturing Philip on the Narcissus, in inwardly commenting upon the ambitious designs of his life. What he might yet be who could tell! She had read more than a little of the doings of great naval commanders, both French and British. She knew how simple mid-

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shipmen had sometimes become admirals, and afterward peers of the realm.

Suddenly a new thought came to her. Suppose that Philip should rise to a very high place, should she be able to follow? What had she seen? What did she know? What social opportunities had been hers? How would she fit into an exalted station?

Yet Philip had said that she could take her place anywhere with grace and dignity, and surely Philip knew. If she were gauche or crude in manners, he would not have cared for her; if she were not intelligent, he would scarcely have loved her. Of course she had read French and English to some purpose; she could speak Spanish, — her grandfather had taught her that; she could read Italian fairly, — she had read it aloud on Sunday evenings with the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Then there were Corneille, Shakespeare, Petrarch, Cervantes, — she had read them, and even Wace, the old Norman Jersey trouvère, whose Roman de Rou she knew almost by heart. Was she so very ignorant?

Though, to be sure, what was a little knowledge like that to all Philip knew! Philip had seen nearly every country; he had spoken nearly every language; he knew astronomy, mathematics, history, all sorts of sciences; and he knew the arts, too, for could he not draw delightfully? Had he not shown her the model for a new kind of battleship that he was to bring to the notice of the Admiralty? Had not the Admiralty commended some wonderful observations he had taken in the arctic seas, and had not the Royal Society in London made him a member because of these same observations? Then as to ships and naval warfare, one day, as they were sitting in the garden, he had drawn for her in the sand a series of plans — one after the other — of naval engagements and that sort of thing. He had made a diagram of how a line of battle must be disposed, when the centre, or the van, or the middle of the wing is attacked; of how to lay an enemy thwart the hawse; of how to set up a boom in a tideway; of how to fortify upon a point; of how to dispose of fireships within booms; of how to make gabions before cannon, — and so on. It was surely wonderful, she thought. Then, too, how gentle and good-natured he always was in showing her everything and in explaining naval terms; for her little knowledge of sea and ships went no farther than this coast of Jersey, and at the most the sailing of a small schooner. Indeed, but it was worth while doing something well, knowing one thing perfectly. It seemed to her that she knew nothing worth knowing.

There was only one thing to do: she must interest herself in what interested Philip; she must read what he read; she must study naval history; she must learn every little thing about a ship of war. Philip would be glad of that, for then he could talk with her of all he did at sea, and she would understand it.

And still, when, a few days ago, she had said to him that she did not know how she was going to be all that his wife ought to be, he had answered her, "All I ask is that you be your own sweet self; for it is just *you* that I want, you with your own thoughts and opinions and imaginings, and not a Guida who has dropped her own way of looking at things to take on some one else's, — even mine. It's the people who try to be who never are clever; the people who are clever never really try to be."

Was Philip right? Was she really, in some way, a little bit clever? She would like to believe so, for then she would be a better companion for him. How little she knew of Philip! Now, why did that thought always come up? It made her shudder. They two would really have to begin with the A B C of understanding. To understand was breathing and life to her; it was a pas-

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sion. She would never, could never, be satisfied with skimming the surface of life, as the gulls out there skimmed the water. Ah, how beautiful the morning was, and how the bracing air soothed her feverishness! All this sky and air and uplifting sea were hers; they fed her with their strength, — they were so companionable.

Since Philip had gone she had sat down a dozen times to write to him, but each time found she could not. She drew back from it because she wanted to empty out her heart, and yet somehow she dared not. She wanted to tell Philip all the feelings that possessed her, but how dared she write just what she felt, — love and bitterness, joy and indignation, exaltation and disappointment, all in one? How was it these could all exist in a woman's heart at once? Was it because Love was greater than all, deeper than all, overpowered all, forgave all? Was that what women felt and did always? Was that their lot, their destiny? Must they begin in blind faith, be plunged into the darkness of disillusion, be shaken by the storm of emotion, and taste the sting in the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and then go on again the same, yet not the same?

More or less indefinitely and vaguely these thoughts flitted through Guida's mind. As yet her experiences were too new for her to fasten securely upon the meaning of them. In a day or two she would write to Philip freely and warmly of her love and of her hopes; for maybe by that time nothing but joy and pleasure would be left in the caldron of feeling. There was a packet going to England in three days, — yes, she would wait for that. And Philip — alas! a letter from him could not reach her for at least a fortnight; and then in another month after that he would be with her, and she would be able to tell the whole world that she was the wife of Commander Philip d'Avranche, of the good ship Araminta, — for that he was to be when he came again. Once commissioned, he could whistle at Admiralty prejudices and official whims concerning marriage and what not.

What would she not give just to see him, to hear him speak! What did other wives do when they were separated from their husbands? But then, was there ever another wife wed as she had been, to part from her husband on the wedding-day? She had no custom to guide her, no knowledge save her own meagre experience of life to serve her, no counsel from any one to direct her; nothing except her own instinct and the feelings of her simple heart to prompt her.

She was not sad; indeed, she was almost happy, for her thoughts had brought her so close to Philip that she could feel his blue eyes looking at her, the strong clasp of his hand; she could almost touch the brown hair waving back carelessly from the forehead, untouched by powder, in the fashion of the time; and she could hear his cheery laugh quite plainly. How foolish had been her dream the night before! What mad, dreary fancies she had had!

St. Ouen's Bay, L'Etacq, Plemont, dropped behind them as they sailed. They drew on to where the rocks of the Paternosters foamed to the unquiet sea. Far over between the Nez du Guet and the sprawling granite pack of the Dirouïlles was the Admiralty yacht winging to the northwest. Far beyond it, again, lay the coast of France, the tall white cliffs, the dark blue smoky curve ending in Cap de la Hague.

To-day there was something new in the picture of this coast of France. Against the far-off sands were some little black spots, seemingly no bigger than a man's hand. Again and again Jean Touzel eyed these moving specks with serious interest; and Maîtresse Aimable eyed Jean, for Jean never looked so often at anything without good reason. If, perchance, he looked three times at her consecutively, she gaped with expec-

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tation, and hoped that he would tell her that her face was not so red to-day as usual, — a mark of rare affection.

Guida noticed Jean's watchfulness, also. "What is it that you see, Maître Jean?" she said.

"Little black wasps, I think, ma'm'selle, — little black wasps that sting."

Guida did not understand.

Jean gave a curious cackle, and continued: "Ah, those wasps, — they have a sting so nasty." He paused an instant; then he added in a lower voice, and not quite so gayly, "That is the way that war begins."

Guida's fingers suddenly clenched the tiller rigidly. "War? Do — do you think that 's a French fleet, Maître Jean?"

"Steadee — steadee — keep her head up, ma'm'selle," he answered, for Guida had neglected her steering for the instant. "Steadee — ah bah! that 's right. I remember twenty years ago the black wasps they fly on the coast of France like that. Who can tell now?" He shrugged his shoulders. "P'rhaps they have come out to play; but see you, when there is trouble in the nest, it is my notion that wasps come out to sting. Look at France, now: they all fight each other there, ma finfre! When folks begin to slap faces at home, look out when they get into the street. That is when the devil he have a grand fête."

Guida's face grew paler as he spoke. The eyes of Maîtresse Aimable were fixed on her now, and unconsciously the ponderous goodwife felt in that warehouse she called her pocket for her rosary. An extra bead was there for Guida, and one for another than Guida. But Maîtresse Aimable did more: she not only fumbled through the warehouse for her rosary, she dived into the well of silence for her voice, and for the first time in her life she showed impatience with Jean. As her voice came forth she colored and her cheeks expanded, and the words sallied out in puffs: —

"Nannin, Jean, you smell shark when it is but herring! And you cry wasp when the critchett sing! I will believe war when I see the splinters fly — me!"

Jean looked at his wife in astonishment. That was the longest speech he had ever heard her make. It was the first time, also, that her rasp of criticism had ever been applied to him, and with such asperity, too. He could not make it out. He looked from his wife to Guida; then, suddenly arrested by the look in Guida's face, he scratched his tousled head in despair and moved about in his seat.

"Sit you still, Jean," said his wife sharply; "you 're like a pea on a hot griddle."

This confused Jean beyond recovery, for never in his life had Aimable spoken to him like that. He saw there was something wrong, and he did not know whether to speak or to hold his tongue; or, as he afterward said to himself, he "did n't know which eye to wink." He adjusted his spectacles, and pulling himself together — for to a man nothing is more trying than a delicate situation — muttered, "Sacré fumée, what 's all this?"

He knew Guida to have unusual nerve and courage. She was not a wisp of quality to shiver with terror at the first breath of danger; but, bà sû, there was now in her face a sharp, fixed look of pain, in her eyes a bewildered anxiety.

Jean scratched his head still more. Nothing particular came of that. There was no good in trying to work the thing out suddenly; he was not clever enough. His mention of the French fleet and possible war had roused his wife out of the still waters of twenty years' good nature to shake a shower of irritability upon his foolish head, and had turned Guida from a cheerful aspect to a disconcerting seriousness. He resorted to man's final proof to himself of his own intelligence, and said that it was the way of woman. Then out of an habitual good

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nature he tried to bring better weather fore and aft.

"Et ben," said he, "in the dark you can't tell a wasp from a honey-bee till he lights on you; and that 's too far off, there," — he jerked a finger toward the French shore, — "to be certain sure. But if the wasp nip, you make him pay for it, the head and the tail — yes, I think — me. . . . There 's the Eperquérie," he added quickly, nodding in front of him toward the island of Sark, which lifted a green bosom above its perpendicular cliffs, with the pride of an affluent mother among her brood. Dowered by sun and softened by a delicate haze, like an exquisite veil of modesty, this youngest daughter of the isles lay among her kinsfolk in the emerald archipelago between the great seas.

The outlines of the coast grew plainer as the Hardi Biaou drew nearer and nearer. From end to end there was no harbor upon this southern side. There was no roadway, as it appeared, no pathway at all, up the overhanging cliffs. To Guida's face, as she looked, the old charm of openness and pleasure and blitheness came back. Jean Touzel had startled her with his suggestions of war between England and France; for though she longed to have Philip win some great naval battle, yet the first natural thought was the peril of war, the personal danger to the man she loved. When Jean spoke of war, her heart seemed to shrink within her as shrinks the red anemone to the rock when touched by churlish finger. But the tides of her temperament were fast to flow as quick to ebb. The reaction from pain was in proportion to her splendid natural health. She had never seen Sark nearer than from Plemont, on the northwest shore of Jersey, and her eyes dwelt upon it now with the loving excitement of a spirit keenly sensitive to beauty.

There it was, — ridges of granite and fringes of tall gray and green cliff, belted with mist, crowned by sun, and fretted by the milky, upcasting surf, with little islands like outworks before it, some lying low and slumberously to the sea, as a dog lays its head in its paws and hugs the ground close, with vague, soft-blinking eyes. By the shore the air was white with gulls, flying and circling, rising and descending, shooting up straight into the air, their bodies smooth and long like the body of a babe in white samite, their feathering tails spread like fans, their wings expanding on the ambient air. In the tall cliffs were the sea-gulls' nests of dried seaweed, fastened to the edges of rocky brackets on lofty ledges, the little ones within piping at the little ones without. Every point of rock had its sentinel gull, looking, looking out to sea, like some watchful defender of a mystic city. Piercing might be the cries of pain or of joy from the earth, more piercing were their cries; dark and dreadful might be the woe of those who went down to the sea in ships, but they shrilled on, their yellow beaks still yellowing in the sun, keeping their everlasting watch and ward.

Now and again, other birds, dark, quick-winged, low-flying, shot in among the white companies of sea-gulls, and stretched their long necks, and turned their whirling, swift, cowardly eyes here and there, the cruel beak extended, the black body gorged with carrion. Black marauders among blithe birds of peace and joy, they watched like sable spirits near the nests, or on some near sea rocks, sombre and alone, blinked evilly at the tall bright cliffs and the lightsome legions which nested there.

To Guida these gloomy loiterers on the verge of happiness, these swart watchers among the nests of the young, were spirits of fate who might not destroy, who had no power to harm the living, yet who could not be driven forth: the ever present death's-heads at the feast, the impassive acolytes serving at the altars of destiny.

As the Hardi Biaou drew nearer the

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lofty, inviolate cliffs, there opened up plainly sombre clefts and caverns which honeycombed the island at all points of the compass. Now slipped past rugged pinnacles, like buttresses to the island, here trailed with vines and ferns and shrubs of inexpressible beauty, and yonder shriveled and bare like the skin of an elephant.

Some rocks, indeed, were like vast animals round which molten granite had been poured, preserving them eternally. The heads of great dogs, like the dogs of Ossian, sprang out in profile from the repulsing mainland; stupendous gargoyles laughed hideously at them from dark clefts in excoriated cliffs. Farther off, the face of a battered sphinx stared with unheeding look into the vast sea and sky beyond. Eyes flamed suddenly from the dark depths of mystic crypts, and hollow groanings, like the roaring of lions penned beside the caves of martyrs, broke out upon the sea, followed by plaintive crying as of sleepless children.

Guida, entranced, seemed to lose the sense of concrete things about her. As one is caught up on a wave of exquisite music, and the material is mastered by the intangibly sensuous and beautiful, so she was lost, absorbed, in the poetry of the scene before her.

As she gazed, a strange little feeling stole into her mind, and grew and grew, and presently trembled into a sensitive shiver of discovery and surprise. She had never seen Sark closely in her life, yet it pierced her consciousness that she had looked upon this scene before. Where? Where? What was this painful delight and recognition and this familiar sensation that possessed her? When had she felt just such a scene, had just such an impression? What acute reminiscence was this?

All at once she gave an exclamation of amazement. Why, this — this was the island of last night's dream! Yes, yes, there it was just as she had dreamed!

What strange second-sight was this? In the morning when she woke she could have drawn the outlines of this island; to-day there was the island in very truth, living and tangible, — there it was before her!

As a discoverer stands on the tall prow of his ship, looking out upon the new continent to which he has sailed with divers perils and losses, so, for one moment, Guida looked into this picture before her, exalted by the joy of discovery, bewildered by the realization of a dream.

It touched the deepest chord in her nature, — the fulfillment of imagination. Unconsciously she enjoyed the greatest delight that may be given to the human mind, — not merely the contemplation of the thing done, but the remembrance of the moment when the thing was dreamed; unto which is added in due time the glory of a worthy realization.

She had that moment, and it passed. Then came the misery of significance, for now she remembered what had been the end of her dream. She remembered that in a dark cavern Philip had dropped down into darkness from her sight, and only his mocking laughter had come up to her, and he returned no more.

Her thoughts flew to Philip now. Philip would come back, — she was as sure of that as that there was sun in the sky, and that morning and evening duly came. He would come back within the two months, — nothing would prevent his doing that. He loved her. True, he had not kept a promise solemnly made to her, but — but even that was because he loved her!

So the heart of the trusting pleads in its council-chambers for the guilty and the beloved. Somehow — and strange as it may seem — the smile came back again to her lips; for what can long depress the young and the loving when they dream that they are entirely beloved? Lands and thrones may perish, plague and devastation walk abroad with death, misery and beggary crawl naked

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to the doorway, and crime cower in the hedges; but to the egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities bulking in the crowded universe. To these immensities all other beings are audacious who dream of gaining even comfort and obscurity, — happiness would be a presumption, — as though it were intended that each living human being should at some moment in his life have the whole world to himself. Who shall cry out against that egotism with which all are diseased!

So busy was Guida with her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed that their course was changed, and they were skirting the coast westerly, whereby to reach Havre Gosselin, on the other side of the island. On the shore above Havre Gosselin lay the Seigneurie, the destination of the Hardi Biaou.

As they rounded the western point of the island, and made their course easterly by a channel between rocky bulwarks opening Havre Gosselin and the Gouliot Rocks and Ile Brechou, they suddenly saw a large brig rounding the Eperquérie. She was making to the southeast under full sail. Her main and mizzen masts were not visible and her colors could not be seen, but Jean's quick eye had lighted on something which made him cast an apprehensive glance at his wife and Guida. What he saw was a gun in the stern port-hole of the vanishing brig; and he also noted that it was run out for action. His swift glance at his wife and Guida and the lad who sat by the main-sheet assured him that they had not noticed the gun.

Jean's brain began to work with unusual celerity; he was certain that the brig which had just rounded the Eperquérie was a French sloop or a privateer. In other circumstances, that in itself might not have given him much trouble of mind, for more than once French frigates had sailed round the Channel Isles in insulting strength and mockery; but every man knew that France and England at this moment were only waiting to see who should throw the ball first and set the red game going. Twenty French frigates could do little harm to the island of Sark, — there a hundred men could keep off an army and a navy; but Jean knew that the Admiralty yacht Dorset was sailing within half a league of the Eperquérie. He would stake his life that the brig was French and hostile, and he instantly made up his mind as to his course. At all costs he must watch the designs of the brig and know the fate of the yacht.

If he landed at Havre Gosselin and crossed the island on foot, whatever was to happen would be over and done, and that did not suit the book of Jean Touzel. More than once he had seen a little fighting, and more than once he had shared in it. He would not willfully precipitate a combat, but if there was to be a fight, — he looked affectionately at his carronades, — then he wanted to be within seeing or striking distance.

So, instead of running into Havre Gosselin, he made the course between Brechou and the Moi de Mouton, then the Gouliot Rocks and the Autelets. Running inshore as near as he dared, he set for the Bec du Nez, the eastern point of the island. His object was to land upon the rocks of the Eperquérie, where the women would be safe, whatever befell. The tide was strong round the point and the surf was heavy, so that once or twice the boat was almost overturned vertically, but Jean had measured well the currents and the wind.

He experienced now one of the most exciting moments in his life; for as they rounded the Bec du Nez there was the Dorset suddenly going about to make for Guernsey, and the brig, under full sail, bearing down upon her. Even as they rounded the point, up ran the tricolor to the brig's mizzenmast, and the militant shouts of the French sailors came over the water to them.

Too late had the little yacht with her

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handful of guns seen the danger and gone about. The wind was fair for her; but it was as fair for the brig, able to outsail her twice over. As the Hardi Biaou neared the landing-place of the Eperquérie a gun was fired from the privateer across the bows of the Dorset, and Guida realized what was happening there before her eyes. She realized that this was war, — at first no more, — that it was war. She trembled with excitement; she had not now that unconsciousness of peril which, when a little child, had sent her into the Vier Marchi after Ranulph Delagarde, among the slaughtering battalions. Years and wisdom bring also the fears of life.

As they landed from the Hardi Biaou another shot was fired. Guida put her hands before her eyes, and when she looked again the mainmast of the yacht was gone. And now from the heights of Sark above there rang out a cry from the lips of the affrighted islanders: "*War! war! war! war!*"

Guida sank down upon the rock, and her face dropped into her hands. She trembled violently. Somehow, all at once and for the first time in her life, there was borne in upon her a feeling of awful desolation and loneliness. She was alone — she was alone — she was alone: that was the refrain of her thoughts.

"*War! war! war! war!*" The cry rang along the cliff tops; and war would take Philip from her. Perhaps she should never see him again. The horror of it, the pity of it, the peril of it!

Shot after shot the 12-pounders of the privateer drove like dun hail at the white timbers of the yacht, and her masts and spars were flying. The privateer was drawing down to where she lay lurching.

A hand touched Guida upon the shoulder. "Cheer thee, my de-are," a voice said. It was Maîtresse Aimable. Below, Jean Touzel had eyes only for this sea-fight before him; for, despite the enormous difference of numbers, the Englishmen were now fighting their little craft for all that she was capable. But the odds were terribly against her, though she had the windward side and the firing of the privateer was bad. The carronades on her flush decks were replying valiantly and gallantly to the 12-pounders of the brig. At last a chance shot carried away her mizzenmast, and another dismounted her single great gun, killing a number of men. Carronades being good for only a few discharges, presently the yacht was no better than a battered raisin-box. Her commander had destroyed his dispatches, and nothing remained now but to be sunk or to surrender. In not more than five minutes from the time the first shot was fired, the commander and his brave crew yielded to the foe, and the Dorset's flag was hauled down.

When her officers and crew were transferred to the brig, her one passenger and guest, the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, passed quietly from the gallant little wreck to the deck of the privateer with a finger between the leaves of his book of meditations. As a prisoner of war, with as much equanimity as he would have breakfasted with his bishop, made breaches of the rubric, or drunk from a sailor's black-jack, he went calmly into captivity in France, giving no thought to what he left behind, and quite forgetful that his going would affect for good or ill the destiny of the young wife of Philip d'Avranche, of the frigate Narcissus.

Guida watched the yacht go down and the brig bear away toward France, where those black wasps of war were as motes against the white sands. Then she remembered that there had gone with it one of the three persons who knew her secret, — the man who had married her to Philip. She shivered a little, she scarcely knew why, for it did not seem of consequence to her whether Mr. Dow went or stayed. Indeed, was it not better he should go? Then one less would know her secret. But still an undefined fear possessed her.

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"Cheer thee, cheer thee, my de-are, my sweet dormitte!" said Maîtresse Aimable, patting her shoulder. "It cannot harm thee, bà sû! 'T is but a flash in the pan."

Guida's first impulse was to throw herself into the arms of the slow-tongued, great-hearted woman who hung above her like a cloud of mercy, and tell her whole story. But no, the one necessity of her forlorn condition was secrecy. Placed in a false position, she was compelled to do the thing she loathed; for to her secrecy was deception. Whatever Maîtresse Aimable suspected, she should not surmise the truth. Guida would keep her word to Philip till Philip came again. Her love — the love of the young, lonely wife — should be buried deep in her own heart until he appeared and gave her the right to speak.

Jean was calling to them. They rose to go. Guida looked about her. Was it all a dream, — all that had happened to her and around her? How sweet the world was to look upon, and yet was it true that here before her eyes there had been war, and that out of war peril might come to her?

How strange it was! A week ago she was as free as air, as happy as healthy body, truthful mind, simple nature, and tender love can make a human being. She was then only a young, young girl. To-day? She sighed. A pathetic smile passed over the beautiful face, now growing wiser and wiser every hour. Long after they put out to sea again she could still hear the affrighted cry of the peasants from the cliff, — or was it only the plaintive echo of her own thoughts? — "*War! war! war! war!*"

XIX.

"A moment, Monsieur le Duc."

The duke turned at the door, and looked with listless inquiry into the face of the minister of marine, who, picking up an official paper from his table, ran an eye down it, marked a point with the sharp corner of his snuff-box, and handed the document to his visitor, saying, "Our roster of English prisoners taken in the action off Brest."

The duke, puzzled, lifted his glass and scanned the roster mechanically.

"No, no; just where I have marked," interposed the minister.

"My dear Monsieur Dalbarade," remarked the other a little querulously, "I do not see what interest" —

He stopped short, however, looked closer at the document, and then lowering it in a sort of amazement seemed about to speak; but instead he raised the paper again and fixed his eyes intently on the spot indicated by the minister.

"Most curious," he said after a moment, making little nods of his head toward Dalbarade; "my own name — and an English prisoner, you say?"

"Exactly so; and he gave our fellows some hard knocks before his frigate went on the reefs."

"Strange that the name should be my own. I never heard of an English branch of our family."

A quizzical smile passed over the face of the minister, adding to his visitor's mystification. "But suppose he were English, yet French too?" he rejoined.

"I fail to understand the international entanglement," answered the duke stiffly.

"He is an Englishman whose name and native language are French; he speaks as good French as your own."

The duke peevishly tapped a chair with his stick. "I am no reader of riddles, monsieur," he said with acidity, although eager to know more concerning this Englishman of the same name as himself, the ruler of the sovereign duchy of Bercy.

"Shall I bid him enter?" asked the minister.

The duke's face relaxed a little, for the truth was, at this moment of his long

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life he was deeply concerned with his own name and all who bore it.

"Is he here, then?" he asked, nodding assent.

"In the next room," answered the minister, turning to a bell and ringing. "I have him here for examination, and was but beginning when I was honored by your highness's presence." He bowed politely, yet there was, too, a little mockery in the bow, which did not escape his visitor.

A subaltern entered, received an order, and disappeared. The duke withdrew to the embrasure of a window, and immediately the prisoner was gruffly announced.

The young Englishman stood quietly waiting, his quick eyes going from Dalbarade to the wizened figure by the window and back again to the minister. His look carried both calmness and defiance, but the defiance came from a sense of injury and unmerited disgrace.

"Monsieur," said the minister with austerity, "in your further examination we shall need to repeat some questions."

The prisoner nodded indifferently, and for a brief space there was silence. The duke stood by the window, the minister by his table. Suddenly, the prisoner, with an abrupt motion of the hand toward two chairs, said, with an assumption of ordinary politeness, "Will you not be seated?"

The remark was so odd in its coolness and effrontery, it struck the duke as so whimsical, that he chuckled audibly. The minister was completely taken aback. He glanced stupidly at the two chairs — the only ones in the room — and at the prisoner. Then the insolence of the thing began to work upon him, and he was about to burst forth, when the duke came forward, and, politely moving a chair near to the young commander, said, "My profound compliments, Monsieur le Capitaine. I pray you accept this chair."

With quiet self-possession and a matter-of-course air the Englishman bowed politely and seated himself; then, with a motion of the hand backward toward the door, he said, "I 've been standing five hours with some of those moutons in the anteroom. My profound thanks to monseigneur!"

Touching the angry minister on the arm, the duke remarked quietly, "Dear monsieur, will you permit me a few questions to the young gentleman?"

At that moment there came a tap at the door, and an orderly entered with a letter to the minister, who glanced at it hurriedly, then turned to his companions, as though in doubt what to do.

"I will be responsible for the prisoner, if you must leave us," said the duke at once.

"For a little, for a little, — a matter of moment with the minister of war," answered Dalbarade, nodding; and with an air of abstraction he left the room.

The duke withdrew to the window again, and seated himself in the embrasure, at some little distance from the Englishman, who got up and brought his chair closer. The warm sunlight, streaming through the window, was now upon his face, which hitherto had been a little pale, and strengthened it, giving it fullness and fire, and making more vivid the eye.

"How long have you been a prisoner, monsieur?" inquired the duke, at the same time acknowledging the other's politeness with a bow.

"Since March, monseigneur."

"*Monseigneur* again, — a man of judgment," said the duke to himself, pleased to have his exalted station recognized. "H'm! and it is now June, — three months, monsieur! You have been well used, monsieur?"

"Vilely, monseigneur," answered the other. "A shipwrecked enemy should never be made a prisoner, or at least he should be enlarged on parole; but I have been confined like a pirate in a sink of a jail."

"Of what country are you?"

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Raising his eyebrows in amazement, the young man answered, "I am an Englishman, monseigneur."

"Monsieur is of England, then?"

"Monseigneur, I am an English officer."

"You speak French well, monsieur."

"Which serves me well in France, as you see, monseigneur."

The duke was a trifle nettled. "Where were you born, monsieur?"

There was a short pause, and then the prisoner, who had enjoyed the other's mystification, said, "On the Isle of Jersey, monseigneur."

The perplexed and petulant look passed immediately from the face of the questioner; the horizon was clear at once.

"Ah, then you are French, monsieur!"

"My flag is the English flag; I was born a British subject, and I shall die one," replied the other steadily, and it might seem somewhat obstinately.

"The sentiment sounds estimable," returned the duke; "but as for life and death, and what we are or what we may be, we are the sport of Fate." His brow clouded. "I myself was born under a monarchy; I shall probably die under a republic. I was born a Frenchman; I may die" — His tone had become low and cynical, and he broke off suddenly, as though he had said more than he meant. "Then you are a Norman, monsieur," he added in a louder tone.

"Once all Jerseymen were Normans, and so were many Englishmen, monseigneur."

"I come of Norman stock, too, monsieur," remarked the duke graciously, yet eying the young man keenly.

"Monseigneur has not the kindred advantage of being English," said the prisoner dryly.

The Frenchman protested with a deprecatory wave of the fingers and a flash of the sharp eyes, and then, after a slight pause, asked, "What is your name, monsieur?"

"Philip d'Avranche," was the brief reply. Then he added, with a droll impudence, "And monseigneur's, by monseigneur's leave?"

The duke smiled, and that smile relieved the sourness, the fret, of a face which had care and discontent written upon every line of it. It was a face that had never known happiness. It had known diversion, however, and unusual diversion it knew at this moment.

"My name," he said, with curious deliberation and a penetrating, quizzical look, "my name is Philip d'Avranche."

The young man's quick, watchful eyes fixed themselves like needles on the duke's face. Through his brain there ran a succession of queries and speculations, and dominating them all was one clear question, — was he to gain anything by this strange conversation? Who was this great man with a name the same as his own, this crabbed nobleman with skin as yellow as an orange and a body like an orange squeezed dry? He could surely mean him no harm, however, for flashes of kindliness had lighted the shriveled face as he talked. His look was bent in piercing comment and humor upon Philip, who, trying hard to solve the mystery, now made a tentative rejoinder to the duke's statement. Rising from his chair and bowing profoundly, he said, with a shrewd foreknowledge of the effect of his words, "I had not before thought my own name of such consequence."

The old man grunted amiably. "My faith, the very name begets a towering conceit wherever it goes," he answered, and he brought his stick down on the floor with such vehemence that the emerald and ruby rings rattled on his shrunken fingers. "Be seated — cousin," he said, with dry compliment, for Philip had remained standing, as if with the unfeigned respect of a cadet in the august presence of the head of his house. It was a sudden and bold suggestion, and it was not lost on the duke. The aged nobleman

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was too keen an observer not to see the designed flattery; but he was in a mood when flattery was palatable, inasmuch as many of his own class were arrayed against him for not having joined the army of the Vendée, and the revolutionists, with whom he had compromised, for the safety of his lands of d'Avranche and his duchy of Bercy, regarded him with suspicion, — sometimes with a sinister suspicion. Between the two — for at heart he was most profoundly a royalist — he bided his time, in some peril, but with no fear. The spirit of this young Englishman of his own name pleased him; the flattery, patent as it was, gratified him, for in revolutionary France few treated him now with becoming respect; even the minister of marine, with whom he was on good terms, called him "citizen" at times.

All at once it flashed upon Philip that this old man must be the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, of that family of d'Avranche from which his own came in long descent, — even from the days of Rollo, Duke of Normandy. He recalled on the instant the token of fealty of the ancient house of d'Avranche, — the offering of a sword.

"Your serene highness," he said, with great deference and as great tact, "I must first offer my homage to the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy" — Then with a sudden pause, as though he had but now remembered, and a whimsical look, he added, "But indeed, I had forgotten; they have taken away my sword."

"We shall see," answered the prince, well pleased, "we shall see about that sword. Be seated," he said once again. Then, "Tell me now, monsieur, of your family, of your ancestry." His eyes were bent on Philip with great intentness, and his thin lips tightened in some unaccountable agitation.

Philip instantly responded. He explained how, in the early part of the thirteenth century, after the great crusade against the Albigenses, a cadet of the house of d'Avranche had emigrated to England, and had come to place and honor under Henry III., who gave to the son of this d'Avranche certain tracts of land in Jersey, where he settled. Philip had descended in a direct line from this same receiver of king's favors, and was now the only representative of his family.

While Philip spoke, the duke never took eyes from his face, — that face so facile in the display of feeling or emotion. The voice, too, had a lilt of health and vitality which rang on the ears of age pleasantly. As he listened, he thought of his eldest son, partly imbecile, all but a *lusus naturæ*, separated from his wife immediately after marriage, and through whom there could never be succession, — he thought of him, and for the millionth time in his life he winced in impotent disdain. He thought, too, of his beloved second son, lying in a soldier's grave in Macedonia; of the buoyant resonance of that bygone voice; of the soldierly good spirits like to the good spirits of the prisoner before him; and "his heart yearned toward the young man exceedingly." If — if that second son had lived, there would be now no compromising with this republican government of France; he would be fighting for the white flag with the golden lilies over in the Vendée.

"Your ancestors were mine, then," remarked the duke gravely, after a pause, "though I had not heard of that emigration to England. However — however. Come, tell me of the engagement in which you lost your ship," he added hurriedly, in a low tone. He was now so intent that he did not stir in his seat, but sat rigidly still, regarding Philip kindly. Something in the last few moments' experience had loosened the puckered skin, had softened the crabbed look in the face, and Philip had no longer doubt of the duke's friendly intentions.

"I had the frigate Araminta, twenty-four guns, a fortnight out from Portsmouth," responded Philip at once. "We

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fell in with a French frigate, thirty guns. She was well to leeward of us, and the Araminta bore up under all sail, keen for action. The enemy was as ready as ourselves for a brush, and tried to get the weather of us; but, failing, she shortened sail and gallantly waited for us. The Araminta overhauled her on the weather quarter, and hailed. She responded with cheers and defiance, — as sturdy a foe as man could wish. We lost no time in getting to work, and, both running before the wind, we fired broadsides as we cracked on. It was tit for tat for a while, with splinters flying and neither of us in the eye of advantage; but at last the Araminta shot away the mainmast and wheel of the Niobe, and she wallowed like a tub in the trough of the sea. We bore down on her, and our carronades raked her like a comb. Then we fell thwart her hawse, and a couple of 32-pounders through her stern-ports made wild havoc. But before we could board her she veered, and, lurching, fell upon us, carrying away our foremast. We had scarce cut clear of the tangle, and were making once more to board her, when I saw to windward two French frigates bearing down on us under full sail. And then " —

The prince exclaimed in surprise, " I had not heard of *that!* They did not tell the world of those odds against you."

" Odds and to spare, Monsieur le Duc! We had had all we could manage in the Niobe, though she was now disabled, and we could hurt her no more. If the others came up on our weather, we should be chewed like a bone in a mastiff's jaws. If she must fight again, the Araminta would be little fit for action till we cleared away the wreckage of masts and rigging; so I sheered off to make all sail. We ran under courses with what canvas we had, and got away with a fair breeze and a good squall whitening to windward, while our decks were being cleared for action again. The guns on the main deck had done good service and kept their places; we were all right there. On the quarter-deck and fo'castle there was more amiss; but as I watched the frigates overhauling us I took heart of grace still, for I could hear the creaking and screaming of the carronade-slides, the rattling of the carriages of the long 12-pounders amidships as they were shotted and run out again, the thud of the carpenters' hammers as the shot-holes were plugged, — good sounds in the ears of a fighter " —

" Of a d'Avranche, of a d'Avranche! " interposed the prince softly.

" We were in no bad way, and my men were ready for another brush with our enemies, everything being done that could be done, everything in its place," continued Philip. " When the frigates were a fair gunshot off, I saw that the squall was overhauling us faster than they. This meant good fortune if we wished escape, bad luck if we would rather fight. But I had no time to think of that, for up comes Shoreham, my lieutenant, with a face all white. 'For God's sake, d'Avranche,' says he, 'shoal water, — shoal water! We 're ashore!' So much, Monsieur le Prince, for Admiralty charts and soundings! It 's a hateful thing to see, — the light green water, the deadly *sissing* of the straight narrow ripples like the grooves of a washboard; a ship's length ahead the water breaking over the reefs, two frigates behind ready to eat us.

" Up we came to the wind; the sheets were let run, and away flew the halyards. All to no purpose, for a minute later we came broadside on the reef, and were impaled on a pinnacle of rock. The end was n't long in coming. The Araminta lurched off the reef on the swell. We watched our chance as she rolled, and hove overboard our broadside of long 12-pounders. But it was no use. The swishing of the water as it spouted from the scuppers was a deal louder than the clang of the chain-pumps.

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It did n't last long. The gale spilled itself upon us, and the Araminta, sick and spent, slowly settled down. The last I saw of her" — Philip raised his voice as though he would hide what he felt behind an unsentimental loudness — "was the white pennant at the maintopgallant masthead. A little while, and then I did n't see it, and — and so good-by to my first command! . . . Then," — he smiled ironically, — "then I was made prisoner by the two French frigates, and have been held in confinement ever since, contrary to every decent principle of warfare; and now here I am, Monsieur le Duc!"

The duke had listened with an immovable attention, his gray eyebrows twitching now and then, his eyes looking out beneath them like sentinels, his arid face betraying a grim enjoyment. When Philip had finished, he still sat looking at him with steady, slow-blinking eyes, as though unwilling to break the spell which the tale had thrown round him. But a semi-abstraction, an inquisition of the eye, a slight cocking of the head as though weighing important things, the ringed fingers softly drumming on the stick before him, — all these told Philip that something was at stake concerning himself.

The old man was just about to speak, when the door of the room opened, and the minister of marine entered. The minister looked at the two inquiringly, and the duke, rising and courteously laying a hand on Dalbarade's arm, drew him aside, and engaged him in whispered conversation, of which the subject seemed unwelcome to the minister, for now and then he interrupted sharply.

As the two stood fretfully debating, the door of the room again opened, and there appeared an athletic, adventurous-looking officer in brilliant uniform, who was smiling at something called after him from the antechamber. His blue coat was spick and span, and very gay with double embroidery at the collar, coat-tails, and pockets. His white waistcoat and trousers were spotless. His netted sash of blue with its stars on the silver tassels had a look of studied elegance. His black three-cornered hat, broidered with gold and adorned with three ostrich tips of red and a white and blue aigrette, was, however, the glory of his bravery. Philip thought him young to be a general of division, for such his double embroideries and aigrette proclaimed him.

He had a face of considerable force, and as much humor, with also a touch of unscrupulousness, and more than a touch of egotism. He glanced at Philip, and with a half-quizzical but good-natured smile replied to his salute.

"Dalbarade, Dalbarade," said he to the minister, "I have but an hour — Ah, Monsieur le Prince!" he added suddenly, as the latter came hurriedly toward him, and, grasping his hand warmly, drew him over where Dalbarade was standing. Philip now knew beyond doubt that he was the subject of debate, for all the time that the duke, in a low tone, half cordial, half querulous, spoke to the newcomer, the latter let his eyes wander curiously toward Philip. That he was an officer of unusual importance was to be seen from the deference paid him by Dalbarade.

All at once he made a polite gesture toward the duke, and, turning to the minister, said in a cavalier-like tone and with a touch of patronage, "Yes, yes, Dalbarade; it is of no consequence, and I myself will be surety for both." Then turning to the nobleman, he added, "We are beginning to square accounts, duke. Last time we met I had a large favor of you, and to-day you have a small favor of me. Pray present me to your kinsman here before you take him with you," and he turned squarely toward Philip.

Philip could scarcely believe his ears. The duke's kinsman! Had the duke then asked for and obtained his release on the ground that they were of kin, —

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a kinship which, even if authentic, must go back six centuries for proof?

Yet here he was being introduced to the revolutionary general as "my kinsman of the isles of Normandy." Here, too, was the same General Grandjon-Larisse applauding him on his rare fortune to be thus released on parole through the Duc de Bercy, and quoting with a laugh, half sneer and half raillery, the old Norman proverb, "A Norman dead a thousand years will still cry, 'Haro! Haro!' if you tread on his grave." So saying, he saluted the duke with a liberal flourish of the hand and a friendly bow, and turned away to Dalbarade.

A half-hour later Philip was outside with the duke, walking slowly through the courtyard to an open gateway, where waited a carriage with unliveried coachman and outriders. No word was spoken till they entered the carriage and were driven swiftly away.

"Whither now, your serene highness?" asked Philip.

"To the duchy," answered the other shortly, and relapsed into sombre meditation.

XX.

The castle of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, was set upon a vast rock, and the town of Bercy huddled round the foot of it and on great granite ledges some distance up. With two hundred defenders, the castle, on its lofty pedestal, might have resisted ten times two thousand assailants; and indeed, it had done so more times than there were pearls in the rings of the present duke who had rescued Commander Philip d'Avranche from the clutches of the red government.

Upon the castle waved the republican tricolor, where for a thousand years had floated a royal banner. When France's great trouble came to her, and the nobles fled or went to fight for the King in the Vendée, the old duke, with a dreamy indifference to the opinion of Europe, had proclaimed alliance with the new government. He had felt, rightly or wrongly, that he was privileged in being thus selfish, and he had made the alliance that he might pursue unchecked the one remaining object of his existence.

This object had now grown from a habit into a passion. He let nothing stand in the way of it; he hoisted the tricolor because of it, and he compromised his principles for peace in which to pursue it. It was now his life, his goal, to arrange a new succession which should exclude the Vaufontaines, a detested branch of the Bercy family. There had been an ancient feud between his family and this house of Vaufontaine, whose rights to the succession, following his eldest son, were thus far paramount. For three years past he had had a monastery of Benedictine monks at work to find some collateral branch from which he might take a representative to make successor to Leopold John, his imbecile heir, but to no purpose.

In more than a little the duke was superstitious, and on the day when he met Philip d'Avranche in the chamber of M. Dalbarade he had twice turned back toward his hotel in Paris after starting, so extreme was his dislike to pay the visit to the revolutionary minister. He had nerved himself to the distasteful duty, however, and had gone. When he saw the name of the young English prisoner — his own name — staring him in the face, he had had such a thrill as a miracle might have sent through the veins of a doubting Christian.

Since that minute, he, like Philip, had been in a kind of dream, pleasing, but anxious: on his part, to find in the young man, if possible, an heir and successor; on Philip's, to make real great possibilities. There had slipped past two months, wherein Philip had seen a new avenue of life opening before him. He had been shut out from the world, cut off from all connection with England and his past; for M. Dalbarade

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had made it a condition of release that he should hold no communication with any one whatever while at Château Bercy. He was as completely in a new world as though he had been transplanted; he was as entirely in the atmosphere of fresh ambitions as though he were beginning the world again. For almost from the first the old nobleman treated him like a son. He spoke freely to him of the most private family matters; he consulted with him; he seemed to lean upon him. He alluded often, in oblique phrase, to adoption and succession. To imagine that Philip was idly watching the miraculous possibility without furthering its certainty would argue an arch-unconsciousness not his own. From the first moment of their meeting he had seen the bent of the old nobleman's mind, and had fostered and fed it. Ambition was the deepest passion in him, even as defeating the hopes of the Vaufontaines was a religion with the duke. Philip's habit of life was to encourage all favors that came his way, upon the ground that even every gift or advantage declined only makes a man more secure in the good will of the world he courts. By no trickery, but by a persistent good nature, alertness of speech, avoidance of dangerous topics, and aptness in anecdote or information, he had hourly made his position stronger in the castle of Bercy. He had also tactfully declined an offer of money from the prince, — none the less decidedly because he was nearly penniless. The duke's hospitality he was ready to accept, but not his purse.

Yet he was not in all acting a part. He was sincere in his liking for the soured, bereaved sovereign, with an heir who was at once an offense and a reproach, and forced to endure alliance with a government he loathed. He even admired the duke for his vexing idiosyncrasies, for they came of a strong individuality which, in happier case, should have made him a contented and beloved monarch. As it was, the people of his duchy were loyal to him beyond telling, doing his bidding without cavil, standing for the King of France at his will, declaring for the republic at his command; for, whatever the duke was to the world outside, within his duchy he was just and benevolent, if imperious. The people endured his furies uncomplainingly, for they knew that it was for the sake of the duchy as much as for his own house that he mourned the imbecile son; and they, like himself, had no wish to see the house of Bercy ingrafted with the house of Vaufontaine.

All these things Philip had come to know in his short sojourn. He had, with the duke, mingled freely among the people of the duchy, and had been introduced everywhere and at all times as the duke's kinsman, — "in a direct line from an ancient branch," as his highness declared. He had been received gladly, and he knew well a rumor had gone abroad that the old nobleman had chosen him for heir. A wild rumor, maybe, yet who could tell? He had made himself an agreeable figure in the duchy, to the delight of his patron, who watched his every motion, every word, and their effect.

One day the duke arranged a conference of the civil and military officers of his duchy. He chuckled to see how reluctant they all were at first to concede their homage to his favorite, and how soon they fell under that favorite's influence, — all save one man, the intendant of the duchy, charged with the trusteeship of the eldest son, Leopold John. Philip himself was quick to see that this man, Comte Carignan Damour, was bitterly opposed to him, apprehensive for his own selfish ends. But Damour was one among many, and the duke was entirely satisfied.

On this very day, too, was laid before him the result of the long researches of the monks into the genealogy of the d'Avranches; and there, clearly enough,

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was confirmation of all Philip had said about his ancestors and their relation to the ancient house of d'Avranche. The duke was overjoyed, and thereupon quietly made ready for the formal adoption and establishment in succession. It never occurred to him that Philip might refuse.

One afternoon he sent for Philip to come to him in the highest room of the tower. It was in this room that, many years before, his young and noble wife, from the province of Aquitaine, had given birth to the second son of the house of Bercy, and had died a year later, happy that she should at last leave behind a healthy, beautiful child to do her honor in her lord's eyes.

In this same room the duke and the brave second son had spent unnumbered hours; and here it had come home to him that the young wife was faultless as to the elder, else she had not borne him this perfect younger son. Thus her memory came to be adored; and thus, when the noble second son, the glory of his house and of his heart, was slain, the duke still went to the little upper room for his communion of remembrance. Hour after hour he would sit looking from the great window out over the wide green valley, mourning bitterly, and feeling his heart shrivel up within him, his body grow crabbed and cold, and his face sour and scornful.

When Philip now entered this sanctuary, the duke nodded and motioned him to a chair. In silence he accepted, and in silence they sat for a long time. Philip knew the history of this little room; he had learned it first from Frange Pergot, the porter at the castle gates. The silence gave him opportunity to recall the whole story.

At last the motionless brown figure huddled in the great chair, not looking at Philip, but out over the wide green valley, began to speak in a low, measured tone, as a dreamer might recite his dream or a priest proclaim his vision: —

"A breath of life has come again to me through you. Centuries ago our ancestors were brothers, — far back in the direct line, brothers, — the monks have proved it. Now I shall have my spite of the Vaufontaines, and now shall I have another son, strong, and with good blood to beget good blood."

A strange, lean sort of smile passed over his lips, his eyebrows twitched, his hands clenched the arm of the chair wherein he sat, and he made a motion of his jaws as though he were enjoying some toothsome morsel.

"H'm! Henri Vaufontaine shall see, — and all his tribe shall see! They shall not feed upon these lands of the d'Avranches, they shall not carouse at my table, when I am gone and the fool I begot has returned to his Maker. The fault of him was never mine, but God's, — does the Almighty think we can forget that? I was ever sound and strong. When I was twenty I killed two men with my own sword at a blow; when I was thirty, to serve the King, I rode a hundred and twenty miles in one day, — from Paris to Dracourt it was. We d'Avranches have been men of power always. We fought for Christ's sepulchre in the Holy Land, and three bishops and two archbishops have gone from us to speak God's cause to the world. And my wife, — she came of the purest stock of Aquitaine, and she was constant in her prayers. What distemper and discourtesy was it, then, for God, who hath been served well by us, to serve me in return so churlishly, with such mockery, — to send me a bloodless zany, whom his wife left ere the wedding-meats were cold!"

His foot tapped the floor in anger, his eyes wandered restlessly out over the green expanse. Suddenly a dove perched upon the window-sill before him. His quick, shifting gaze settled upon it and stayed, softening and quieting. Presently he said in a low voice: —

"It was just such a dove came on the

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very day that my second son was born, and my princess said to me: 'Behold the good omen! Now shall my agony be as nothing, for this is my assurance of a good gift from God.' So it was, for back and forward the dove came while her pangs and sufferings were on her, and she smiled in hope, till that a brave strong man child was born into the world. She lived a little longer by reason of her pride and joy, and then she died. Yet it was but the mockery of God, for the lad was swept down in his youth like a wisp of corn in the wind!"

After a slight pause he turned to Philip and spoke in a still lower tone: "Last night in the chapel I spake to God, and I said: 'Lord God, let there be fair speech between us. Wherefore hast thou nailed me like a malefactor to the tree? Why didst thou send me a fool to lead our house, and afterward a lad as fine and strong as Absalom, and again snatch him from me, and leave me wifeless, with a prince to follow me who is the byword of men, the scorn of women — and of the Vaufontaines?'"

He paused again, and his eyes seemed to pierce Philip's, as though he would read if each word was burning its way into his brain.

"As I stood there alone, a voice spoke to me as plainly as now I speak to you, and said: 'Have done with railing. It is written, the first shall be last, and the last first. That which was the elder's shall be given to the younger. The tree hath grown crabbed and old; it beareth no longer. Behold the young sapling by thy door; I have planted it there. The seed is the seed of the old tree. Cherish it, lest it have no nourishment and die, and a grafted tree mock thee.'" His voice rose triumphantly. "Yes, yes, I heard it with my own ears, the voice. The crabbed tree, that is the main line, dying in me; the grafted tree is the Vaufontaine, the interloper and the mongrel; and the sapling from the same seed as the crabbed old tree," — he reached out as though to clutch Philip's arm, but drew back, sat erect in his chair, and said in a voice of decision, — "the sapling is Philip d'Avranche, of the Isle of Jersey."

For a moment there was silence between the two. A strong wind came rushing up the valley in the clear sunlight, the great trees beneath the castle swayed, and the flapping of the tricolor could be heard within. The dove, caught up on the wave of wind, sailed away down the widening glade.

Philip's first motion was to stand up and say, "I dare not think your highness intends in very truth to accept me as your kinsman."

"And why not, why not?" testily answered the duke. Then he added more kindly, "Why not? Come, tell me that, cousin. Is it then distasteful?"

Philip's heart gave a leap and his face flushed. "I have no other kinsman," he replied, in a low tone of feeling. "I knew I had your friendship, — else all the evidences of your goodness to me were mockery; but I had scarce let myself count on the higher, more intimate honor, — I, a poor commander in the English navy."

He said the last words slowly, for, whatever else he was, he was a loyal English sailor, and he wished the Duc de Bercy to know it, — the more convincingly, the better for the part he was going to play in this duchy, if all things favored.

"Tut, tut! what has that to do with it?" returned the duke. "What has poverty to do with blood? Younger sons are always poor, younger cousins poorer. As for the captaincy of an English warship, that's of no consequence where greater games are playing, eh?"

He eyed Philip keenly, yet rather quizzically too, and there was an unasked question in his look. He was a critic of human nature; he understood the code of honor, — none better; his was a mind that might be willfully but never crassly blind. He was selfish where this young

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gentleman was concerned, yet he knew well how the same gentleman ought to think, speak, and act.

The moment of the great test was come.

Philip could not read behind the strange, shriveled face. Instinct could help him much, but it could not interpret that parchment. He did not know whether his intended reply would alienate the duke or not; but if it did, then he must bear it. He had come, as he thought, to the crux of this adventure. Whatever he was, he was an officer of the English navy, and he was not the man to break the code of professional honor lightly. If favor and adoption must depend upon his answer, well, let it be; his last state could not be worse than his first.

So, still standing, he gave his answer boldly, yet quietly, his new kinsman watching him with a grim curiosity. "Monsieur le Prince," said Philip, "I am used to poverty, — that matters little; but whatever you intend toward me, — and I am persuaded it is to my great honor and happiness, — I am, and must still remain, an officer of the English navy."

The old man's brow contracted, and his reply came cold and incisive: "The navy, — that is a bagatelle; I had hoped to offer you kinship and heritage. Pooh, pooh! commanding a frigate is a trade, a mere trade!"

Philip's face did not stir a muscle. He was in spirit the born adventurer, the gamester who could play for life's largest stakes, lose all, draw a long breath — and begin all over again.

"It 's a busy time in my trade now, as Monsieur Dalbarade would tell you."

The duke's lips compressed as though in anger. "You mean to say, monsieur, that you would let this wretched war between France and England stand before our personal kinship and alliance! What are you and I in this great shuffle of events? Have less egotism, less vanity, monsieur. You are no more than a million others; and I — I am nothing. Come, come, there is more than one duty in the life of every man, and he must choose some time between one and the other. England does not need you," — his voice and manner softened, he leaned toward Philip, the eyes almost closing as he peered into his face, — "but you are necessary to — to the house of Bercy."

"I was commissioned to a man-of-war in time of war," answered Philip quietly, "and I lost that man-of-war. When I can, it is my duty to go back to the powers that sent me forth. I am still an officer in full commission. Your highness knows well what honor demands of me."

"There are hundreds of officers to take your place; in the duchy of Bercy there is none to stand for you. You must choose between your trade and the claims of name and blood, — older than the English navy, older than Norman England."

Philip's color was as good, his manner as easy, as if nothing were at stake, but in his heart he felt that the game was lost; he saw a storm gathering in the duke's eyes, — the disappointment which would break out into wrath, the injured vanity which would presently speak in snarling disdain. But he replied boldly, nevertheless, for he was resolved that even if he had to return from this duchy to prison, he would go with colors flying.

"The proudest moment of my life was when the Duc de Bercy called me kinsman," he responded; "the best" (had he then so utterly forgotten?) "was when he showed me friendship. Yet if my trade may not be reconciled with what he may intend for me, I must ask to be sent back to Monsieur Dalbarade." He smiled rather hopelessly, yet with a stoical disregard of consequences, and continued: "For my trade is in full swing these days, and I stand my chance

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of being exchanged and earning my daily bread again. At the Admiralty I am a master workman on full pay, but I'm not earning my salt here. With Monsieur Dalbarade my conscience would be easier."

He had played his last card, and he waited for the storm to break. Now he was prepared for the fury of a jaundiced, peevish, self-willed old man, who could not brook to be thwarted. He had quickly imagined it all, and not without reason; for surely a furious disdain was at the gray lips, lines of anger were corrugating the forehead, the rugose parchment face was fiery with distemper.

But what Philip expected did not come to pass, for, rising quickly to his feet, the duke took him by the shoulders, kissed him on both cheeks, and said, "My mind is made up, — my mind is made up. Nothing can change it. You have no father, cousin, — well, I will be your father. You shall retain your post in the English navy. Officer and patriot you shall be, if you choose. A brave man makes a better ruler. But now there is much to do. There is the concurrence of the English King to secure: that shall be — has already been — my business. There is the assent of Leopold John, the fool, to achieve: that I shall command. There are the grave formalities of adoption to arrange: these I shall expedite. You shall see, Master Insolence, you who 'd throw me and my duchy over for your trade, you shall see how we 'll make the Vaufontaines gnash their teeth!"

In his heart Philip was exultant, though outwardly he was calm. He was, however, unprepared for what followed. Suddenly the duke said, "One thing, cousin, one thing. You must marry in our order, and at once. There shall be no delay. Succession must be secured. I know the very woman, — the Comtesse Chantavoine, — young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow, — to-morrow."

Gilbert Parker.

(*To be continued.*)

A SUCCESSFUL BACHELOR.

I.

Few books are quite as amusing as the volumes which profess to give advice on how to live peacefully with one's wife or one's husband. Marriage is accounted a serious matter, but advice about marriage is sure to be humorous. Swift, Fielding, and Sterne are good to read, but one cannot read them always; their humor is too robust and virile, they are at times almost painfully intellectual. It is a relief to turn from Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy to those masterpieces of unconscious humor which set forth with the exactness of a newly painted guide-post the order of his going who wishes to achieve happiness in the married state. The contented man laughs as he reads such books, because he knows how independent is his own marital felicity of small rules and infinitesimal plottings. The man who is unhappily married laughs, too; in a way, however, which may mean that he wishes the author of the book had *his* wife to contend with.

For these Guides to a Prosperous Domestic Career are written by men, — a fact which needs interpretation. Men have always shown a pathetic courage in grappling with such high themes. From John Lyly who maintained that wives

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should be subdued with kindness, and Jeremy Taylor who took the advanced and perilous position that a husband ought not to beat his wife, down to the latest theorizer who imagines that his placid domestic state is of his own shaping, and who does not perceive how adroitly he is managed by the feminine element of his household, men, and only men, have had the desperate courage to explain to the married world what it must do to be content. And these bold spirits have had their financial reward. There are many roads to fame, but this way fortune lies. If you would be noted, — or quite as likely, notorious, — write a novel. If you would have your human document in the magazines, and your opinions on subjects about which you know nothing set forth in the Sunday newspapers, write a novel. But if you would be *rich*, write a book which shall instruct married people how to make the best of their uncomfortable situation.

On the whole, it may be conceded that this department of literature is overdone. We want books of quite another description. More interest should be taken in bachelors. Their need is greater, and their condition really deplorable. It is a misfortune to be unhappily married, but it comes near to being a disgrace not to be married at all. Marriage is a perilous undertaking, but what shall be thought of him who hesitates because it is perilous? We may not care to go to the length of affirming that bachelors are cowardly, but we must grant that they are socially nondescript. It is possible to respect a bachelor, but it is impossible to be at ease with him. Not without reason does the world speak of a married man as "settled." There is something final in the condition of a Benedict. You know where to find him, or at least you know where he should be found. But of a bachelor you know nothing. Bachelorhood is a normal condition up to a certain period in a man's life, and after that it is abnormal. He who elects to remain unmarried elects to become queer. It is wonderful how readily most men adapt themselves to the conditions of matrimonial existence. Almost any man can become a fairly respectable husband; but to be a successful bachelor implies unusual gifts. I once met in the Northwest a middle-aged writer of verse who gave me four volumes of his works, "composed, printed, and bound" by himself. He said, "This country is crying for a national poet, and I want the job." But he was mistaken. This country is crying for help in taking care of its timid bachelors, help in marrying them off; and if they will not marry, help in getting them well housed and neatly mended. And the greatest need is the book which shall instruct the bachelor how to make glad the desert regions of his solitary existence, how to fill the vacuities with which his life is perforated.

There have been successful bachelors, and among them none more successful than Henry Crabb Robinson. He died in February, 1867, at the age of ninety-two. The inscription on his tomb records the names of eight men of renown to whom he had sustained the relation of "friend and associate." The eight names are Goethe, Wordsworth, Wieland, Coleridge, Flaxman, Blake, Clarkson, and Charles Lamb. The list is striking, and clearly indicates the wide range of Crabb Robinson's sympathies. To each of these men he rendered the tribute of a hearty and discriminating admiration. His place in the world of literature and art was peculiar. He had a strong masculine regard for men of genius because they were men of genius, but no measure of self-interest mixed with this regard. He had not the creative power himself, but he understood that power in others. He was not a mere satellite, for he held distinctly a critical attitude at times; and no commonplace moon ever thinks of passing strictures upon the central sun. We need a word to express the

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relation. To men of genius he gave the encouragement and stimulus of a dignified admiration based on solid reasons. To the general reading public he was a sort of mentor; his good sense in other matters awakened confidence in the soundness of his judgment; his catholicity of taste operated to allay that prejudice which the mob always conceives against a poet who is both new and queer.

One of Crabb Robinson's qualifications for successful bachelorhood lay in the fact that he was not good-looking. I have heard men who were handsome complain about it as a positive disadvantage. Tawno Chikno did not find beauty embarrassing; he only regretted that he was not a writer, so that he might tell the world how beautiful he was. Conventional persons would hardly dare to express themselves with the naïveté which characterized the speech of this gypsy gentleman.

Robinson early learned to make the best of his physical disadvantages, and to view himself objectively with an amused interest. When he was in Weimar, in 1829, he spent five evenings with Goethe. Goethe was fond of "portrait memorials," and had several hundred of them. Robinson thought it an "extreme instance" of this taste that the poet should have insisted upon having *his* portrait. It was done in crayons by "one Schmeller," and must have been a success, for Crabb says, "It was frightfully ugly, and very like." And when he was once complimented on the success of his portrait by Masquerier, and told that it was just the picture one would wish to have of a friend, his "very best expression," Robinson dryly observed, "It need be the best to be endurable."

Walter Bagehot, who used to figure at Crabb Robinson's famous breakfasts, expatiates on Robinson's chin, — "a chin of excessive length and portentous power of extension." The old gentleman "made very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis." "Just at the point of the story he pushed it out and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh."

Miss Fenwick (Wordsworth's Miss Fenwick) pronounced Mr. Robinson downright *ugly*, and underscored the word. It seems that there was a great variety in his ugliness, — "a series of ugliness in quick succession, one look more ugly than the one which preceded it, particularly when he is asleep. He is always asleep when he is not talking." "On which occasions little Willy contemplates him with great interest, and often inquires, 'What kind of face has Mr. Robinson?' 'A very nice face,' is the constant answer; then a different look comes, and another inquiry of 'What kind of face was that?' 'A *nice face* too.' What an odd idea he must have of nice faces!" [1]

Miss Fenwick was of the opinion that a man could not preserve kindliness and courtesy in the bachelor state unless he had something the matter with him; that is, unless he was the victim of some misfortune which kept him "humble, grateful, and loving." "I remember," she says in the letter just quoted, "making out to my own satisfaction that old Wishaw preserved his benevolence through the want of his leg, a want that made him feel his dependence on his fellow creatures." And she concludes that "Robinson's ugliness had done for him what the want of a leg had done for old Wishaw."

II.

If one were to take out the important episodes of Crabb Robinson's life, pack them together, suppress the dull passages and the monotonous incidents, it would seem that this man had had a brilliant career. He lived long, which gave him time to see many things; he had good health, which enabled him to

[1] Letter from Miss Fenwick to Henry Taylor, January 26, 1839.

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enjoy what he saw. Life tasted sweet to him up to the last day, and almost to the last hour. His wholesome curiosity about good books and good people never failed. The effect of reading his Diary is to make one ambitious to live long; and if the book were more generally read, I am sure that longevity would be greatly on the increase among us.

Let us note a few facts which bring out the stretch of time through which his experiences lay. Many men have lived more years than he, but they have not had Robinson's gift for friendship nor Robinson's opportunities. He was born in 1775. In 1790 he heard John Wesley preach "in the great round meeting-house at Colchester." "On each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten." Sixty-two years after this date Crabb Robinson was attending church at Brighton, listening to that gifted man the Reverend Frederick W. Robertson; and when he was told that Robertson unsettled people's minds, he replied that nobody could be awakened out of a deep sleep without being unsettled.

He was able, as a matter of course, distinctly to remember the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the universal rejoicing in it as an "event of great promise." Though he was brought up an orthodox Dissenter, he, like many other orthodox Dissenters, sympathized with Dr. Priestley during the Birmingham riots. At a banquet he defended Priestley. A toast was given "in honor of Dr. Priestley and other Christian sufferers." Some bigot present objected that he did not know the doctor to be a Christian. Young Robinson answered that if this gentleman had read Priestley's Letter to the Swedenborgians he would have "learned more of real Christianity than he seemed to know."

From the French Revolution and the sufferings of English sympathizers therewith down to our American civil war is a long stretch, not by years alone, but by the multitude of changes which have on the whole bettered the conditions of human life. Crabb Robinson appears to have followed the events of the American struggle with keen interest, and on March 19, 1865, he writes to a friend: "Nothing has brought me so near to being a partisan of President Lincoln as his inaugural speech. How short and how wise! How true and how unaffected! It must make many converts. At least I should despair of any man who needs to be converted."

Crabb Robinson was past his majority when Lyrical Ballads was published. He outlived Wordsworth by twenty-seven years, and Coleridge by thirty-three years. He had seen Matthew Arnold as a boy in his father's house. In 1866, meeting Arnold at the Athenæum, he asked him for the name of his most remarkable book. The author of Essays in Criticism denied having written anything remarkable. "Then," said Robinson, "it must be some other Matthew Arnold whom they are talking about." Subsequently Arnold sent the old gentleman the volume of his essays, and the last note in the Diary records the interest he took in reading the essay on the Function of Criticism at the Present Time.

These facts bring out the limits of Robinson's experiences. He was eleven years old when Burns printed his poems at Kilmarnock, sixteen years old when Boswell's Life of Johnson was published, twenty-three when the Lyrical Ballads appeared, and he lived into the very year which saw the publication of William Morris's Jason and Swinburne's Song of Italy. Between these extremes lay his intellectual life; and there were few things worth knowing of which he did not know something, and few people worth cultivating whom he had not

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cultivated. It is a temptation to roll the great names of great people as sweet morsels under the tongue.

In early life Robinson studied in Germany. He met Goethe and Schiller. He saw a performance of Wallenstein's Tod at the court theatre of Weimar, both the great poets being present; Schiller in his seat near the ducal box, and Goethe in his armchair in the centre aisle. Robinson declared that Goethe was the most oppressively handsome man he had ever seen. He met Wieland, who told him that Pilgrim's Progress was the book in which he had learned to read English. He heard Gall lecture on craniology, "attended by Spurzheim as his famulus." He met Wolf and Griesbach, and also Herder, to whom he loaned the Lyrical Ballads. He saw Kotzebue, the dramatist, who was a star of considerable magnitude in those days. Robinson describes him as "a lively little man with black eyes." Another star rose above the Weimar horizon in the year 1803, and it was Madame de Staël. Robinson helped her in getting materials for her book on Germany, notably for the portions which related to German philosophy. Some years later, he was able to render her a considerable service in coming to terms with her English publisher.

When he returned to England to live he lost in no degree his "facility in forming acquaintance." He knew everybody outside of the circles which were purely fashionable. Being born a Dissenter, his "Dissenting connection" (I believe that is the phrase) would be very large. His attitude in this matter of the Church and Dissent was unusual, but easy to comprehend. He said he liked Dissent better than the Church, but he liked Churchmen better than Dissenters.

To mention but a few of the interesting people with whom he had personal relations. He knew Wakefield and Thelwall. He had an early passion for the writings of Godwin, used to see him occasionally, and once met Shelley at Godwin's house. He was interested in some plan to relieve Godwin from his financial difficulties, being one of many friends who were imposed upon by Godwin's incapability for doing anything financially productive.

He had been a Times correspondent in 1807, and his friendship for Walter was an undying one. In Walter's parlor he used to meet Peter Fraser, who in those days wrote the great leaders, the "flash articles which made the sensation." There it was that he saw old Combe, whose Dr. Syntax rich book-collectors still buy under the impression that it has something to do with literature. He used to play chess and drink tea with Mrs. Barbauld, and drink tea and play whist with Charles and Mary Lamb. One of his early loves was William Hazlitt, whom he pronounced clever before other people had learned to say it. He knew Coleridge, Southey, Flaxman, and Blake. His accounts of Coleridge give us some of the best side-lights that have been thrown upon that brilliant genius. He once heard Coleridge talk from three o'clock in the afternoon until twelve at night.

He knew Walter Savage Landor in Florence. Landor told him that he could not bear contradiction. "Certainly I frequently did contradict him," says Robinson. "Yet his attentions to me were unwearied." Landor gave Robinson a good word in a letter to a friend. It runs thus: "I wish some accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, a friend of Wordsworth. He was a barrister, and notwithstanding, both honest and modest, — a character I never heard of before." One of the prettiest incidents in the Diary is of Landor's sending his mastiff dog to take care of Crabb Robinson when he returned from Fiesole to Florence after midnight. "I could never make him leave me until I was at the city gate; and then on my

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patting him on the head, as if he were conscious his protection was no longer needed, he would run off rapidly."

III.

Crabb Robinson justified his existence if only by the services he rendered Wordsworth. He was an early and discriminating admirer. He championed Wordsworth's poetry at a time when champions were few and not influential. It must have been with special reference to the needs of poets like the author of Lyrical Ballads that the saying "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" was uttered. Yet I am not sure but there is a measure of woe in the condition of him of whom all men speak ill. At a time when critical disapprobation was pretty nearly unanimous Crabb Robinson's was one of the few voices in commendation. It was not a loud voice, but it was clear and impressive.

Friends of Wordsworth's art sometimes express surprise, and even anger, that the public should have been so slow in awaking to the merits of that art. There is at least no occasion for surprise. When one considers the length of time it takes to interest the public mind in the high qualities of a new brand of soap, he may reasonably conclude that it will take even longer to arouse interest in the transcendental qualities of a new brand of poetry. Some of Wordsworth's verse was not encouraging. One of the volumes of 1807 contains a poem beginning, "I met Louisa in the shade." This possibly struck readers as grotesque. Such a line provokes to irreverence. It is human nature to laugh and throw the volumes aside. But exactly at this point admirers like Henry Crabb Robinson began to exert their beneficent influence and to pay their unselfish homage.

Two sorts of homage are paid by lesser men to greater. The first sort consists in following one's idol about, noting the externals of his life, his diet, his dress, his gait; being solicitous as to the color of his necktie rather than the measure of his intellect. Homage of this kind seems to proceed on the theory that if you only stare long enough at a man's head, you will presently be rewarded by a sight of his mind. It invokes the aid of photography. The author is exhibited in his study, his pen in hand. An admiring world beholds him in literary surroundings with a flash-light expression of countenance. Perhaps we have him in six different positions, with a quoted remark supposed to be in keeping with each position. He is in the act of telling how his mind rose to the great thought which has made him famous and worthy to be illustrated. He is photographed saying to the camera, "This idea came to me as I was on the way from my front porch to my front gate."

Homage like this, so careful about externals, is not very good for the author, and is apt to be wholly bad in its effect upon the worshiper. Everybody has read Henry James's book entitled Terminations. It contains a story of a young American girl who waited upon a famous English novelist with a very large autograph album, in which she wished him to write a sentiment. I believe it is a quite general practice of young American girls abroad to travel with large autograph albums under their arms. It will be remembered, too, that the novelist's friend gently explained to the fair visitor that true worship of genius does not consist in collecting autographs, but in reading an author's works, in seeking their deeper meaning, and in making those works known in places where they will be understood. And the young lady was persuaded to depart, with tears in her eyes, and without the great novelist's autograph.

Crabb Robinson's way of paying homage was very delicate. I think that it would have met with the hearty approval of even the author of Terminations.

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He liked Wordsworth's poetry, and he did his unostentatious best to make others like it. He did not cry aloud from the housetop that the messiah of English verse had at last arrived, neither did he found a society. He spoke to people of Wordsworth's verse, got them to read it, occasionally read poems himself to receptive listeners. If people balked at Louisa in the Shade, or were unsympathetic in attitude toward the Spade, with which Wilkinson hath till'd his Lands, he urged upon them the necessity and the wisdom of judging a man by the noble parts of his work, and not by the less fortunate parts. If they had read Wordsworth only to laugh at him, he insisted upon reading to them those poems which compelled their admiration; for there are poems with respect to which the public cannot hold a non-committal attitude. The public must either admire, or else consent to stultify itself by not admiring.

By this method he did more to advance Wordsworth's reputation than if he had written a dozen eulogistic articles in the great reviews. And we cannot overpraise the single-heartedness of his aim. There was positively no thought of self in it. With many men that which begins as pure admiration of genius ends as a form of self-love. They worship the great man two thirds for his own sake, and one third for the sake of themselves. There is pleasure in being known as the friend of him about whom everybody is talking. But we shall look in vain for any evidence that Crabb Robinson was impelled by motives of this lower sort.

He may, therefore, be imagined as reading Wordsworth's poetry to more or less willing listeners all his life. He had too much tact to overdo it, and he was too catholic in his poetic tastes ever to grow an intolerant Wordsworthian. He was content to sow the seed, and let come of it what would. In his German tour of 1829 he spent a considerable portion of his time in reading poetry with his friend Knebel, "and after all I did not fully impress him with Wordsworth's power." He may even be suspected of having read Wordsworth to Goethe, for in his correspondence with Zelter Goethe speaks of Robinson as "a kind of missionary of English literature." "He read to me and my daughter, together and apart, single poems." In short, the Diary is studded with such entries as: "Took tea with the Flaxmans, and read to them extracts from Wordsworth's new poems." "My visit to Witham was made partly that I might have the pleasure of reading The Excursion to Mrs. W. Pattison." "A call on Blake, — my third interview. I read to him Wordsworth's incomparable ode, which he heartily enjoyed."

Crabb Robinson sacrificed in no degree his independence because of his personal relation to the poet. He regretted that Wordsworth should have reproached the bad taste of the times in his published notes and prefaces; and in a talk over the alterations which had been made in the poems Robinson frankly told Wordsworth that he did not dare to read aloud in company the lines "Three feet long and two feet wide." Wordsworth's reply was, "They ought to be liked."

It is rather a comfort to find from one or two of Wordsworth's letters how thoroughly human he was, even to the extent of getting out of conceit of his own trade, and wishing that petty practitioners in the same trade were out of conceit of it, too. He disliked minor poets. "I am sick of poetry," he says; "it overruns the country in all the shapes of the plagues of Egypt." Wordsworth grew less intolerant, and was more willing to acknowledge the merits of other poets, as he grew older. No one welcomed this change more than Crabb Robinson. It is assuming too much to assume that he was influential in bringing about such modification in the poet's attitude toward men or things, but his

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influence would be in that direction rather than in any other. In later years Crabb Robinson used regularly to spend his Christmas holidays at Rydal Mount. His presence was regarded as essential to the sober merrymaking of the household there. They had a family saying, "No Crabb, no Christmas."

IV.

The Diary is filled with suggestive points. To mention but one out of many. Without intending it Robinson makes clear the almost total extinction of Southey's life in mere books. He was a slave to the printed page. Wordsworth said, "It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books." Robinson had himself noticed it. Rogers had noticed it. The talk of it in Dr. Arnold's presence frightened him for his own safety, and he wondered whether he too was in danger of losing his interest in things, and retaining "an interest in books only." Southey made a visit to Paris, but all the time he was there he did not go once to the Louvre; "he cared for nothing but the old book-shops." But he must have gathered a few impressions of the French capital, for he wrote to his daughter, "I would rather live in Paris than be hanged."

I believe that the evidence of the Diary goes to show that Crabb Robinson was able to pronounce upon new poetry. This is one of the most difficult and delicate of undertakings. People with that gift are few. With respect to poetry, most of us follow the hue and cry raised in the newspapers and literary journals. We are able to admire what we are told is admirable. When the road is pointed out for us we can travel it, but we are not able to find the road ourselves. Crabb Robinson placed himself upon record more than once. The most notable entry concerns Keats. In December, 1820, he wrote, "I am greatly mistaken if Keats do not very soon take a high place among our poets."

Of many good books which a man may read, if he will, this Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson is one of the "sweetest and most fortifying." It is a fine illustration of literary sanity. Literary sanity is not entirely fashionable just now, and a perusal of these thirty-years-old volumes may be good for us. Certainly, it is well for us to know about the Diarist himself. A life like his is among the most potent influences for culture. He was modest, unassuming, gentle, and strong. He was a successful bachelor and a good man.

Leon H. Vincent.

NED STIRLING HIS STORY.

When I was a boy, my head was no good to me, and I never used it. I had no wit, except such as pertains to the legs and the stomach, and to the girth of the chest under the arms; though I should not make too light of that, for those are very good places to have wit, when a boy is pitching hay or digging potatoes. I was like a clod in a ploughed furrow, taking the wind and the rain as they came down from heaven upon me. I was proud of my healthy strength, and all day long, while I did a man's work on the farm, I thanked God for the yellow uncurtained sunlight, and for the honestness of the sweat which wet my laboring body. When the day was done, and the sky cherished only a soft memory of it, I would thank God again for the cool air to which I bared my head, and for the bigness of my appetite. And after feeding until feeding was no longer

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a delight, I would go to bed and sleep, with mouth agape and arms and legs widespread, until the new day stood under my window and laughed at me for a laggard.

Time went all alike with me, — the spring with its planting, the summer and fall (or autumn, as I maybe ought to call it in writing) with cultivating and harvesting, and winter with eating up the result; so that there seemed no good of the year, when it was done, except the pure joy of it. In winter-time, too, when there was not so much work to do, I went somewhat to school, and lost no little weight and color by the studying of books, though they could scarce soften the hard shell of my understanding, so that what I read in them did not much soak inward.

As I have writ down before (and I do not relish saying the same thing twice over, for the fear of wearying you and myself with much writing), the years were all alike, except the one when my father died.

I did not know him much, though he worked beside me in the fields and barns; for he talked rarely (I mean, not often), and one could only get at what he was by seeing the kindness in his eyes, and the slow way he had of getting angry when things went wrong. Since I have had sons I have often wondered if my father loved me, though I thought little of it when he was alive and might have told me if I had asked him. He died when I was at the elbow, as we say, of my nineteenth year, which is that I was eighteen and a half years old, or thereabout; and then my mother managed the farm, doing the head-work, but using my muscle and wind.

I remember, as an old man will remember such things when he begins to grow forgetful of the things that happened yesterday or last week, that my mother said to me on the day my father was buried, stroking my hair back from my forehead (though she had to stretch up on her toes to do it, even when I bent down a little), "You are a man now, Ned." And I remember how the words sounded to me, through that being the first time I had thought of being a man. I was so vain of them that I carried them in my ears all day, and they kept time to the sound of the frozen clods shoveled down into the grave where my father was.

But in spite of what my mother said, and what I thought about it, I was not yet a man. My becoming a man happened afterward.

I went about my work soberer for a few days than before, by the outward sign of laughing, but not losing my relish for fried bacon and roasted potatoes for dinner. It was only a little while until I knew that I was still a boy. It is hard to break the habit of being a boy.

It may be you think we were poor, as most book folk are in tales like this; but we were not. My father left more than a hundred and fifty acres of good land, all under plough except the apple orchard, and all without any debts, so that we had plenty. I tell you this, not to boast of our possessions, but for the fear that you might be sorrowing for my mother and thinking her ill provided for.

It went on so, with much hard work, and much affection between my mother and me, until I was turned twenty-two, when I had my full breadth of shoulder, with my cheeks bearing their first crop of yellow beard, very thin, like new ground when first sown to tame grass for meadow. I was of great size, and not to brag, but only to tell what might have a bearing on the matter, when I had on my best coat, with breeches and waistcoat to match, and boots too, the maids were wont to look twice at me, turning their heads around for the second glance, as the habit of women folk is, when they had passed by me. And I, as was the custom (which God forbid that any honest man should fail to keep),

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would kiss one now and then, when she pleased me, but meaning nothing by it, and not against her will.

Then one day it happened, about midsummer, that I had to walk to town, going in the cool of the morning, and going on foot, because our horses were all at work with the harvesting (so firmly do I remember all about the day). I meant to come back after sunset, when the air was cooler, but in the late afternoon the great heat hatched a brood of fluffy cloudlings, like young chicks, white at first, but growing big and dark; and the wind began to handle them roughly, turning their feathers the wrong way, and tearing off from them ragged plumes of vapor. Then their storm-mother clucked to them hoarsely from behind the low hills to the west, and they ran to her; so I, from much living out of doors and watching the signs of such things, knew that we should have a grievous time of it with the elements, and, mindful of my good clothes, started home before the time set.

Though it was two hours before the time for sunset, the darkness had grown heavy, and the swallows were troubled, tumbling about in the high air at first, and then skimming close to the ground, and chattering. The wind had left the earth and gone to where the strife was, as though eager to have a part in it, so that the trees stood straight and moveless, and the heat rested on me like a heavy weight, making my body wet and panting, and the motion of my legs, when I hurried on by the road, came hard and unwilling.

I never feared a storm, but take joy in all fierce conflict, whether it be of the elements or of strong men struggling; but there was that awfulness in the high-banked blackness, growing momently, which did away with lightness of heart, and made my eyes to shrink deeper under their brows.

The sun was not to be seen, but only guessed at, because of here and there a flush on the bulk of the cloud-masses, like the flush of fever on a sick man's face, unhealthy and not good to look at. Then the lightning began to show, dimly at first, as forebodings of trouble come athwart the mind, but growing keener, until the jagged streaks flashed out each for itself, and made the cloud-bank seem a place of drunken riot, without fear of the law.

So closely was I watching all this, and thinking of my coat, that my eyes had no inclination earthward until I was near to home and knew that I should not get wet. Then all at once my legs stopped work, and my heart with them, and I knew that I was a man, and thanked God that I had my good clothes on, for my love was before me.

In the book called Revelation a man tells of what he saw in heaven. I know he must have left out much, although he was inspired in the writing. How then can I, who am not inspired, nor anything like it, but only a common fellow, hope to tell of what I saw, though the picture is strongly before me?

The wind, which had risen, had loosed her hair, and it fell about her, all a dark glory, hiding half her face, so that only her frightened eyes and her pale cheek peeped outward. She held her hat by its strings in one hand, and her petticoat's hem in the other, to free her little feet for running, and she was trying to beat against the harsh wind, while cowering before the terrible wild flashes of the lightning, as I have seen wild animals do, and pitied them.

When she saw me, she ran to me as a child might, from deep fear, and laid her hands on my arm, and her beautiful head down upon them, and I felt her all a-tremble. I stooped to speak to her, to encourage her, if such might be; but the storm was already breaking over us, a great black terror, spitting purple and red, and roaring like a mad thing, so that no other voice could have been heard though an archangel had spoken.

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I lifted her in my arms and ran, so light she was, and I was reconciled more than ever to be broad across the shoulders. She laid her head down on me, hiding her face, and the wind lifted the silken strands of her loosened hair and blew them on my lips and cheek, and my heart was brave to face anything it might please God to send upon us.

So it was that I came home, and laid my burden (though far too slight to be called so) down upon the settle in our best room, while I went to call my mother.

As long as old men could remember there was never such a storm before in our county, though its fury lasted but half an hour. All outdoors reeled and tottered, and the crash of it in our ears was terrible. I doubt if words have been made to tell of such things; at least, I cannot find them in my head, nor have I seen them in the writings of scholars, which I have read in my later years, since I cannot do a man's work any more on the farm. But the storm outdoors was not to be compared for the smallest time with what was going on inside me, about the poor girl who lay with her face hid on the cushions of the settle, though my mother tried to comfort her. I saw with my eyes, but not with my understanding, what was happening outside, with rugged old trees coming down groaning, and with cattle standing helpless, their heads lowered away from the fierceness of the storm, while the sky writhed in mighty convulsions. My heart knocked strongly against my ribs, though not from any fear of harm to myself, and my feet took me restlessly here and there over the house, until the rage of the hurricane was gone, and its breath too, and it slunk away, growling, leaving only the rain coming down in broad sheets, as if to cover up the ruin which had been wrought, and to lay it all down out of sight. When that time came, my little love lifted her dear face from the cushions and told us her name, and that she had come to a neighbor's house to get color in her cheeks; though the color they bore, when she looked up at me from under her shy lids, with her dark hair in deep disorder, was the beautifulest ever seen, and she had no need of mending it. Her name was Ruth; and since that day, when it has befallen that I put my eyes upon a lovely woman, combining purity and all sweetness, I have wondered if her name might be Ruth, too.

Now, though I have written over and spoiled many sheets of my paper (at a cost of three shillings to the bundle), and have laid my head back on the pillow of my chair in between the times of trying, I cannot think how to tell what came afterward, except to say that thus love laid hold of me, and I took to acting as a man will. And now I know that whatever may be the outcome of it, love is good for a man, because of the fermentation which is bred in him thereby. When love has mingled with his essence, he is never again the same (though I suppose a man is never twice the same in any case). I know not any fit expression for it, except a poor and mean one, which is that love is like the yeast which the housewife adds to dough, leavening a man, no matter how mere a lump he be, and making him fit for the baking he must needs get in life, if he live his allotted years. And it encourages him to look at himself, to see what there may be in him; thereby showing him most strange things which before he did not even guess at. Not wanting to be tedious in the saying of it, I have come in my life to times when I have stood in familiar places and longed for change and greater mystery; yet when I would but look at the things covered by the span of my legs (growing things, with life in them, living according to God), I would find greater mystery than a man may solve in all his life long. So it seemed to me after that I had begun loving. My own nature, which every man

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thinks he knows somewhat of, showed fresh tokens, when I looked closer, and left me never tired of turning it over and wondering at it. I do not say that I thought of all these things then, or even had the wit to think of them, being slow, but that some of them (or at least the ways of saying them) have come to me since. Then I only knew that I loved, and that love was a new and strange delight.

I went about my work, not thinking what I did, but because working had become a habit with me. I would not see the things to which my hand was turned, but saw instead, floating in mist, like the little heads of cherubs painted upon the roof of our church, a saucy small head, the lips mocking at me and the cheeks mantling over with the fairness of youth, until a warm chilliness would sweep over me, and my legs, which were wont to be as sturdy as oak-trunks, would grow limp and uncertain. The fields of wheat grew ripe for cutting, and all day long we swung our reaping-hooks under the summer sun. Though I did my part, according to custom, yet I saw little of the beautiful golden grain, but saw instead a waving mass of black soft hair, and took to thinking black the fairest color of all, unless it might be pink or white such as touched her cheeks, or red such as lay upon her lips. I grew a very zany, as I know now, but had no time or inclination to think then.

But at night, when darkness put a stop to all work, the worst of it was upon me. Then would I walk out, when folk with pulses unstirred were honestly a-snore, and wander about, smelling the sweet night-smells and looking at the stars, though only thinking of these things dully, but thinking of my little love's face, until it grew most strange how all fair things bore semblance to it, whether at morning when life awoke, or at noontide when life sought ease of the effort of living, or at night when life lay slumbering and whispering in its dreams. Then by and by, from knowing not what else to do, I would go to bed, to lie long awake (after a way new born in me), with my eyeballs staring up into the blackness. And my thoughts were so ill trained that I did but half know what ailed me. Yet would I live all the eighty years of my life over again, not thinking it hard or unwelcome, for the sake of one day of that joy.

Sometimes I saw her, for she got a marvelous fondness for my mother, and would come often to sit with her under the trees. But when I sat near her I was not happier than when I walked alone, thinking of her; for to be near her made of me such a mere lump of clay that it seemed the Almighty had only fashioned my body, and forgot to breathe life into it. She would talk to me sometimes, but I could not say anything back to her, only hard yes and no. Then would she laugh at me, with shining eyes; and I could not laugh too, but could only get red in the face and pull at the hair on my chin and cheeks. I felt that I was a fool, and feeling it only made me a bigger one. I was a very oaf, and manhood seemed but a small part of me.

All this went on so, without my taking thought of time going by, or without my taking thought of anything at all except naked loving, until one day, in the evening, I came back from seeing how the fields of Indian corn were making silken promises of a plenteous harvest of golden ears. I remember how that content hovered lightly in the air above me, and how it alighted upon me, as if to rest there, when I came in sight of my little love in her accustomed place by my mother's side, and how it took sudden startled flight when I saw a horse tied at our gate, and a gay gentleman walking up the path to the place where the two women sat together, — so jealous is a man's love. I can see now, between me and my sheet of paper, how graceful his step was, how thin and fine his face, and

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how his clothes looked, with his long boots, his pot-hat, and his silken waistcoat spotted over with scarlet. He lifted his hat to the women with a very fine manner, and I saw his head covered with close knots of shining yellow hair, soft and fine as the silk on my corn; then my heart seemed to die down altogether within me.

"I crave your pardon, madam," I heard him say in a voice so soft it seemed hardly a man's voice at all, "and I also crave a draught of water at your hand; for I have come a long way, and a hot and dusty one."

My mother had risen to greet him, and she bade him welcome as though she meant it, and gave him her own chair to sit on, while she went about offering him hospitality.

He sat down with a fine air, for which I hated him, and spoke some soft words of commonplace to Ruth, who bent her head above her handiwork in her lap, so that there was no getting at her eyes, only the line of her little chin showing under her hair's shelter; a thing I liked not, though knowing the ways of women so ill, for she would always look straightforwardly at me, and I burned at seeing her head droop before him.

My mother brought a pitcher of home-brewed ale, cool, brown, and foaming above the pitcher's brim, and some of her sweet cake dotted over the top with spice seeds, which made the gentleman's eyes to glisten.

"I thank you, madam, with all my heart," I heard him say; "and if such is your treatment of strangers, I must give thanks that my lot is to be cast among you for a time." Whereat I could but set my lips between my teeth, and wish that it might be the will of Providence that his stay be much foreshortened; though I knew it was a feeling which did me no credit, for we have always been famed, in our part of the county, for our goodness to strangers.

He filled his glass with the ale and held it before him, standing up. "I pledge your good health through a long and peaceful life, madam," he said, "and the little damsel's." He tipped back his head in the drinking, in the doing of which his eyes fell upon me, where I hung back from them.

"My soul!" he cried aloud, when he could take his glass from his lips, the last drop being gone, "what a great fine lad it is!" and his eyes ran over my bulk in so easy and familiar a way that I began to swell even bigger in my resentment of his assurance. "Come closer, lad," he called to me; "it were a pity to let your bashfulness spoil a friendship." Which speech, so well timed to my knowledge of myself, would have brought me to him though he had been the Evil One himself.

"My name is Arthur Dunwoody," he said, and held out a small hand of fine softness (a thing I cannot bear in a man).

"My name is Ned Stirling," I told him in my biggest and coarsest voice, for the sake of contrast, and to make it as strong as I could, and I gave his hand such a grasp as I warrant it had never had, which made the small bones to wrinkle up, though his face bore naught but his easy smile.

"A fine lad, truly," he said again; "and if this be a product of your county's air and feeding, I must take fresh joy, for I am come among you to get back a little lost health."

He sat so with us for a time, talking in light fashion of many things, but for the most part in praise of what he saw around him, and of us, and listening sometimes, with much show of respect, to what my mother said (as became her as a good countrywoman) of our county's richness and abundance in all good things, for which men are wont to pray as blessings, and of the good hearts and neighborliness of all the people of our countryside. In all this converse I took no part, except with my eyes, to watch,

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and with my ears, to listen; neither did little Ruth take part, only lifting a shy glance to mother's face now and again. When he was gone, with invitation to come again, my mother said how fine a gentleman he was; but Ruth said naught, nor did I, for listening for what Ruth might say.

And thereafter he did come again, and yet again; so that often, when coming hot and smoking from my labor in the fields, I would find him sitting, as though he had the right, with the two women, who made him welcome, and listened in wonderment to his talk. Marvelous tales he told, as I know from listening somewhat, though much against my will (only that I was jealous of his being there), of travelings in other lands, and of adventure with wild things and with men. At this I felt as a man must feel when the chirurgeon says to him that there is not much hope; for I was at the disadvantage of a man who has been trained to plain straightforwardness, without the power to ornament my speech with prettinesses. I hate a lie, but not so much as I hate a liar; and his tales sounded like lies, from their semblance to some that I had heard and read, made to amuse children.

Sometimes I thought, for my love's sake, to learn of him his ways, and sat by, looking on and listening, until often, from very dizziness of the head, I would fall asleep in my chair, to the forgetting of even the little good manners I knew. But as well might I have tried to learn the wind's ways, or the lightning's, or the ways of death; so far was he from me in manners and breeding, as I only needed to look inward to prove. Out of doors, when I was in my fields, following after my plough, bedding my horses or feeding my pigs, where fine manners and graces fretted me none, I could have made him envy me my healthy cheeks, and the strong muscles in my back, and the bulk of my legs, and maybe my outdoor way of honesty. But when I dropped my plough-handles and my bran-bucket, and was by him, with whom manners and graces seemed to make the bigness of life, I was only a lout and a bumpkin, and no help for it. My sunburned skin was but a poor match for fine clothes; my legs were too tight for my town-made breeches, when every sitting down and getting up was like to crack the stitches; my thick hands and broad feet, though it pleased God to have them so, made but a poor showing in company, where hands and feet are to look at; and through the smell of the fashionable scents which I took to putting on my hair and handkerchief, sometimes, there would come up the honester smells of the barnyard and the sty, which are very good smells outdoors, where God kindly changes the air right often, but unwelcome to nostrils not bred to them.

Another gift he had, and used to his advantage. He could take a pen of goose-quill and a drop of ink and make a wondrous fine picture, — heads and faces, horses, birds, and all animals; whereat the women stared with eyes wide open, and even I, in spite of my dislike of him for love's sake, could do naught but gape at him. But once, when he had gone, I found a bit of paper lying on the grass, whereon was drawn a great pudding, round and fat, with dried currants for the eyes, a plum for the nose, and little wreaths of steam for the beard, the whole made to look so like my own face in its heavy roundness that I could only stare stupidly, no doubt to the increasing of the likeness; and then my face, to carry out the whole semblance, flashed burning hot, until it seemed that steam must issue from it in very truth; and I swore firmly under my breath, as I crumpled the bit of paper in my hands, that I would have my spite of him, and prayed for wit for the working of it.

I made out to ask sly questions about him in town, at the inn where he lived; and some sorry tales I heard of him,

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though glad am I to own that mayhap his sins were multiplied in the telling, as is the manner of those who gossip. I heard how that he could drink through a whole night, of good stout liquor, until all who tried to sit with him were turned to mere nerveless heaps under the table, though he kept his cool smile, and was ready for breakfast in the morning; also how that he loved all women, the good and the bad, and made no question as to what one he should kiss or pat upon the chin, when the chance ripened: and this I liked least of all I heard of him, through my having been trained to look upon all women, no matter what, as exempt from all evil, even of thought. After this I was minded to forbid him our house, but knew not how to go about it, from never having known the need of such in our county, our men being of a different quality, though maybe coarser bred.

But by and by I saw a change grow in him, — a way of talking less buoyantly, and of sitting with his chin in his fingers, looking downward; and by the means of what had been going on in me I knew that love was working its way in him, too; and indeed, I saw not how it could be avoided, with him so much in Ruth's company. And being honest with myself sometimes, when I thought about it alone, I tried to think that maybe it was better for her sake to let God shape it than to try the shaping myself. I thought (as maybe all men have thought who have loved sweet women) that I was not fit for her; for I doubted much if the soft cheek of a girl, bred to gentle ways, could take kindly to the caressing of a coarse rough hand, or if her soul could long enjoy contact with a rude nature like mine. And yet, as a strong man, used to meeting strife halfway and having the matter out, I hated to yield myself up; but day after day, as I went about my work, I laid my bare soul open to God, making no bones of it, and prayed about it in Christ's name, who had lost love himself, and must know how I felt. But while I talked of it so intimately with God, and even sometimes with my horses and cattle, being lonesome, I said nothing to Ruth. For God takes much for granted out of the heart of a man which would have to be explained to a woman, with maybe no words for the explaining. So I only asked of God, who had made us what we were and had shaped things thus far, to make the best end of it he might.

One time they two went away together (as they had got the way of doing), upon a great, slow, and lazy day in September, and were gone until evening began to darken. When they came back, walking by the way of a lane which went by the side of our pasture lot, I too was in the lane, and (not to justify, but only to tell what happened) I kept very still where I stood and heard what they said; and so much of it as struck into me I here put down.

"Only I feel that I have lived most unworthily," he said, "and in a way to unfit a man to ask for a pure woman's love."

Thereat she bent her head, with her eyes thoughtfully cast downward. "Do you think yourself past the power of God to purify?" she asked him.

Then I saw his eyes turned toward her sweet face, and his lips took to trembling; but by and by he said, "Dear girl, all my life has only been the means of proving to me how weak I am in all goodness. I thank God you may not understand that."

"There is no one of God's creatures but is weak in goodness, when he goes his own way," she said; "but I think (and I think myself right) that when a man walks in God's ways and asks for a share of God's strength, he may be what he will, and reach what heights of goodness he will."

She looked fairly into his face while she said this, slowly, until his whole

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body went away under her pure glance, and the tears ran down his face, he making no trial to check them. Then all at once a fierce change came on him, and he raised his closed hand high over his head as though to strike, and he cried out in a voice with the sound of clashing swords in it, and his face flashing scarlet, "By the living God, I will try!" Then, though in so short a time, all fierceness died out of him, as the fire died out of his cheeks, and he laid his hands upon her shoulders, bending down. "Little sweetheart," he said, so softly and gently that it seemed not the same voice any more, "pure little soul, will you not kiss me, to give me strength for the trying?"

And straightway, without delay, she held up her face to him, and he kissed her upon the mouth.

Then (and I tell this gladly, because of the quality of resolution which I love to find in a man) when they sat in the evening before our house, and my mother brought for his refreshment a tiny glass of her peach brandy, rich and sweet-scented, he took it in his hand and stood for a time looking into its shadowy clearness, and then raised it over his head and tipped the glass so that the brandy fell down drop by drop upon the grass at his feet; he keeping his eyes upon little Ruth's face. Then when he had put the glass down he went away without any more ado.

That night, while I could not sleep for thinking of what had passed, both in point of fact and in my imagining, I set about plucking hope out of me, as something which did not belong to me any more, and which I therefore had no right to keep. But the giving up of it was a sad thing, as I found it.

I much doubt if all men will understand this as I have told it, forasmuch as with some men love seems but a lightly fashioned toy for life's playtime; but with me life and love have been part each of the other.

And on this happening, though I could not forego eating, after the fashion of lovers in books, yet I had but a bad enjoyment of it, and without longing for the time for it (or at least not much). I worked, trying to forget about it, only failing to do it, any more than I could have lost my great right hand and forgotten it, or any more than the sun might die out of the sky, and the moon, and let us forget them.

Thereafter I heard no evil of him at the town, but only that he drank no more, and that he gave up his companions, as though he had done with them, and passed his days and nights in quietness, for the most part away with his horse in the woodlands or on the hills: all of which I know ought to have pleased me, and I think it did, for Ruth's sake, but not much for his own. This I say with shame, after all these years; but then I was as God made me, young, and with love dying hard in me.

But my understanding was at fault when I found that he came less often to our house, and then only to sit for the most part silent, as I had of late observed in him, with his face bent in thought, maybe worrying the heads of clover with his riding-whip, or maybe telling tales, not of adventure any more, but of wars and of love and death, so that even I was moved sometimes to pity of all poor humankind. His was a most strange face when he sat so, sheltering his eyes under their brows, and letting all his old gay life lie dead upon his features, as brown leaves lie after frost upon the yet green grass.

One day, but a little time after his walk with Ruth, as I have told about, I took my gun and went out upon the hills; and knowing the ways of things in our outdoor neighborhood, I hid myself far up beside a pathway, but little used, where sometimes a red deer would pass. Here, having set me down, with my back against a tree and my gun across my knees, I took to thinking, not of red

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deer, as might be expected, but of Ruth, and of Arthur Dunwoody, and of myself, and of what death might be like, and of how soon I should be finding out (being in good health and of a long-lived race); and so I fell asleep sitting there (a thing not very seemly in a man waiting for red deer to pass, but I had lost much sleep of late time).

By and by I awoke again, hearing a light step and the leaves rustling in the pathway. Quickly I raised the flint of my gun and leaned over, peering out, without making any noise, and without thinking of anything, not even of Ruth, but of the red deer. So my senses were all much surprised when I saw there a woman, young and very comely, who stepped slowly back and forth, as though that were her fit place.

She was of a different mould and make from little Ruth, and therefore not so beautiful as Ruth. She was tall and straight and dark, like the trees around her, but gracefuler than they, even when the wind moved them, and her face was full of softness and kindness, with little places for smiles to lie upon, or tears, if such might be.

So I sat quite still, not to startle her, for the fear that she might go away before I had my fill of looking, and trying to think what her name might be, through thinking that I knew all the women of our part of the county (at least, all the comely ones). By and by, while I looked, I knew that she was Alice Mooreland, the daughter of Judge Jeffrey Mooreland, a stern old man, who spent his later years in cherishing the things he had got possession of. I had missed knowing her at first because she went but little abroad from home, and because I had not seen her since she was three years younger, or maybe four (so does time go), when her petticoats came only down to the upper lacings of her shoes.

So I sat and gazed, and seemed not to get enough of gazing at her, until I saw her start on a sudden, and stand listening, and then I heard the sound of horse's hoofbeats far away down the hillside. And not to be too long in the telling of it, in a little time Arthur Dunwoody rode up the pathway, making all speed, so that his horse was in a foam, though the day was but a mild one. He gave no thought to the beast, but when he had come up to Alice, where she stood waiting, he threw himself down from his saddle and ran to her, taking her in his arms and holding her close, while she lifted her face to be kissed.

And here, as maybe can be guessed, I was filled with many thoughts in strong conflict, but none of them very clear, so as to be set down here in order; only I wondered, and thought dimly of Ruth, and then flashed hot with anger and resentment of his deceit of her sweet trust and love. For I hate a liar more than any other of the devil's imps. I can forgive to a man some evil intentions; but for a lie, planned with care and carried out with fortitude, I have no love. For the heart that bears one lie is like to bear others, and do it better for the skill of practice, and you have to watch for it, which is not good for confidence. I did not think of all these things then, but have set them down as they come to me now: then I could only bend over and look, wondering so much at seeing them thus that I heard nothing of what they said (at least not to remember it) for a long time. I had only wit enough to sit quietly, through having been caught so, against my will, and thinking to keep quiet as the best way out of it.

Soon I heard Alice say, "It must be good-by, now, with longing for the sweet time when there need be no more of good-by said between us."

Yet he held her close. "Sweetheart, tell me that you love me," he said.

Light and life and all love's brightness shone in her face, as she lay there in his arms and looking up at him.

"Why must you always be told so?"

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she said, smiling at him in a woman's way, feigning unwillingness.

"Because," he said, and he would not let her look away from him, "because of the wonder that you should love me, which goes beyond my power of believing unless you tell me."

So she stood away from him a small arm's length, looking into his eyes and putting away all shyness.

"I love you," she said, "for all that you have been, and for all that you are and yet shall be to me in my life, more than life itself; therefore have I given my life to you, and love along with it. Now let me go."

But he drew her close to him again for a brief time, saying no words, but using love's expression, until I was near to forgetting all my other feelings in love of looking on. Then he loosed her from his arms, and stood with a still and firm countenance while she went away, turning once or twice to hold out her hand to him before she went beyond reach of sight. When she was gone he yet stood, forgetting his horse, which pushed its nose among the stones of the pathway, sniffing, until it came up and laid its head against his arm; then he roused himself, like a man half slumbering, and got into his saddle, and went away.

Now, for the most part, I have found it to be so that slow and unwilling wits do contribute to peace more than do active ones, being not so like to be stirred or troubled with every light circumstance; wherefore slow-witted men, having more time and inclination for it, are mostly fatter. Yet in spite of the peace of it, I have sometimes longed for more vigilant understanding (though finding no fault with God over the lack of it), and never did I long for it more than then. What should I do about it? So I questioned myself, sitting there, while all the deer of the county might have passed by without my knowing it. But though I persisted in the asking, not any answer could I make myself, except that maybe God might find a way out of it, as simple folk get a way of believing. And there I had to let it rest, though thinking mightily (for me), and not desiring anything but Ruth's perfect happiness, as I do verily believe. So I kept silence, and right glad I was afterward to have done so wisely (though taking no credit for the wisdom).

Again one day, not long after that of which I have last told, being restless in spirit, and my legs following the bent of my head, I went abroad upon the hills; but where there were no trees, only low shrubs and such like, and where the quail were whistling (for quail was something to which my appetite did cling through all, when toasted). Toward midday, when I had climbed far up to the hills' greatest height, and stepped along with much caution for fear of noise to alarm the quail, I came to where I saw Arthur Dunwoody sitting at the edge of a steep place, with a broad black rock before him, at which he worked busily with his hands; and so firm a hold had curiosity and spying got upon me (though I hate it) that I went forward with much circumspection of step, and concealed as much as might be, with my bigness, behind sheltering points of rock and bush, until I could see closely what he did. He had taken a bit of white chalk from the hillside, and with it, upon the surface of the stone before him, he had drawn, with wondrous exactness of line and shadow, the faces of Ruth and of Alice Mooreland, side by side; and as I regarded him, he regarded his work intently, with many smiles and softenings of expression, looking first at one and then at the other. Then did I see him lean forward of a sudden, and fondly and gently kiss the pictured face of little Ruth. And when I saw this, then were all my doubts and troubled fears aroused again within me, and I longed to get away.

While I was thinking of it so closely, and of how to set my feet in going that

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he might not hear me, at a moment he rose, with his eyes lingering upon his portraitures, so that he stepped, without heeding it, upon the very edge of the steepness, and the shelving rock betrayed a weakness, and he went down out of my sight ere he or I could cry out.

Now, forasmuch as this tale partakes very much (in some places) of confession, I would confess it all, to give it due and just proportion; and the very saddest of all is here to be confessed, as being the hardest and meanest of the hard and mean things of my nature, namely, that when I saw him go down, with a face of agony and arms uplifted, there came into my soul a sense of gladness; not for very long (maybe the half part of a lightning's flash), yet did it print itself upon me, so that I shall always carry the shame of it. So little a time it endured that before he was well down out of sight of my eyes, my feet were moving to aid him, and I swung myself down from point to point, clinging to every jutting place and scraping myself grievously, so that the places were many days in healing over. He had fallen for six yards' length, and lay quite still, with white face, and his yellow hair spread over with blood, one arm being crushed beside him on the rocks.

I took him up in my arms very gently (or as gently as I might, with my clumsy greatness) and carried him home, three English miles, over the rough hills; and each stumbling step of the hard way jarred loose within me a little thankfulness to God that he had made me strong. When I got my burden home I laid it down on my bed, with all the household in commotion, while I went for a chirurgeon. On the way I stopped to tell Ruth of what had befallen, and for the rest of the way I saw alternately (as a scholar would no doubt say it) his white face and hers, not less white, when I told her.

Not to dwell too long upon it, because I do not remember all the total of the circumstances (being dazed nearly as senseless as he was), he lay so without any sign of living, only that he breathed brokenly, and that his heart went on somewhat with beating, for the rest of the day and through the night until morning; the chirurgeon not leaving him, though not hoping much for any good outcome, and Ruth and my mother and I doing what was needful.

When he had been so for four-and-twenty hours, Ruth came out to me, where I walked about without the house, a new showing of trouble in her dear eyes.

"He knows us," she told me softly, with her hand upon my arm, "but the chirurgeon fears it is not for long." Then she stood for a moment regarding me clearly. "Will you go and fetch Parson Arrowsmith?" she asked, with much of my own directness of speech.

And I went away to fetch him, eight miles or more, sorrowing meanwhile that belike the end was near, and not glad, as I can say in very truth, though wondering what might happen when he was gone.

When I was come again with the parson (a little fat man, and short of breathing, who traveled hard, though he rode my best horse), Ruth met me.

"He wants you to come, too," she said: and I followed to where Arthur Dunwoody lay, his eyes open, though they were shadowed over with the pain of dying, and with the fear of how to go about it. What little of wit I had left in me went speedily out when I saw standing by the bedside, tall and stately and beautiful, Alice Mooreland, with her two hands locked in Arthur Dunwoody's whole one. And there they remained while Parson Arrowsmith, being made acquainted with the matter, wedded them together solemnly.

When this was done, Arthur looked from one to another until his eyes lit upon Ruth's face, and he said in a weak voice and far away, "Dear little coun-

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selor and sweetest of friends, kiss me." And she stooped down and kissed his lips. Then we went away, leaving Alice his wife with him, that he might be about the business of dying. Only (to hasten on with matters, for I am getting impatient of the long delaying of the end) it took him two-and-twenty years thereafter to die; and they were two-and-twenty years of gentle goodness and peace, though old Judge Mooreland made a great to-do and strife about it at first, but to no purpose, Parson Arrowsmith having done his work orderly and well.

And now, for one time in my life, resolution and firmness got hold of me and I of them, and together we set about mending matters. And I would give it as the sum of my experience thus, to wit: when there is anything to be said to a woman, say it, and have done with it with all speed.

This happened in a sweet, dusky evening, with the new moon and the biggest and boldest of the stars looking on, and a soft breath of air stirring in the trees, flushing with the first touch of frost, though there was no other sign of it. I met Ruth in our pasture lane, a sweet place, and fit for love's avowal, and where I have been wont to walk all my life long for the strengthening of my heart. Here I made her stop by me, while the night grew momently more fair and beautiful.

"I had thought, Ruth," I said, calling her so for the first time before her face, "that you were to be wife to him."

Her glance went away to the distance, but soon came back to rest upon my face, though very briefly, and then to fall away to the ground, while I saw her soft breast stirred with deeper breathing and stronger beating of her gentle heart.

"Look at me, Ruth," I said. But she would not until I had laid my hands upon her head and with my gentlest strength made her to do it. Then in her eyes, though the darkness gathered thickly beneath the trees, I saw that which a man may look at once in a long life, the sweetest and fairest sight of earth, — the light of pure love and the promise of love's fruition.

We know why God loves us, and no puzzle about it, as I have read in the sayings of wise men, to whom God was no mystery, but the ways of a woman's love be past discovering, as this proved to me.

"Ruth, sweetheart, do you love me?" I asked of her, hardly daring, yet with a great courage after all.

And all things stopped and waited while she answered me, her soft voice sifting upward through the dark meshes of her hair, "Yes, I do love you, dear."

God made that night for us two, and then left us alone in the hollow of it, and our love filled the whole of its great depth and vastness.

William R. Lighton.

THE TEACHER AND THE LABORATORY: A REPLY.

In the April number of The Forum there appeared an interesting article, by Professor Bliss, of the School of Pedagogy at New York University, entitled Professor Münsterberg's Attack on Experimental Psychology. It was a reply to a paper which I had published in the February number of The Atlantic Monthly, about the value of experimental psychology to methods of teaching.

On the question itself there is no reason for me to say an additional word. I have said what I had to say, and I have not changed my views. I believe

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still in every word of my original essay, and I have no desire to repeat it. But I find in it some little misunderstandings, and some little confusions, and some little misstatements, and some little absurdities, all of which suggest my attempting a slight readjustment for the sake of a clear understanding.

My personal interests also urge me to reply, for I tremble to think what psychologists may finally do with me, if this kind of metamorphosis of my views is allowed to continue. Professor Bliss calls my words against the psychologists so "direful" that they "remind us of those which years ago thundered forth from these same New England hills, portraying the terrors of future punishment." After this, surely I may be allowed a few words to clear up my real intentions.

Professor Bliss, in his title, calls my paper an "attack on experimental psychology," and condenses its content into the significant phrases that I "attempt to crush the rising spirit of the American teachers;" that I tell them, "in tones of authority, that if they value their pedagogical lives they will never again set foot within a psychological laboratory;" and that the psychology courses in the universities, "so far as teachers are concerned, are all nonsense." Professor Bliss ought to have concealed from his readers the fact that experimental psychology is my own field of work, and that I have devoted to it the greater part of my researches; but since he says all these things himself, his readers will hardly believe that I suddenly "attack" my own line of work, and that I choose for such a suicidal onslaught the publicity of a popular magazine. They will perhaps themselves come to the suspicion that I did not "attack" experimental psychology itself, but only its frivolous misuse. There remains, of course, the other possibility, that I have suddenly changed my views; that I believed in experimental psychology till 1897, and that I attack it in 1898. But there are some witnesses who know better. I have given my lecture course on empirical psychology in Harvard University, this year, before three hundred and sixty-five students, perhaps the largest psychology course ever given anywhere, and I think even Professor Bliss could not introduce into these lectures more demonstrations and discussions of experiments than I do. A very large proportion of these students will become teachers. Is it probable that before so many witnesses I would do three times every week what I publicly call "nonsense"? Is it probable that I intentionally force so many men to do just what I publicly pray them not to do "if they value their pedagogical lives"?

It may be that the readers of Professor Bliss are prepared to expect from me even such improbable tricks; for the greater part of his eloquent essay has no other purpose than to show that inner contradiction is my specialty. My words are "inconsistent both among themselves and with their author's own position in educational matters." Let us consider first the latter case. The contradiction between my paper and my practical position in educational matters is indeed shocking. I have said that experimental psychology cannot give to teachers to-day any pedagogical prescriptions, and now Professor Bliss unmasks and discloses the fact that "the writer of this article is the sole deviser of a set of psychological apparatus, designed by him especially because of their pedagogical value in furthering psychological experiments in the schools." I must confess that I am guilty: I designed a set of apparatus for the school teaching of psychology. I had at that time no presentiment that any one would ever fail to see the difference between the teaching of psychology and psychological teaching. If I say that school children ought to be taught about electricity, I do not mean that the teaching itself ought to go on by electricity; and if I instruct my stu-

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dents about insanity, I do not think that my instruction itself needs the methods of madness. Why is the willingness to teach psychology, then, an acknowledgment that all teaching must apply psychological schemes?

Professor Bliss and many other friends do not see that the relation between experimental psychology and the teacher can have a threefold character. First, the teacher may become prepared to teach elementary experimental psychology in the schoolroom, just as he would become prepared to teach physics or zoology. Second, the teacher may use his school children as material to study experimentally the mind of the child in the interest of theoretical scientific psychology, and thus to supply the psychologist with new facts about mental life. Third, the teacher may try to apply his knowledge of experimental psychology in his methods of teaching. These three possibilities have almost nothing at all to do with one another. Any one of the three propositions can be accepted while the two others are declined. My own opinion is that the first is sound, the second doubtful, the third decidedly bad; and only with the third did my paper deal.

The teaching of elementary psychology in the school seems to me, indeed, possible and desirable, and I have always done my best to help it, not only by that suspicious set of apparatus, but by other means as well. I have taught some bits of psychology even to my two little children, who are less than ten years old, but I have never made a psychological experiment on them; and above all, I have never misused my little theoretical psychology by mixing it with my practical educational work. I call the second proposition doubtful, the proposition that the teacher makes psychological experiments on the children in the interest, not of pedagogics, but of psychology. Theoretically there is no objection to it, but practically there is a grave objection. It seems to me harmful for the child, misleading to the teacher, and dangerous for psychology, because the teacher cannot do experimental work in a schoolroom in a way which will satisfy the demands of real science. Almost everything of that kind that has yet been done shows the most uncritical dilettanteism. But even if all this were not so, — if psychological experiments were the most healthful recreations for children, and the most inspiring sources of ethical feeling for teachers, and the most precious treasures of information for psychologists, — what has all this to do with our question whether the individual teacher can make use of our laboratory psychology for the improvement of his general teaching? It is only this pretension that I have emphatically denied. Psychology, I have tried to show, will give later to scientific pedagogy the material from which prescriptions for the art of teaching may be formed; but if the individual teacher should try to transform the facts we know to-day into educational schemes, nothing can result but confusion and disturbance. I showed that this is the more certain as the idea that experimental psychology measures mental facts is perfectly illusory; there is no quantitative mathematical psychology, and the hope of exact determination in the service of education is vain.

In every one of these points Professor Bliss discovers contradictions between my words and my actions, between my article in The Atlantic Monthly and my scientific publications. Especially in two points every denial seems hopeless. I say that mental facts cannot be measured, and nevertheless I have published experimental psychological papers with "long columns of figures." He exclaims dramatically: "If mental measurements are not being made in the Harvard laboratory, pray, forsooth, what is being done? What means that vast assemblage of delicate apparatus?"

I think that this question can be an-

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swered in a few words. We cannot measure mental facts, because they have no constant units which can be added, but we can analyze mental facts in our self-observation. If the self-observation goes on under the natural conditions of daily life, we have the ordinary psychology; but if we introduce for our self-observation artificial outer conditions which are planned for the special purpose of the observation, then we have experimental psychology. These artificial outer conditions are represented in that delicate apparatus, and the exact description of their physical work often, indeed, requires columns of figures. We can never measure a feeling, but we can measure the physical stimulus which produces a feeling; and if we ascertain exactly the quantitative variations of the stimulus, and analyze in the self-observation the corresponding qualitative variations of the feeling, we may get a scholarly paper about the feeling, in which many figures leap before the eyes, but in which the feeling itself has not been measured. Even if my publications looked like logarithm tables, I should stick to my conviction.

But I must defend myself against still stronger suspicions. I said that the results of experimental psychology are today useless bits for the teacher who is looking for practical help in his teaching methods, and that we have nothing to give him. And now it is found that I myself have given to teachers by my actions all that help which I cruelly denied them by my words: the opposite would have been worse, but this seems bad enough. Professor Bliss writes: "Among all this work, none is more suggestive than that of the laboratory whence come these notes of warning. In the first volumes of the Psychological Review we notice among the Harvard Studies the following titles: Memory; The Intensifying Effect of Attention; The Motor Power of Ideas; Æsthetics of Simple Forms; Fluctuations of Attention, etc. All these investigations were reported by our critic himself."

I do not deny it, and I regret only one thing, — that my critic, instead of devoting his attention only to the titles of these papers, did not take the trouble to consider also their content. Certainly memory and attention and ideas are of great importance for the educator, and I should at once conclude that papers about such subjects are highly important for him if I found that the papers deal with those subjects from a point of view related to that of the teacher. I am sorry to say, the papers which I have published, in spite of their seductive names, do just the contrary. They work toward a most subtle theoretical analysis of the elements of objects that must interest the educator only as wholes. Every teacher makes use of the chalk a hundred times in the classroom. Will you tell him that he needs chemistry because in the magazines of that science there are papers in the titles of which the word "chalk" appears?

I take a simple illustration. "Attention" is certainly the great thing in the classroom; every teacher suffers from the fluctuations of attention, and tries to intensify attention, and these things are the subjects of my papers. One of them studies how in fractions of seconds different just perceivable optical stimuli vary for our apperception if the eye remains absolutely unmoved; the other seeks to determine whether the sensations of acoustical and tactual stimuli lose by distraction not only vividness, but also intensity, — a change in any case so small that statistical methods become necessary to find it. These researches were the starting-points for important theoretical discussions about the most subtle processes going on in attention; but if a teacher, in an unfortunate hour, should begin to catch the attention of his pupils on the basis of these papers, it would be advisable to send a warning notice about him to the teachers' agencies of the whole

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country. And if my own papers are of no use to the teacher, how must it be with the other literature of this kind, if even my critic says that "among all this work none is more suggestive than that of the Harvard laboratory"? He is quite right in that: all the publications of the other laboratories are just as unsuggestive for the immediate practical use of teachers as my own.

But why should there be such an unjust preference for the teachers? If the community of headings and titles forms the fraternity between psychologists and teachers, why not give the bliss of psychology also to other good fellows in the cities and towns who have the same right to demand that those walls about our work at last fall? I think, for instance, of the artists. It would be unjust to conceal the fact that we now make in the psychological laboratory studies on the fusion of tone sensations; of what use is it to the virtuoso to practice piano-playing instead of investigating with us first the whole psychology of tones? and what a perspective for the piano-tuners! In our dark room we work on colors, — the relation of blue to the rods of the retina is under discussion; how can a painter dare to use ultramarine in his brush before he has labored through these experimental studies? One thing lies especially near my heart. We have in our laboratory a complicated apparatus with which we experiment on the psychology of poetical rhythm. I do not see how a poetical soul can hope in future to write a poem in good rhythm before he has seen at least a photograph of that apparatus.

However, I do not wish to exaggerate Professor Bliss's forgetfulness. It is true he forgets the artists, but that does not mean that he favors the teachers only; no, we are told that "experimental psychology with this spirit contains the promise and potency of great assistance for law, medicine, and theology." Especially does his suggestion about theology seem to me excellent; after the kymograph education, certainly the kymograph religion with a chronoscope theology must be the next step of civilization. The best thing would be that our laboratories should arrange a kind of college settlement in every group of the population; they all need us, — the ministers, and the physicians, and the lawyers, and the teachers, and the children.

Finally, a word about the attitude of the schoolmen themselves. Professor Bliss has here, it seems, his strongest foothold, — at least his words swell up to an unusual energy: "Professor Münsterberg has not realized the inspiration of the hour. He misses the whole spirit of modern science and American science teaching. He betrays a low ideal of what teaching should be, and an almost intentional ignorance of schoolroom work." "The idea of the American teacher abandoning psychology at this late day is humorous," he says, and so on in a score of variations. There seemed little hope for me, but I began to inquire what the official educators had said about the matter. I looked into the different educational magazines and school journals. Almost all discussed my paper, and I could not find one that was not in sympathy with my endeavor.

Professor Bliss emphasized the contrast between "the fair New England hills" from which I see the world and the rest of the universe. But I find that even in his Greater New York the best educators and schoolmen are on my side. The Educational Review is regarded as our best pedagogical magazine, and its well-known editor, Professor Butler, of New York, as one of the best champions of the teachers. He began his editorial for March with the following words, in which I drop only the too friendly epithets: "Sober students of education have been pointing out for some time past the illusory character of the belief that somehow these laboratory movements could be applied in the technique of school-

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room work, and we have been waiting to see some one step out from the ranks of the psychologists and call attention to the utterly unphilosophical and unscientific character of this assumption. Professor Münsterberg has performed this service; and while the representatives of the other view may wriggle a little in his grasp, they will find that their occupation and influence are gone." Does the Educational Review also "betray a low ideal of what teaching should be"? Does Professor Butler, too, the head of the pedagogical department in Columbia University, suffer from "an almost intentional ignorance of schoolroom work"?

Not only the papers, but hundreds of letters from schoolmen have brought me the same approval. If the newspapers report him correctly, one educational orator from Chicago said, the other day, amid the cheers of his audience, that I will do a vast amount of damage, but only in the East. I am obliged to confess that two thirds of the approving letters to me have come from the West. Indeed, as I consider all the literature which has found its way to my desk, it reminds me more and more of an experience which I had some time ago. There came to me here in Cambridge the president of a teachers' club in another town, asking me to give a talk before his club on the importance of physiological psychology for the methods of teaching. He made a long speech about the brain, and the ganglion cells, and the gyri, and the nerve fibres, and Harvard, and pedagogics, and how it was absolutely necessary that I should accept his invitation to talk on these favorite subjects. I listened patiently, and when he had finished I told him that I could not go, as I should not satisfy the members of the club, because I did not believe in the connection of brain physiology and pedagogics. But the effect I produced on him was quite unexpected: he clapped me jovially on the knee and cried, "Then you must come the more, as we none of us believe in it!"

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE END OF ALL LIVING.

THE First Church of Tiverton stands on a hill, whence it overlooks the little village, with one or two pine-shaded neighborhoods beyond, and, when the air is clear, a thin blue line of upland delusively like the sea. Set thus austerely aloft, it seems now a survival of the day when men used to go to meeting gun in hand, and when one stayed, a lookout by the door, to watch and listen. But this the present dwellers do not remember. Conceding not a sigh to the holy and strenuous past, they lament — and the more as they grow older — the stiff climb up the hill, albeit to rest in so sweet a sanctuary at the top. For it is sweet indeed. A soft little wind seems always to be stirring there, on summer Sundays a messenger of good. It runs whispering about, and wafts in all sorts of odors: honey of the milkweed and wild rose, and a Christmas tang of the evergreens just below. It carries away something, too, — scents calculated to bewilder the thrift-hunting bee: sometimes a whiff of peppermint from an old lady's pew, but oftener the breath of musk and southernwood, gathered in ancient gardens, and borne up here to embroider the preacher's drowsy homilies, and remind us, when we faint, of the keen savor of righteousness.

Here in the church do we congregate from week to week; but behind it, on a sloping hillside, is the last home of us all, the old burying-ground, overrun with

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a briery tangle, and relieved by Nature's sweet and cunning hand from the severe decorum set ordinarily about the dead. Our very faithlessness has made it fair. There was a time when we were a little ashamed of it. We regarded it with affection, indeed, but affection of the sort accorded some rusty relative who has lain too supine in the rut of years. Thus, with growing ambition came, in due course, the project of a new burying-ground. This we dignified, even in common speech; it was always grandly "the Cemetery." While it lay unrealized in the distance, the home of our forbears fell into neglect, and Nature marched in, according to her lavishness, and adorned what we ignored. The white alder crept farther and farther from its bounds; tansy and wild rose rioted in profusion, and soft patches of violets smiled to meet the spring. Here were, indeed, great riches, "a little of everything" that pasture life affords: a hardy bed of checkerberry, crimson strawberries nodding on long stalks, and in one sequestered corner the beloved Linnæa. It seemed a consecrated pasture shut off from daily use, and so given up to pleasantness that you could scarcely walk there without setting foot on some precious outgrowth of the spring, or pushing aside a summer loveliness better made for wear.

Ambition had its fulfillment. We bought our Cemetery, a large, green tract, quite square, and lying open to the sun. But our pendulum had swung too wide. Like many folk who suffer from one discomfort, we had gone to the utmost extreme and courted another. We were tired of climbing hills, and so we pressed too far into the lowland; and the first grave dug in our Cemetery showed three inches of water at the bottom. It was in "Prince's new lot," and there his young daughter was to lie. But her lover had stood by while the men were making the grave; and, looking into the ooze below, he woke to the thought of her fair young body there.

"God!" they heard him say, "she shan't lay so. Leave it as it is, and come up into the old buryin'-ground. There 's room enough by me."

The men, all mates of his, stopped work without a glance and followed him; and up there in the dearer shrine her place was made. The father said but a word at her changed estate. Neighbors had hurried in to bring him the news; he went first to the unfinished grave in the Cemetery, and then strode up the hill, where the men had not yet done. After watching them for a while in silence, he turned aside; but he came back to drop a trembling hand upon the lover's arm.

"I guess," he said miserably, "she 'd full as lieves lay here by you."

And she will be quite beside him, though, in the beaten ways of earth, others have come between. For years he lived silently and apart; but when his mother died, and he and his father were left staring at the dulled embers of life, he married a good woman, who perhaps does not deify early dreams; yet she is tender of them, and at the death of her own child it was she who went toiling up to the graveyard to see that its little place did not encroach too far. She gave no reason, but we all knew it was because she meant to let her husband lie there by the long-loved guest.

Naturally enough, after this incident of the forsaken grave, we conceived a strange horror of the new Cemetery, and it has remained deserted to this day. It is nothing but a meadow now, with that one little grassy hollow in it to tell a piteous tale. It is mown by any farmer who chooses to take it for a price; but we regard it differently from any other plot of ground. It is "the Cemetery," and always will be. We wonder who has bought the grass. "Eli 's got the Cemetery this year," we say. And sometimes awe-stricken little squads of school children lead one another there, hand in hand, to look at the grave where Annie Prince

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was going to be buried when her beau took her away. They never seem to connect that heart-broken wraith of a lover with the bent farmer who goes to and fro driving the cows. He wears patched overalls, and has sciatica in winter; but I have seen the gleam of youth awakened, though remotely, in his eyes. I do not believe he ever quite forgets; there are moments, now and then, at dusk or midnight, all his for poring over those dulled pages of the past.

After we had elected to abide by our old home we voted an enlargement of its bounds; and thereby hangs a tale of outlawed revenge. Long years ago "old Abe Eaton" quarreled with his twin brother, and vowed, as the last fiat of an eternal divorce, "I won't be buried in the same yard with ye!"

The brother died first; and because he lay within a little knoll beside the fence, Abe willfully set a public seal on that iron oath by purchasing a strip of land outside, wherein he should himself be buried. Thus they would rest in a hollow correspondence, the fence between. It all fell out as he ordained, for we in Tiverton are cheerfully willing to give the dead their way. Lax enough is the helpless hand in the fictitious stiffness of its grasp; and we are not the people to deny it holding, by courtesy at least. Soon enough does the sceptre of mortality crumble and fall. So Abe was buried according to his wish. But when necessity commanded us to add unto ourselves another acre, we took in his grave with it, and the fence, falling into decay, was never renewed. There he lies, in affectionate decorum, beside the brother he hated; and thus does the greater good wipe out the individual wrong.

So now, as in ancient times, we toil steeply up here, with the dead upon his bier; for not often in Tiverton do we depend on that uncouth monstrosity, the hearse. It is not that we do not own one, — a rigid box of that name has belonged to us now for many a year; and when Sudleigh came out with a new one, plumes, trappings, and all, we broached the idea of emulating her. But the project fell through after Brad Freeman's contented remark that he guessed the old one would last us out. He "never heard no complaint from anybody 't ever rode in it." That placed our last journey on a homely, humorous basis, and we smiled, and reflected that we preferred going up the hill borne by friendly hands, with the light of heaven falling on our coffin-lids.

The antiquary would set much store by our headstones, did he ever find them out. Certain of them are very ancient, according to our ideas; for they came over from England, and are now fallen into the grayness of age. They are woven all over with lichens, and the blackberry binds them fast. Well, too, for them! They need the grace of some such veiling; for most of them are alive, even to this day, with warning skulls, and awful cherubs compounded of bleak bald faces and sparsely feathered wings. One discovery, made there on a summer day, has not, I fancy, been duplicated in another New England town. On six of the larger tombstones are carved, below the grass level, a row of tiny imps, grinning faces and humanized animals. Whose was the hand that wrought? The Tivertonians know nothing about it. They say there was a certain old Veasey who, some eighty odd years ago, used to steal into the graveyard with his tools, and there, for love, scrape the mosses from the stones and chip the letters clear. He liked to draw "creatur's" especially, and would trace them for children on their slates. He lived alone in a little house long since fallen, and he would eat no meat. That is all they know of him. I can guess but one thing more: that when no looker-on was by, he pushed away the grass, and wrote his little jokes, safe in the kindly tolerance of the dead. This was the identical soul who should, in good old days, have been carving gar-

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goyles and misereres; here his only field was the obscurity of Tiverton churchyard, his only monument these grotesqueries so cunningly concealed.

We have epitaphs, too, — all our own as yet, for the world has not discovered them. One couple lies in well-to-do respectability under a tiny monument not much taller than the conventional gravestone, but shaped on a pretentious model.

"We 'd ruther have it nice," said the builders, "even if there ain't much of it."

These were Eliza Marden and Peleg her husband, who worked from sun to sun, with scant reward save that of pride in their own forehandedness. I can imagine them as they drove to church in the open wagon, a couple portentously large and prosperous; their one child, Hannah, sitting between them, and glancing about her, in a flickering, intermittent way, at the pleasant holiday world. Hannah was no worker; she liked a long afternoon in the sun, her thin little hands busied about nothing weightier than crochet; and her mother regarded her with a horrified patience, as one who might some time be trusted to sow all her wild oats of idleness. The well-mated pair died within the same year, and it was Hannah who composed their epitaph, with an artistic accuracy, but a defective sense of rhyme: —

"Here lies Eliza
She was a striver
Here lies Peleg
He was a select
Man"

We townsfolk found something haunting and bewildering in the lines; they drew and yet they baffled us, with their suggested echoes luring only to betray. Hannah never wrote anything else, but we always cherished the belief that she could do "'most anything" with words and their possibilities. Still, we accepted her one crowning achievement, and never urged her to further proof. In Tiverton we never look genius in the mouth. Nor did Hannah herself propose developing her gift. Relieved from the spur of those two unquiet spirits who had begotten her, she settled down to sit all day in the sun, learning new patterns of crochet; and having cheerfully let her farm run down, she died at last in a placid poverty.

Then there was Desire Baker, who belonged to the era of colonial hardship, and who, through a redundant punctuation, is relegated to a day still more remote. For some stone-cutter, scornful of working by the card, or born with an inordinate taste for periods, set forth, below her *obiit*, the astounding statement: —

"The first woman. She made the journey to Boston. By Stage."

Here, too, are the ironies whereof departed life is prodigal. This is the tidy lot of Peter Merrick, who had a desire to stand well with the world in leaving it, and whose purple and fine linen were embodied in the pomp of death. He was a cobbler, and he put his small savings together to erect a modest monument to his own memory. Every Sunday he visited it, "after meetin'," and perhaps his day-dreams, as he sat leather-aproned on his bench, were still of that white marble idealism. The inscription upon it was full of significant blanks; they seemed an interrogation of the destiny which governs man.

"Here lies Peter Merrick ——" ran the unfinished scroll, "and his wife who died ——"

But ambitious Peter never lay there at all; for in his later prime, with one flash of sharp desire to see the world, he went on a voyage to the Banks, and was drowned. And his wife? The story grows somewhat threadbare. She summoned his step-brother to settle the estate, and he, a marble-cutter by trade, filled in the date of Peter's death with letters English and illegible. In the process of the carving, the widow stood by, hands folded under her apron from the midsum-

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mer sun. They got excellent well acquainted, and the stone-cutter prolonged his stay. He came again in a little over a year, at Thanksgiving time, and the two were married. Which shows that nothing is certain in life, — no, not the proprieties of our leaving it, — and that even there we must walk softly, writing no boastful legend for time to annul.

At one period, a certain quatrain had a great run in Tiverton; it was the epitaph of the day. Noting how it overspread that stony soil, you picture to yourself the modest pride of its composer; unless, indeed, it had been copied from an older inscription in an English yard, and transplanted through the heart and brain of some settler whose thoughts were ever flitting back. Thus it runs in decorous metre: —

> "Dear husband, now my life is passed,
> You have dearly loved me to the last.
> Grieve not for me, but pity take
> On my dear children for my sake."

But one sorrowing widower amended it, according to his wife's direction, so that it bore a new and significant meaning. He was charged to

> "pity take
> On my dear parent for my sake."

The lesson was patent. His mother-in-law had always lived with him, and she was "difficult." Who knows how keenly the sick woman's mind ran on the possibilities of reef and quicksand for the alien two left alone without her guiding hand? So she set the warning of her love and fear to be no more forgotten while she herself should be remembered.

The husband was a silent man. He said very little about his intentions; performance was enough for him. Therefore it happened that his "parent," adopted perforce, knew nothing about this public charge until she came upon it, on her first Sunday visit, surveying the new glory of the stone. The story goes that she stood before it, a square, portentous figure in black alpaca and warlike mitts, and that she uttered these irrevocable words: —

"Pity on *me!* Well, I guess he won't! I'll go to the poor-farm fust!"

And Monday morning, spite of his loyal dissuasions, she packed her "blue chist" and drove off to a far-away cousin, who got her "nussin'" to do. Another lesson from the warning finger of Death: let what was life not dream that it can sway the life that is, after the two part company.

Not always were mothers-in-law such breakers of the peace. There is a story in Tiverton of one man who went remorsefully mad after his wife's death, and whose mind dwelt unceasingly on the things he had denied her. These were not many, yet the sum seemed to him colossal. It piled the Ossa of his grief. Especially did he writhe under the remembrance of certain blue dishes she had desired the week before her sudden death; and one night, driven by an insane impulse to expiate his blindness, he walked to town, bought them, and placed them in a foolish order about her grave. It was a puerile, crazy deed, but no one smiled, not even the little children who heard of it next day, on the way home from school, and went trudging up there to see. To their stirring minds it seemed a strange departure from the comfortable order of things, chiefly because their elders stood about with furtive glances at one another and murmurs of "Poor creatur'!" But one man, wiser than the rest, "harnessed up," and went to tell the dead woman's mother, a mile away. Jonas was "shackled;" he might "do himself a mischief." In the late afternoon the guest so summoned walked quietly into the silent house, where Jonas sat by the window, beating one hand incessantly upon the sill and staring at the air. His sister, also, had come; she was frightened, however, and had betaken herself to the bedroom, to sob. But in walked this little plump, soft-footed woman, with her banded hair,

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her benevolent spectacles, and her atmosphere of calm.

"I guess I 'll blaze a fire, Jonas," said she. "You step out an' git me a mite o' kindlin'."

The air of homely living enwrapped him once again, and mechanically, with the inertia of old habit, he obeyed. They had a "cup o' tea" together; and then, when the dishes were washed, and the peaceful twilight began to settle down upon them like a sifting mist, she drew a little rocking-chair to the window where he sat opposite, and spoke.

"Jonas," said she, in that still voice which had been harmonized by the experiences of life, "arter dark, you jest go up an' bring home them blue dishes. Mary 's got an awful lot o' fun in her, an' if she ain't laughin' over that, I 'm beat. Now, Jonas, you do it! Do you s'pose she wants them nice blue pieces out there through wind an' weather? She 'd ruther by half see 'em on the parlor cluzzet shelves; an' if you 'll fetch 'em home, I 'll scallop some white paper, jest as she liked, an' we 'll set 'em up there."

Jonas wakened a little from his mental swoon. Life seemed warmer, more tangible, again.

"Law, do go," said the mother soothingly. "She don't want the whole township tramplin' up there to eye over her chiny. Make her as nervous as a witch. Here 's the ha'-bushel basket, an' some paper to put between 'em. You go, Jonas, an' I 'll clear off the shelves."

So Jonas, whether he was tired of guiding the impulses of his own unquiet mind, or whether he had become a child again, glad to yield to the maternal, as we all do in our grief, took the basket and went. He stood by, still like a child, while this comfortable woman put the china on the shelves, speaking warmly, as she worked, of the pretty curving of the cups, and her belief that the pitcher was "one you could pour out of." She stayed on at the house, and Jonas, through his sickness of the mind, lay back upon her soothing will as a baby lies in its mother's arms. But the china was never used, even when he had come to his normal estate, and bought and sold as before. The mother's prescience was too keen for that.

Here in this ground are the ambiguities of life carried over into that other state, its pathos and its small misunderstandings. This was a much-married man whose last spouse had been a triple widow. Even to him the situation proved mathematically complex, and the sumptuous stone to her memory bears the dizzying legend that "Enoch Nudd who erects this stone is her fourth husband and his fifth wife." Perhaps it was the exigencies of space which brought about this amazing elision; but surely, in its very apparent intention, there is only a modest pride. For indubitably the much-married may plume themselves upon being also the widely-sought. If it is the crown of sex to be desired, here you have it, under seal of the civil bond. No baseless, windy boasting that "I might an if I would!" Nay, here be the marriage ties to testify.

In this pleasant, weedy corner is a little white stone, not so long erected. "I shall arise in thine image," runs the inscription; and reading it, you shall remember that the dust within belonged to a little hunchback, who played the fiddle divinely and had beseeching eyes. With that cry he escaped from the marred conditions of the clay. Here, too (for this is a sort of bachelor nook), is the grave of a man whom we unconsciously thrust into a permanent masquerade. Years and years ago he broke into a house, — an unknown felony in our quiet limits, — and was incontinently shot. The burglar lost his arm, and went about at first under a cloud of disgrace and horror, which became, with healing of the public conscience, a veil of sympathy. After his brief imprisonment indoors during the healing of the mutilated stump,

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he came forth among us again, a man sadder and wiser in that he had learned how slow and sure may be the road to wealth. He had sown his wild oats in one night's foolish work, and now he settled down to doing such odd jobs as he might with one hand. We got accustomed to his loss. Those of us who were children when it happened never really discovered that it was disgrace at all; we thought it misfortune, and no one said us nay. Then one day it occurred to us that he must have been shot "in the war," and so, all unwittingly to himself, the silent man became a hero. We accepted him. He was part of our poetic time, and when he died we held him still in the memory among those who fell worthily. When Decoration Day was first observed in Tiverton, one of us remembered him and dropped some apple blossoms on his grave; and so it had its posy like the rest, although it bore no flag. It was the doctor who set us right there. "I would n't do that," he said, withholding the hand of one unthinking child; and she took back her flag. But she left the blossoms, and, being fond of precedent, we still do the same; unless we stop to think, we know not why. You may say there is here some perfidy to the republic and the honored dead, or at least some laxity of morals. We are lax, indeed, but possibly that is why we are so kind. We are not willing to "hurt folks' feelings" even when they have migrated to another star; and a flower more or less from the overplus given to men who made the greater choice will do no harm, tossed to one whose soul may be sitting, like Lazarus, at their riches' gate.

But of all these fleeting legends made to hold the soul a moment on its way, and keep it here in fickle permanence, one is more dramatic than all, more charged with power and pathos. Years ago there came into Tiverton an unknown man, very handsome, showing the marks of high breeding, and yet in his bearing strangely solitary and remote. He wore a cloak, and had a foreign look. He came walking into the town one night, with dust upon his shoes, and we judged that he had been traveling a long time. He had the appearance of one who was not nearly at his journey's end, and would pass through the village, continuing on a longer way. He glanced at no one, but we all stared at him. He seemed, though we had not the words to put it so, an exiled prince. He went straight through Tiverton Street until he came to the parsonage; and something about it (perhaps its garden, hot with flowers, larkspur, coreopsis, and the rest) detained his eye, and he walked in. Next day the old doctor was there, also, with his little black case; but we were none the wiser for that. For the old doctor was of the sort who intrench themselves in a professional reserve. You might draw up beside the road to question him, but you could as well deter the course of nature. He would give the roan a flick, and his sulky would flash by.

"What 's the matter with so-and-so?" would ask a mousing neighbor.

"He 's sick," ran the laconic reply.

"Goin' to die?" one daring querist ventured further.

"Some time," said the doctor.

But though he assumed a right to combat thus the outer world, no one was gentler with a sick man or with those about him in their grief. To the latter he would speak; but he used to say he drew his line at second cousins.

Into his hands and the true old parson's fell the stranger's confidence, if confidence it were. He may have died solitary and unexplained; but no matter what he said, his story was safe. In a week he was carried out for burial; and so solemn was the parson's manner as he spoke a brief service over him, so thrilling his enunciation of the words "our brother," that we dared not even ask what else he should be called. And we never knew. The headstone, set up by the parson, bore the words "Peccator

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Maximus." For a long time we thought they made the stranger's name, and judged that he must have been a foreigner; but a new schoolmistress taught us otherwise. It was Latin, she said, and it meant "the chiefest among sinners." When that report flew round the parson got wind of it, and then, in the pulpit one morning, he announced that he felt it necessary to say that the words had been used "at our brother's request," and that it was his own decision to write below them, "For this cause came I into the world."

We have accepted the stranger as we accept many things in Tiverton. Parson and doctor kept his secret well. He is quite safe from our questioning; but for years I expected a lady, always young and full of grief, to seek out his grave and shrive him with her tears. She will not appear now, unless she come as an old, old woman, to lie beside him. It is too late.

One more record of our vanished time, — this full of poesy only, and the pathos of farewell. It was not the aged and heartsick alone who lay down here to rest. We have been no more fortunate than others. Youth and beauty came also, and returned no more. This, where the white rose-bush grows untended, was the young daughter of a squire in far-off days: too young to have known the pangs of love or the sweet desire of Death, save that, in primrose time, he always paints himself so fair. I have thought the inscription must have been borrowed from another grave, in some yard shaded by yews and silent under the cawing of the rooks; perhaps, from its stiffness, translated from a stately Latin verse. This it is, snatched not too soon from oblivion; for a few more years will wear it quite away: —

"Here lies the purple flower of a maid
Having to envious Death due tribute paid.
Her sudden Loss her Parents did lament,
And all her Friends with grief their hearts did Rent.
Life's short. Your wicked Lives amend with care,
For Mortals know we Dust and Shadows are."

"The purple flower of a maid"! All the blossomy sweetness, the fragrant lamenting of Lycidas, lies in that one line. Alas, poor love-lies-bleeding! And yet not poor according to the barren pity we accord the dead, but dowered with another youth set like a crown upon the unstained front of this. Not going with sparse blossoms ripened or decayed, but heaped with buds and dripping over in perfume. She seems so sweet in her still loveliness, the empty promise of her balmy spring, that, for a moment, fain are you to snatch her back into the pageant of your day. Reading that phrase, you feel the earth is poorer for her loss. And yet not so, since the world holds other greater worlds as well. Elsewhere she may have grown to age and stature; but here she lives yet in beauteous permanence, — as true a part of youth and joy and rapture as the immortal figures on the Grecian Urn. While she was but a flying phantom on the frieze of time, Death fixed her there forever, — a haunting spirit in perennial bliss.

Alice Brown.

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THE CAPTIVE.

WHOSE will, or whether law transgressed or wrath
Incurred, hath bound me captive to this rock,
Poised in the windy hollow of the skies,
To fret for the blue empyrean where
My fancy sails, I know not. Were I free
To plunge and with the stars companion me,
Happy were I, at will returning here,
To make of this Tellurian orb a home.
To be a captive, this my spirit irks.
For not of choice, a willing immigrant,
I came, but by some mandate stern constrained
And unrelenting force; where all these years
Pent up I watch to snatch from the abyss
Some grain of truth, at random here and there
By unseen hands flung blazing down the night.
And now the world, like an oft-traveled road,
Shrinks, till it scarce exceeds the rocky isle
Ulysses found too small for his large wish.

But yonder fathomless profundity
Hath scope and freedom, — nothing lacking save
Courage and a contriving mind. There gleams
Expanse uncharted, where no admiral
E'er sailed, and undiscovered continents
And ports beyond the utmost Hyades.
Cut off from which — and God knows what of sweet
Companionship and fruit of wisest minds —
Must I crouch here, as little thought of as
A naked islander in the South Sea,
Who from some vantage of his shipless strand
Beholds the sails that bear the commerce of
The world?

Must I be dumb while great events
To mighty being heave in yonder space
Unrecked by me, or in some furthest star
A work begins — perhaps to-day — whose end
Shall shape all life anew? I cannot rest
To sleep and feed and nurse an ebbing might,
While hearing with Imagination's ear
The shining beaches of a million worlds
Thunder beneath the on-rush of the wave
That bathes yon peak with Neptune's light! This earth,
Upon the cold periphery of heaven
Heaved up, is not enough! One spot hath still
Its secret: where the north wind heaps the waste

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With hoarded winter, filched from lands despoiled
Of coolness, where the iceberg-builder toils
To launch his miracles of frost. My fires
Draw nearer; soon the Hyperborean
Upon his door will hear my knock.

But yon
Abyss that sparkles down on this rude shore
Its nightly blaze, like some rich ocean seen
In dream of a poor diver, thwarts my will
With tantalizing vision. Shall no stout
Discoverer — beyond night's ebon cone
Pushing far out his solitary prow —
To that charmed deep e'er bear intelligence
Of me? No cairn or sea-mark reared on crag
Or precipice record where man hath been?

In dreams oft have I seen the earth recede
And wane far down the vault, and the brave sun
Plunge after her; and thus left lone have heard
The creaking tackle, felt the canvas puff
With the shrill wind that blows among the stars.
And domes of airy capitals I saw,
And ports and cities thronged; the carven beaks
Of ships encrusted with salt spray and rich
With spoil, from some adventure to the north
Of Taurus, or from voyaging to some old,
Most fabulous Orient of the universe.
A dream! but in a dream all things begin.
The reptile's dream of wings the alchemy
Of some millennial spring hides in an egg.

Amid the austral solitudes of space
It may be that I dwell, afar from thronged
Highways and charted main. Yet if I read
Aright the starry drift, this restless sphere,
That steadfast wheels with its companion orbs,
Like a migrating flock of birds, in flight
Toward its far doomsday, bears me to a fate
Nobler than poets sing. Who knows what warm
Gulf Streams of heaven, what light of other stars,
Await my coming, whose sweet influence may
Uncoil the sinuous perplexities
That vex me here, and wake a finer strength,
Now slumbering unsuspected in my soul?

Spirits there are, no doubt, in yonder space,
As keen as mine for new discovery,
And eyes that burn to see strange coasts. Some swift
Celestial bark erelong will heave in sight

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With news of mighty import, or bright forms
Be visible descending from the stars.
Meanwhile, impatient, pondering all things, I
Peruse the blue depth of the upper sea,
Hungry to hear of other worlds than mine.

William Prescott Foster.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O LOFTIEST peak of all the noble range
Towering majestic, massive height on height,
Far as the eye can reach, in endless change
Of line and tint and curve, and dark and light, —
Nearest the midnight stars, O proudest hill,
How quiet are thy paths! how still, how still!
In what unbroken silence dost thou lie,
Beneath a sunlit or a storm-filled sky,
Rain, wind, or trailing cloud, or whirling snow,
'Neath the first golden touch of rising day,
Or mellow evening's last empurpling ray,
Untouched, unmoved from granite top to base,
When fiercest thunderbolts about thee play,
As by the shadow of a bird below,
That drifts some summer morn across thy face!
Unshaken since that hour when long ago,
Eons on hoary eons far away,
When mayhap 'mid the fiery pangs and throes
Of earth and sea, fused in one molten glow
Of liquid flame, thy swelling grandeur rose!

This of thy garnered secrets didst thou yield,
As through slow ages our dim eyes, unsealed,
With halting wisdom learned to read at last
Thy own brief story from the lips locked fast
In stony silence. Yet we could not wrest
One hint, one whisper, from thy rock-ribbed breast,
Solving the primal, awful mystery
Of life and death, which has unceasingly,
Since earth and time and consciousness began,
Haunted and mocked the searching soul of man.

Man in his greatness yet how infinite small!
Thou shalt behold his empires rise and fall,
His marble cities crumble to decay,
And of himself, for all his boasting, see
Unnumbered generations pass away,
And leave no lasting sign beneath the sky

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More than the chaff the chilly wind sweeps by,
While thou endurest in changeless majesty.
And still while furthest oceans ebb and flow,
And day and night their light and shadow trace,
And countless rolling seasons come and go,
Through russet autumn or the summer's green,
The winter's white or springtide's tender sheen, —
On thee there dwells from granite top to base,
Through all thy trackless wastes and paths untrod,
The deathless, everlasting Peace of God!

Stuart Sterne.

THE VENETIAN IN BERGAMO, 1588.

HARK, the sea is calling, calling! Prithee, Surgeon, let me go!
Venice calls me; would you keep me like a slave in Bergamo?
Let me forth and haste to Venice, down the many-channeled Po.

Hear the little waves a-lapping on the cold gray Lido sand,
Each a whisper, each a signal clearer than a beck'ning hand;
Were you once a youth, a lover, yet you do not understand?

I or you, which best should know the dovelike language of my home?
All the little waves they lisp it as they break in rainbow foam,
And the sunbeams flash its greeting from the Redentore's dome.

Will you tell me 't is the May wind stirs the orchard-trees again,
And that yonder Adriatic 's but the vernal Lombard plain?
Ah, you never were in Venice, and you plead to me in vain.

You convince me, you, a stranger? Nay, I marvel how you dare
Talk of beauty, boast your mountains, call your crag-built cities fair,
Spend your praise on glen and river: Beauty dwelleth only *there!*

Could you conjure up the colors of your most ethereal dream, —
Roseleaf dawn and Tyrian sunset, turquoise noon and diamond beam,
Tint of sea-shells, nameless jewels that in rippling waters gleam,

Liquid, lovely, evanescent, — still you could not quite retrieve
Just the magic of the mantle sea and sky for Venice weave,
From the earliest flush of morning to the last faint glow of eve.

That the mantle! She who wears it mocks the brush and ties the tongue
Of all painters and all poets; only we from Venice sprung
Feel the charm that passes painting, and the queenliness unsung.

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Gondoliers, row not too swiftly through the opaline lagoon;
Venice dazzles, — let me slowly teach my eyes to bear her noon,
Drop by drop drink in her splendor, else the flooded senses swoon.

Ere we reach the Doge's Palace take me through the narrow ways
Where the quiet seldom ceases and the shadow longer stays,
Where we children swam together in the sultry summer days.

All unchanged, but fairer, dearer! At yon steps I 'll disembark;
Well I know the winding passage that will bring me to St. Mark,
Whom I thank first, and Madonna; then to greet my kinsmen. — Hark!

As of old the south wind hoarsens, and the angry billows beat
On the Lido, sand and sea-wall, mighty wind that brings the fleet
Like a flock of homing pigeons, rushing to the Mother's feet.

In they sweep past Malamocco, up the channel serpentine:
Swift, majestic galleys driven by the long oars, line on line;
Many a battle prize in convoy, vessels of a strange design;

Merchantmen with swelling canvas, broad of beam and laden deep;
Saucy, gaudy-sailed feluccas; fisher-boats that lurch and leap:
Shuttles in the loom of Venice, tow'rds the Grand Canal they sweep.

They have come at last to haven, as their guns a welcome roar,
Furled their sails and dropt their anchors, and the skiffs are ferrying o'er
Admiral and crews and captains to the Piazzetta shore.

In august array to meet them Doge and Procurators fare,
Women watching from the windows, throngs huzzaing in the Square, —
Oh, the women's eyes in Venice, and the sunbeams in their hair!

Here are surly Turkish captives from Aleppo and beyond,
Bearers of the Cyprus tribute, hostages from Trebizond,
Slaves that roamed the hot equator, swarthy Moors, and Persians blond.

Some as spoils of Venice Victrix, some to barter, some to see;
By her strength or by her splendor, whatsoever men may be,
Eager friend or foe reluctant, Venice draws them to her quay.

God be thanked who brings me to thee, Mother of the twofold crown, —
Thine the Beauty more than mortal, Strength to beat thy foemen down, —
Humblest of thy sons, I beg thee use my life for thy renown!

What, again beside me, Surgeon? Still pent up in Bergamo?
But a wound-bred vision, quotha? Thick your mountain shadows grow.
Hark, the sea is calling, calling! Venice summons, and I go.

William Roscoe Thayer.

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A NEW ESTIMATE OF CROMWELL.

THE most notable contributions to the historical literature of England during the year 1897 are two volumes by Samuel R. Gardiner: the Oxford lectures, Cromwell's Place in History, published in the spring; and the second volume of History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, which appeared in the autumn. These present, probably, a new view of Cromwell.

If one love a country or an historic epoch, it is natural for the mind to seek a hero to represent it. We are fortunate in having Washington and Lincoln, whose characters and whose lives sum up well the periods in which they were our benefactors. But if we look upon our history as being the continuation of a branch of that of England, who is the political hero in the nation from which we sprang who represents a great principle or idea that we love to cherish? Hampden might answer if only we knew more about him. It occurs to me that Gray, in his poem which is read and conned from boyhood to age, has done more than any one else to spread abroad the fame of Hampden. Included in the same stanza with Milton and with Cromwell, he seems to the mere reader of the poem to occupy the same place in history. In truth, however, as Mr. Gardiner writes, "it is remarkable how little can be discovered about Hampden. All that is known is to his credit, but his greatness appears from the impression he created upon others more than from the circumstances of his own life as they have been handed down to us."

The minds of boys educated under Puritan influences before and during the war of secession accordingly turned to Cromwell. Had our Puritan ancestors remained at home till the civil war in England, they would have fought under Oliver, and it is natural that their descendants should place a halo about the head of this great leader. All boys of the time I speak of, between seventeen and twenty-two, who were interested in history, read Macaulay, the first volume of whose history appeared in 1848, and they found a hero to their mind in Cromwell. Carlyle's Cromwell was published three years before, and those who could digest stronger food found the great man therein portrayed a chosen one of God to lead his people in the right path. Everybody echoed the thought of Carlyle when he averred that ten years more of Oliver Cromwell's life would have given another history to all the centuries of England.

In these two volumes Gardiner presents an entirely different conception of Cromwell from that of Carlyle and Macaulay, and in greater detail. We arrive at Gardiner's notion by degrees, being prepared by the reversal of some of our pretty well established opinions about the Puritans. Macaulay's epigrammatic sentence touching their attitude to amusements undoubtedly colored the opinions of men for at least a generation. "The Puritan hated bear-baiting," he says, "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." How coolly Gardiner disposes of this well-turned rhetorical phrase: "The order for the complete suppression of bear-baiting and bull-baiting at Southwark and elsewhere was grounded, not, as has been often repeated, on Puritan aversion to amusements giving 'pleasure to the spectators,' but upon Puritan disgust at the immorality which these exhibitions fostered." Again he writes: "Zealous as were the leaders of the Commonwealth in the suppression of vice, they displayed but little of that sour austerity with which they have frequently been credited. On his way to

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Dunbar, Cromwell laughed heartily at the sight of one soldier overturning a full cream tub and slamming it down on the head of another, whilst on his return from Worcester he spent a day hawking in the fields near Aylesbury. 'Oliver,' we hear, 'loved an innocent jest.' Music and song were cultivated in his family. If the graver Puritans did not admit what has been called 'promiscuous dancing' into their households, they made no attempt to prohibit it elsewhere. In the spring of 1651 appeared the English Dancing Master, containing rules for country dances, and the tunes by which they were to be accompanied."

Macaulay's description of Cromwell's army has so pervaded our literature as to be accepted as historic truth; and despite the acumen of Green, he seems, consciously or unconsciously, to have been affected by it, which is not a matter of wonderment, indeed, for such is its rhetorical force that it leaves an impression hard to be obliterated. Macaulay writes: "That which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous Royalists that in that singular camp no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redcoats; not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths; but a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to restrain his musketeers and dragoons from invading by main force the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory."

What a different impression we get from Gardiner! "Much that has been said of Cromwell's army has no evidence behind it," he declares. "The majority of the soldiers were pressed men, selected because they had strong bodies, and not because of their religion. The remainder were taken out of the armies already in existence. . . . The distinctive feature of the army was its officers. All existing commands having been vacated, men of a distinctly Puritan and for the most part of an Independent type were appointed to their places. . . . The strictest discipline was enforced, and the soldiers, whether Puritan or not, were thus brought firmly under the control of officers bent upon the one object of defeating the King."

To those who have regarded the men who governed England, from the time the Long Parliament became supreme to the death of Cromwell, as saints in conduct as well as in name, Mr. Gardiner's facts about the members of the rump of the Long Parliament will be an awakening. "It was notorious," he records, "that many members who entered the House poor were now rolling in wealth." From Gardiner's references and quotations, it is not a strained inference that in subjection to lobbying, in log-rolling and corruption, this Parliament would hardly be surpassed by a Pennsylvania legislature. As to personal morality, he by implication confirms the truth of Cromwell's bitter speech on the memorable day when he forced the dissolution of the Long Parliament. "Some of you," he said, "are whoremasters. Others," he continued, pointing to one and another with his hands, "are drunkards, and some corrupt and unjust men, and scandalous to the profession of the gospel. It is not fit that you should sit as a Parliament any longer."

While I am well aware that to him

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who makes but a casual study of any historic period matters will appear fresh that to the master of it are well-worn inferences and generalizations, and while therefore I can pretend to offer only a shallow experience, I confess that on the points to which I have referred I received new light, and it prepared me for the overturning of the view of Cromwell which I had derived from the Puritanical instruction of my early days and from Macaulay.

In his foreign policy Cromwell was irresolute, vacillating, and tricky. "A study of the foreign policy of the Protectorate," writes Mr. Gardiner, "reveals a distracting maze of fluctuations. Oliver is seen alternately courting France and Spain, constant only in inconstancy."

Cromwell lacked constructive statesmanship. "The tragedy of his career lies in the inevitable result that his efforts to establish religion and morality melted away as the morning mist, whilst his abiding influence was built upon the vigor with which he promoted the material aims of his countrymen." In another place Mr. Gardiner says: "Cromwell's negative work lasted; his positive work vanished away. His constitutions perished with him, his Protectorate descended from the proud position to which he had raised it, his peace with the Dutch Republic was followed by two wars with the United Provinces, his alliance with the French monarchy only led to a succession of wars with France lasting into the nineteenth century. All that lasted was the support given by him to maritime enterprise, and in that he followed the tradition of the governments preceding him."

What is Cromwell's place in history? Thus Mr. Gardiner answers the question: "He stands forth as the typical Englishman of the modern world. . . . It is in England that his fame has grown up since the publication of Carlyle's monumental work, and it is as an Englishman that he must be judged. . . . With Cromwell's memory it has fared as with ourselves. Royalists painted him as a devil. Carlyle painted him as the masterful saint who suited his peculiar Valhalla. It is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time. This, in the most enduring sense, is Cromwell's place in history."

The most difficult thing for me to give up is that Cromwell was not one link in the historic chain that brought about the Revolution of 1688, with its blessed combination of liberty and order. I have loved to think, as Carlyle expressed it: "'Their works follow them,' as I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our 'Revolution of '88' officially called 'glorious,' and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality. Officiality will for long henceforth be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous star chambers, branding irons, chimerical kings and surplices at Allhallowtide, they are gone or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him!"

In these two volumes of Gardiner it is not from what is said, but from what is omitted, that one may deduce the author's opinion that Cromwell's career as Protector contributed in no wise to the Revolution of 1688. But touching this matter he has thus written me: "I am inclined to question your view that Cromwell paved the way for the Revolution of 1688, except so far as his victories and the King's execution frightened off James II. Pym and Hampden did pave the way, but Cromwell's work took other lines. The Instrument of Government was framed on quite different principles, and the extension of the suffrage and re-

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formed franchise found no place in England until 1832. It was not Cromwell's fault that it was so."

If I relinquish this one of my old historic notions, I feel that I must do it for the reason that Lord Auckland agreed with Macaulay after reading the first volume of his history. "I had also hated Cromwell more than I now do," he said; "for I always agree with Tom Macaulay; and it saves trouble to agree with him at once, because he is sure to make you do so at last."

I asked Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard College, who teaches English history of the Tudor and Stuart periods, his opinion of Gardiner. "I firmly believe," he told me, "that Mr. Gardiner is the greatest English historical writer who has appeared since Gibbon. He has the instinct of the truth-seeker as no other English student I know of has shown it since the end of the last century."

General J. D. Cox, a statesman and a lawyer, a student of history and of law, writes me: "In reading Gardiner, I feel that I am sitting at the feet of an historical chief justice, a sort of John Marshall in his genius for putting the final results of learning in the garb of simple common sense."

James Ford Rhodes.

A STUDY OF THE FRENCH.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has written a book[1] which challenges comparison with the works of Mr. Bryce on the American Commonwealth, Sir Donald Wallace on Russia, and de Tocqueville on Democracy in America. The possibility of a book which should combine the philosophic insight and treatment of de Tocqueville with the precise, multifarious personal observations of Arthur Young's Travels in pre-Revolutionary France appears to have suggested itself to Mr. Bodley; and although he expressly disclaims the imitation of either, both these writers were evidently before his mind, for he begins by saying that it behooves any one who has undertaken such a labor as his to consider the methods of their two masterpieces. Whatever his ideal may have been, Mr. Bodley has at all events written a notable book. He has devoted seven years' residence in France to his task; he has enjoyed very wide and unusual opportunities for seeing French places and French people of every sort and rank; and while his volumes do not contain much that we should have expected to find under the title he has chosen, they are graced with a wealth of allusion, anecdote, and incident which illuminate subjects he does not formally treat, and it is not too much to say that Bodley's France will hereafter be essential, as well to students as to every English-speaking person who cares to know the state of government and society in contemporary France.

In the preface to a portion of his history of Cardinal de Richelieu which has lately been published as a separate volume, M. Hanotaux says of France that it is "one of the most perfect social organisms which the history of humanity has ever known. . . . The more we learn of the history of a great people, the more we perceive that the substance changes little; that even across the ages the great lines remain the same; and that the mere thumb-touch which at a given moment determines the characteristic features of a nation moulds them

[1] *France.* By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898.

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for all time. The French people has now existed for more than one thousand years. It is ever the same, gentle, light, mobile in its temper, easily given to enthusiasm, easily discouraged, easy to govern, easy to mislead, capable of generous enthusiasms and of the wildest violence, agile of wit, warm of heart. It is still the people which Cæsar saw, and which throughout the ages all who have approached it and known it have found the same. It becomes animated, inflamed, and excited, and then of a sudden unbends and laughs. It often earns the hatred and always wins the pardon of other nations. A foundation of seriousness, courage, and good sense saves and sustains it in the most critical circumstances. When Paris warms up and boils, the provinces calm down. Even when revolution rumbles, people amuse themselves. Even when all seems lost, hope remains deep-seated in French hearts. This people is, in spite of all, incurably optimistic, and the fogs and gloom emanating from without have hardly affected its good demeanor or caused the smile on its lips to hesitate."

Mr. Bodley's opinion is that, after Greater Britain, France is the most interesting member of the human family. Those who have seen the new birth and studied the consolidation of the mighty German fatherland, and who have witnessed the accomplishment of the more difficult and almost equally important work of Cavour in Italy, cannot quite agree in this respect with Mr. Bodley, who appears to regard Germany mainly as a breeder of princesses for the rest of Christendom. Still less can they wholly agree with M. Hanotaux. The Gauls are, indeed, to-day as Cæsar found them, but Tacitus' description of the German tribes can be still fitted to the German people; and where in the history of humanity is there a more pregnant and thrilling episode than the proclamation of the Kaiser by the German princes, in the great hall of Versailles? Where is there a sterner lesson of the necessity for a national righteousness than Bismarck's and Moltke's splendid fulfillment of a long revenge for le Grand Monarque's appropriation of Elsass and Lorraine, his thirty or more unprovoked raids across the Rhine, and the insults of Napoleon's soldiers, of which every German family has its traditions? The French are a great and interesting people, but their place is not what they themselves and their panegyrists assume it to be. M. Hanotaux's sentences are, however, quoted at length, because they give even better than Mr. Bodley himself the reason for his opinion about France, and also because they illustrate the difficulty of studying, still more of judging, the institutions of a people so described.

For all practical purposes, the Revolution was, as Mr. Bodley has put it, the beginning of modern France. Yet for an American there remain many astonishing relics of the ancient régime which survived what we are apt to regard as a social and political deluge. Aigues-Mortes stands to-day — except that the Mediterranean has receded from its walls — exactly as it was when Louis IX. embarked from it on his two crusades; the miracles, and the sublime or infantile faith, as one chooses to regard it, shown at Lourdes belong rather to the age of St. Louis than to the age of steam and electricity; one could see, a few years ago, and perhaps to-day can still see, in the vaults of the abbey of Fontevrault, the original effigies of Henry II. and his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, in their royal robes; and even in practical business the land is full of evidences of a society we supposed was effaced. In a certain country place known to the writer there is, for instance, a mill which has been held for three hundred years at the same nominal rent, on condition that the tenant should deliver at the château every spring a salmon of a certain weight; and having delivered his fish,

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the tenant was thereupon entitled to dine with the landlord and to wear his hat at dinner. Salmon have ceased to ascend the river which turns the mill, and the miller must procure his fish at great expense from Paris, but he does it, and gets his dinner.

If the Revolution was not, therefore, so complete a deluge as we have imagined, it was nevertheless a tremendous event, and has controlled the minds of Frenchmen for nearly a century. The July monarchy, the revolution of 1848, the second empire, and the third republic were all proclaimed as asserting the principles of the Revolution. Jules Simon said it came "like the law from Sinai;" and in March, 1898, the Comte de Mun, in his address on his reception into the Academy, said, "The French Revolution is in this century the dividing line between men, the touchstone of their ideas." Only of late has the exact criticism and vast knowledge of M. Taine, in his Origines de la France Contemporaine, begun to undermine the influence of the Revolution, until now it is beginning to be regarded as a mere historical phenomenon, "like the wars of religion under the last of the Valois."

However it be now regarded, it is clear, at least, that the Revolution reorganized France, and Mr. Bodley well describes its apotheosis as the scene in Notre Dame when the Vicar of Christ, surrounded by the Revolutionary generals in unwonted trappings, crowned Bonaparte as Emperor, and then the latter, unheeding the gesture of the Pontiff, himself crowned the ex-mistress of Barras as Empress of the French.

The newly made Emperor finished as well as glorified the work of the Revolution; and after he had been succeeded by Louis XVIII., and the Bourbons and the allies had put back the hands of the clock, as they thought, what was left of the Revolution was the work of Napoleon; "that is, the whole framework of modern France." Napoleon's, more than Richelieu's, was the thumb-touch which "determines the characteristic features of the nation." He created the whole centralized administrative system of France; he organized the departments and the work of their officials. It is a pity that Mr. Bodley does not give us an account of this system and of the manner of its working, for it is the chief tangible result of the Revolution. No other one institution has so deeply affected French character by teaching men to look for what they want, not within and to themselves, but outside to the authorities; or has so widely influenced French politics by giving to the central government an influence over elections unknown in English-speaking communities. Besides this administrative system, the relations of church and state are still regulated by Napoleon's concordat. The university, which is the basis of public education, the codes, the Conseil d'Etat, the judicial and fiscal systems, and in fine "every institution which a law-abiding Frenchman respects, from the Legion of Honor to the Bank of France and the Comédie Française, was either formed or reorganized by Napoleon." He left France exhausted after the twenty years of intoxication with destruction and victory, so that the restoration and the white flag were welcome; but presently the growth of the Napoleonic legend began. Las Casas' Memorial of St. Helena and Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire nourished it; and after Louis Philippe had brought home the Emperor's ashes, and interred them with great pomp at the Invalides, the sentiment was so strong that the mere name of Louis Napoleon, who was then an unknown personality, swept him through the presidency of the third republic and a dictatorship into the imperial chair. Within the past five years, after Sedan and the *débâcle*, we have again seen, in plays and numerous biographies, a visible recrudescence of the legend which, as Mr. Bodley points out, may one day place at the disposal

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of a leader with only the genius of one of Napoleon's marshals, but who happens to touch the popular fancy, the disciplined legions which the democracy now maintains on a war footing, compared with which the conquering armies of Bonaparte were but ill-equipped levies.

Besides the work of Napoleon, the French Revolution bequeathed to posterity three principles which are still written all over France, and as to the fate of which Mr. Bodley inquires at some length. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," what has become of them? There is a saying, attributed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, that the French know nothing at all about liberty, have an offensive passion for equality, and like to talk about fraternity; that the English never fraternize with anybody, know nothing of equality and care nothing for it except before the law, but insist always and everywhere on liberty, and will sacrifice anything they possess to get it; that the American has loose notions about liberty, assumes the fact of equality with everybody, and is ready to fraternize with anybody.

So far as France is concerned, there is a good deal of wisdom in the saying. Liberty to a Frenchman, as Mr. Bodley truly says, is "a dogma to define or to expound rather than a factor in the every-day life of a community;" and certainly, from the standpoint of English law, the fundamental safeguards of personal liberty do not exist in France. Domiciliary visits of the police, undertaken on purely *ex parte* denunciations, are lawful, and the procedure in the case of persons accused of a breach of the criminal law seems incredible to men of the Anglo-Saxon race. The French theory is that an accused person is presumed to be guilty until his innocence is proved. He may be kept in solitary confinement, interrogated day by day in private audiences by a magistrate who seeks to extort an avowal of guilt, and all the time the police are at work to get up evidence against the untried prisoner, who may even be in ignorance of the charge against him; and only in 1897 was a law passed which permitted the accused to have counsel in preparing his defense. The accounts of the Zola trial which have recently been published show the sort of performances which are possible when the defendant is finally brought into court. This procedure is merely indicative of the indifference of Frenchmen to what we consider the essentials of personal liberty. The same indifference is manifest in many other directions. A Frenchman, as he looks backward, is apt to think of himself at the Lycées, for instance, as having been in a prison where he was subjected to perpetual espionage and servitude. From every sort of subordinate officials, private as well as public, the individual suffers infractions of his personal liberty; and often these infractions seem to be inspired, as is frequently the case on an American railroad or in a city hall, by the mere desire to convince the traveler or the citizen that he is one of the mass, and no better than his neighbors. In matters of opinion, too, the objection to letting people think what they like is apparently insuperable. The virulence of the *odium theologicum* in France can hardly be imagined in this country by any one who does not know the traditions of the Unitarian movement, or has not had the opportunity to observe the temper — and absence of humor — of the members of a Presbyterian general convention engaged at the same moment in revising their creed and prosecuting some of their members for heresy. In France there is no personal toleration for agnostics, and Mr. Bodley says that Voltaire occupies there the place which "Jews and Turks" hold in the English liturgy. On the other hand, he quotes with approval from the Journal des Débats a statement that "no one has any idea of what a noxious and insupportable creature is the anti-clerical of the

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provinces." He gives an instance where a postmaster in the Vendée was warned by the sous-préfet that he had been observed to be a constant attendant at church, and that one of his daughters sang in a chapel choir, and he was therefore in danger of being considered a "clerical." The warning was intended to be a friendly one, and the postmaster thereupon ceased going to church.

As to equality, Mr. Bodley is of the opinion that it is neither found nor cultivated among Frenchmen, except in the sense mentioned by de Tocqueville, who said that equality on the lips of a French politician signified, "No one shall be in a better position than mine;" but this, Mr. Bodley thinks, is no reproach to them, for if it were otherwise Frenchmen would have "ceased to belong to the human family." Absolute equality, we should all agree, is a mere philosophic abstraction. It was possible for a comparatively primitive community, in which there were no great dissimilarities of fortune, taste, or education, to adopt Jefferson's declaration that "all men are created free and equal." But that declaration was promptly interpreted to mean political equality for white men. Taking equality in that sense, Mr. Bodley has hardly done the French justice. He notices that civilization has sunk down among the people, so that it is more difficult in France than elsewhere to judge from the conversation or address of the man in the railway carriage or in the street what his position really is. That is true, and it indicates a considerable advance toward equality. The recognition by the republic of titles to which no privileges are attached is of no significance, because apparently most of the titles are self-conferred, and the passion for the Legion of Honor, like the desire for knighthoods and baronetcies in England, usually to please the applicant's wife, is no more important than the passion of numerous otherwise decent people in the United States to travel on a free pass. Mr. Labouchere upholds the English titles and even the peerage as a most valuable party asset, and most of our great railroad managers like to have passes to distribute in moderation. They certainly like to ride on them; and though the use of passes may show an absence of self-respect, and may be a pitiful and comic evidence of an apostate democracy, neither passes, nor titles, nor the Legion of Honor show the absence of equality before the law.

In regard to fraternity, there is not much to be said, and there never has been, since the fever of the Revolution spent itself. The intimacy of strangers in times of great public excitement is a well-known phenomenon, and there were public dinner-tables spread through the Rue de Rivoli before the days of the Terror; but otherwise the doctrine of fraternity existed, and exists, for purposes of declamation only. Mr. Bodley notes the cruelty which has often been shown to Frenchmen by Frenchmen, the attachment of the French to the soil, their consequent inaptitude for colonization, the absence of race patriotism, and the separation of aristocratic and plutocratic society — which are rapidly becoming identical — from the intellectual and political side of the nation. The isolation of society from affairs, and its surrender to mere amusement, is greatly regretted by Frenchmen, who think its tendency is to make Paris, the centre of society, not the intellectual, still less the political capital of Europe, — which is what they like to think it used to be, — but a great cosmopolitan casino, given over to the idle, frivolous, and rich of all nations. That isolation is not, however, peculiar to France; we hear a good deal about it in America, and it is beginning to be said of "smart" society in England, where a good conservative will tell you it is a necessary consequence of giving a vote to everybody and of paying salaries to your legislators. Perhaps those causes are efficient in producing the result; per-

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haps also in America it is largely imaginary. It may be that such separation of rich and educated people from affairs is a necessary consequence of democracy; but certainly no state is any worse off because of it than it was, or would be again, under the pre-revolutionary régimes of exclusive privilege to those who now hold aloof.

When Mr. Bodley comes to consider the actual constitution and form of government in France, he is not compact, and a better and more orderly view than he gives can be obtained elsewhere, — in Burgess's Political Science and Constitutional Law, for example. In considering, however, how the constitution and the machinery of government have actually worked during the past twenty-five years, Mr. Bodley's book is vivid and admirable. It might almost be called a history of the third republic, and nowhere else can the English reader get such a complete and accurate view of what has been happening in France during the past generation, or of the people through whom it has come about.

The French President is "the head of the state." Mr. Bodley gives us a brief history of the term of each President; then goes on to treat, in the longest division of his book, the parliamentary system; and finally gives a sketch of the various political parties. The constitution of the Senate; the method of legislation through the bureaus, which suggests our committee system; the method of registering votes, of elections; the corruption of politicians, the restriction of corrupt practices; the ministers, their functions and positions; the origin and purposes of the parliamentary groups, are all treated, but the general impression left by the parliamentary history of the last republic is of disorderly fractions of parties headed by innumerable ministries, composed almost wholly of unknown men, hardly one of whom has held office for a year, marching across the scene like the battalions of a stage army. The keynote of Mr. Bodley's treatment of this part of his subject is contained in a quotation from a romance of Disraeli's; though found in the introduction, it might have been placed at the end of the book as the author's conclusion: "'I go to a land,' said Tancred, 'that has never been blessed by that fatal drollery called a representative government.'" This, comments Mr. Bodley, it is useful to recall at a time "when France, having made unexampled trial of parliamentary government, has found it to be, in the words of its consummate master, a 'fatal drollery.'"

One thing of which we can learn much from the French is in reference to elections and the selection of candidates. Their system is far simpler, more democratic, and cheaper than ours. "No nomination or similar formality is needed as preliminary to a parliamentary candidature." All that is necessary is for a candidate to make a declaration, witnessed by a mayor, that he intends to run in a certain constituency, which declaration must be lodged five days before the election in the prefecture of the department in which the constituency is situated. Another thing that we ought to learn from the French is the disgrace of a shameless, venal, and pornographic press. It is quite possible, if M. Pressensé, the accomplished editor of Le Temps, or any other Frenchman of similar position, had ever read the pounds of trivial stuff furnished by our Sunday journals, or had studied during the last six months what it is possible for our newspapers to accomplish, by sheer ignorant or sinful misrepresentation, that he might say the Americans could learn nothing bad from France. But our newspapers can hardly be bought with money alone, and it is well known to be an incident of every important financial transaction in Paris that a large payment must be made to the press; partly for this reason a good deal of French business is now transacted in the city of London.

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This system[1] was well enough shown during the Panama scandals; and on one memorable occasion when it was proposed to investigate such payments, a minister went into the tribune and advocated the quashing of the inquiry, on the ground that such payments, however regrettable they might be, were customary in France.

One final observation made by Mr. Bodley it is good for us to mention, and our countrymen may just now well take it to heart. He comments on the growth of pessimism and the joylessness of the French people. The old blitheness and courtesy of the people have gone. This change, he says, dates from the Franco-Prussian war. The observation is just. The French have waged war for the sake of humanity and to liberate the oppressed of adjacent lands; they have satisfied the lust for fighting, which we are told in these days strong men should feel; they have sacked the capitals of Europe, and they have quaffed the cup of glory to the full. But they have transgressed the law.

Therefore they are changed, and are silent, stern, weighted with taxes, compelled to a frugality we cannot conceive, wasting themselves from time to time in wild colonial ventures for which they are unfit, sickened with the mediocrity and corruption of their rulers and governors, and with the red spectre always before them.

Retribution, human or divine, has never been a popular doctrine among transgressors, but let those who disbelieve in it for nations study the history of France. The writer recalls a scene which enforced the lesson, and of which the impression is indelible. He happened, on a lovely winter's day, to be in the market-place at Fréjus, the town to which Bonaparte returned from the expedition to Egypt as the saviour of France, and where he later landed from Elba. It was the day on which the young men who had attained the requisite age to render military service drew for the numbers which decided in what branch they were to serve. There were perhaps a hundred of them, somewhat undersized, looking less rather than more than eighteen years of age. They were dressed in their best, and were doing their best to make a holiday of it. Most of them were evidently poor, some of them delicate looking, and many were accompanied by their mothers or sisters. Drawn from their vocations or from school, they were about to become for three years part of that vast military machine which a century of liberty has made necessary in France. A few of those who were well-to-do had apparently been indulging in stimulants, and were going through the forms of a mechanical good time. On the cheeks of a few the tears were running down, but most of them were standing about looking as silent and vacant as their friends looked depressed. A sadder sight one never saw, and of elation or gayety there was no more suggestion than there would have been among the youths of Athens about to embark for the Minotaur. No American could see the sight without thanking Heaven that his country was free from the necessity, or, as he might then have supposed, the desire to make such sacrifices as the scene revealed; and no American would then have believed that within three years he would hear the President of the United States reproached with having tried to avert a war.

[1] We do not at all mean that financial corruption is universal among French newspapers. There are honorable exceptions, but apparently they are only exceptions.

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HENRY GEORGE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To be a teacher is one thing; to be a reformer is to be more and less. To possess but a single idea is often intolerable weakness; to be possessed of but a single idea is often intolerant strength. To propound an economic theory is an affair of intellect; to propagate an economic gospel is a matter of heart and soul and strength and mind. To those who are at all familiar with the writings of Henry George, the key to his influence is not far to seek. He was a reformer; heart and soul and mind and strength, he was possessed of one idea; he was the eloquent apostle of an economic gospel, — the "new philosophy of the natural order, best known as the Single Tax." Here are his weakness and strength, his narrowness and breadth, his power for good and power for harm. In earlier and later writings, controversial or explanatory, the same merits and the same defects appear.

Obviously, a single set of criteria may not be applied to gospel and to science. For while the scientist is everlastingly seeking the truth, the apostle is proclaiming the everlasting truth. The one is calm, cool, and dispassionate; the other, enthusiastic, ardent, and intolerant.

Henry George's apostolic fervor, no less than the supplementary relation of this posthumous volume[1] to his earlier work, is sufficiently indicated by an extract from the preface, supposed to have been written in 1894, fifteen years after the first appearance of Progress and Poverty: "On the night on which I finished the first chapter of Progress and Poverty I felt that the talent entrusted to me had been accounted for, — felt more fully satisfied, more deeply grateful, than if all the kingdoms of the earth had been laid at my feet; and though the years have justified, not diminished, my faith, there is still left for me something to do." This "something" was no less than the attempted reconstruction of political economy, — begun in 1891, and presented to the public in its incomplete condition, "exactly as it was left by the author" at his sudden death in October, 1897.

Like all his later writings, this book is primarily a restatement of "the new philosophy of the natural order, best known as the Single Tax." Incidentally, however, it gives a cosmic introduction to this philosophy; demonstrates the eminently respectable ancestry of the single-tax doctrines; insists that they embody all that is good in the economic thought of the past; and asserts vehemently that in departing from these principles as imperfectly enunciated by the physiocrats and Adam Smith, the science of political economy during the present century has first been betrayed into a mass of hopeless confusions, and then been entirely abandoned by its professed teachers in favor of an incoherent pseudo-science called "economics," — the subservient tool of tremendous pecuniary, special, anti-social, class interests which have everywhere captured the educational machinery of thinking and teaching in higher institutions of learning. More in contempt than in sorrow, he admits that he once hoped for better things, and thought the constructive work to which he now addresses himself would be undertaken by at least some of the professed teachers of political economy. "Had these teachers frankly admitted the changes called for by Progress and Poverty," he condescendingly suggests that "some of the structure on which they built might have been retained." But that was not in human nature.

[1] *The Science of Political Economy.* By HENRY GEORGE. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. 1898.

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"What," he childishly exclaims, "were their training and laborious study worth if it could thus be ignored, and if one who had never seen the inside of a college except when he had attempted to teach professors the fundamentals of their science, whose education was of the mere common school branches, whose *alma mater* had been the forecastle and the printing-office, should be admitted to prove the inconsistency of what they had been teaching as science? It was not to be thought of. And so while a few of these professional economists, driven to say something about Progress and Poverty, resorted to misrepresentation, the majority preferred to rely upon their official positions, in which they were secure by the interests of the dominant class, and to treat as beneath contempt a book circulating by thousands in the three great English-speaking countries, and translated into all the important modern languages."

The temper revealed by such passages is obviously a painful contrast to the devout magnanimity to which attention has already been called, and seems at first sight inconsistent with it. To the unsympathetic reader there would seem to be something almost pathological in the persistent recurrence of such naïve autobiographic self-appreciation, on the one hand, and such constant imputation of stultification, subserviency, and unworthy motives to the learned, rich, and dominant classes who have failed to receive Mr. George's gospel. In a smaller personality than his, such self-complacent vehemence and vilification would be construed as evidence of personal pique, chagrin, and conceit. In the main, however, the apostolic fervor, the self-appreciation, and the unsparing denunciation may all be traced to essentially the same source. He is proclaiming a gospel. His personality is sunk in his cause. He is filled with what he himself compares to an "ecstatic vision" of the only true social and economic order. He believes that his lips have been touched by a live coal from off the altar of eternal justice. He sees one thing, sees it intensely, — has it so impressed upon his mind that he sees it everywhere and always, to the exclusion of everything else; and he cannot understand how any but the perversely blind can fail to see as he does.

It is characteristic of his religious fervor that all this weight of disagreement and of "contemptuous silence" never for a moment shakes his faith in himself or his mission. The common people have heard him gladly; and the opposition of the scribes, pharisees, and dominant classes is no new experience in the propagation of truth. Christ, he explains to us, also "always expressed sympathy with the poor and repugnance of the rich" and mighty, because poverty then, like poverty to-day, was caused by unjust wealth and power. "And so it is utterly impossible, in this or in any conceivable world, to abolish unjust poverty without at the same time abolishing unjust possessions." Unhappily, this type of teaching increases social distrust, and raises between social classes barriers of suspicion that are not easily removed.

It is needless to say that the historical and critical aspects of this latest work are least valuable and least accurate. Mr. George often exercises the propagandist privilege of refuting the alleged teachings of a group of economists in the lump, sometimes simply demolishing his own misapprehensions, or setting up a man of straw, and securing a triumph which may win the applause of the groundlings, but cannot fail to make the judicious grieve.

The constructive exposition has much of the customary charm of the author's genial, vigorous, imaginative style. The chapters are very short, definite, and correspondingly numerous. Endless assistance is furnished the reader in the form of preliminary tables of contents; the style is pitched at the level of the average man, and enlivened with scraps

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of history, biography, reminiscence, and humor.

There is little in terminology and arrangement to suggest any radical departure. It is in the new definition of accepted and fundamental terms that the changes are wrought which lead the reader by way of the new and restricted meanings assigned to political economy, wealth, and value to the inevitable conclusion of the single tax and its corollaries.

It is to be regretted that the exigencies of active propaganda and economic controversy have so embittered the legacy which a powerful and dramatic personality has left to the thought of his time.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Club of Old Stories.

"THERE is a thin coating of ice over the bricks this morning," said old Charles Harcourt, walking into the hall, where his man servant stood waiting to engulf him in a sable-lined coat. "I shall need overshoes, Dinan."

Dinan laid the coat on the oaken settle, and hurried away to find the overshoes. The moment his back was turned, Mr. Harcourt lifted the heavy coat, with much exertion, and struggled into it. Then he seized his hat, gloves, and stick, and, opening the door noiselessly, passed out of the house as stealthily as a burglar.

In his effort to hasten down Beacon Hill, his feet slid along the icy sidewalk several inches in front of his pivot-acting stick, upon which he leaned heavily. As he drew near the house of Judge Langhorne, he saw his elderly friend standing at the library window, nodding his head and waving a newspaper at him.

Forgetful of the ice, Harcourt raised his stick and waved it merrily in reply. Down dropped the sable coat in a heap on the sidewalk, while the venerable silk hat rolled into a pool of sawdust water.

"By George, sir!" he cried to his friend, as, a moment later, assisted by the judge's butler, he mounted the steps leading to the house, "I was fresh when I started, but my antediluvian legs gave way at last."

"Never mind, Charles," laughed the judge, putting his hand upon the other man's shoulder and drawing him into the library. "We all know who 'stand in slippery places,' eh? But how does it happen you are walking without Dinan's arm to lean on? I have n't seen you on the street alone for six months!"

"George," answered Harcourt solemnly, "I have run away, and without my overshoes! What will my daughter Anna say to me when I am once again in my nursery on Beacon Hill? I am trying my legs, sir, and I find that I can stand alone."

As he spoke, he rose with an effort from the great leather chair into which he had feebly sunk a moment before, walked to the hearth, and stood with his back to the fire in a boyish attitude, feet wide apart and hands clasped behind him; but his ancient knees trembled, and his shoulders had a weary stoop.

"George," he continued plaintively, "life has not been a comedy with me these last few years. How is it with you, old fellow?"

The judge peered through his spectacles quizzically at his friend.

"Are you suffering from an overdose of nurturing, too?" he asked, with a half-sad laugh.

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"Decidedly so," replied the other, straightening his bent figure, which immediately relaxed into its customary stooping pose. "I am treated like a modern baby. I am not allowed to walk alone. I can't eat anything I wish, nor at the time I choose; late dinner is forbidden. I take a nap in the morning, and one again in the afternoon. All my business is transacted by my son. Why, it is monstrous, sir, and it is unfair that I should obey *all* my life. When *I* was a child, you see, it was the fashion for children to obey their parents; and when I became a man, it was then the fashion for parents to obey their children. Why should it be so?" he asked, half seriously, half jestingly.

The judge gave a dry laugh. "My grandson accounted for it one day. I was trying to make him understand the advantages of a protective tariff, and he contested every point. Finally I asked him how it happened that he, who had lived so short a time, should know so much more than I about national affairs. And what do you think the young dog replied? '*Oh, I began where you left off!*'"

"Confound his impertinence!" said Harcourt, but nevertheless he joined his friend in his delighted laugh at the "impertinence" of the "young dog."

As their laughter died away, a little echo of it came from the hall, followed by a clear young voice.

"Oh, mamma," it said, "just hear grandpa and that dear Mr. Harcourt laugh! I suppose they are telling each other their century-old stories. I know them by heart myself. I can say, '*Really?*' now in just the right places without listening. Poor old dears! They forget how often they have told them before."

The front door closed on the reply, if one were made, and the carriage door banged. The judge listened to the click of the horses' feet on the pavements till the sound became inaudible. Then he turned his eyes from their deep scrutiny of the fire, and again peered warily through his spectacles at Harcourt.

"Charles," he said suspiciously, "*have* I ever told you that remark of Richard's before?"

"Not a bit of it," replied his friend stoutly. "Or if you have, I have forgotten it. That's the benefit of mingling with your contemporaries, George, and not with two generations later. Our memories keep pace with each other. If you forget that you have told the stories, I forget that I have heard them."

"And that puts in my mind again an idea I had some months ago," said the judge thoughtfully. "What do you say to forming a club of our classmates, to meet fortnightly, and dine and wine together? There are enough of us 183– men left. Eight would do for a beginning. Hire a sunny little house, put into it as much old college furniture as we can find, and make a bold strike for independence. What is the Somerset Club now? Composed of striplings who ought to be at school. Not half a dozen men over seventy. We will have no nurses or attendants allowed in the house, and we will dine together there every Friday fortnight, and tell all our pet anecdotes."

"And laugh over them, by George, as we used to do!" put in Harcourt enthusiastically. "That is a capital idea. We will anticipate criticism by calling it the Club of Old Stories. Now whom shall we have? Dalton for one?"

"Dalton, of course. It would be like dinner without wine to have the club without Jack Dalton."

"Do you remember the night in Holworthy," said Harcourt, with a sudden laugh, "when we were making that racket with Browne's drum? The proctor hammered at the door, and we all hid except Jack. He was left to open it; and how neatly he stepped behind it when he did so, and slid into the hall without being seen, and heaved a pillow

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at the candles, so that every one but the proctor got away!"

"Do I!" chuckled the judge. "And how he made the freshmen hold up the Waverly coach, thinking it was part of the initiation."

"And how he smashed the chapel window!" added Harcourt. "But gad, sir," he broke off, interrupting himself, "if we continue our reminiscences of Jack Dalton, we shall never get any further with the club. What do you say to Langdon and Richardson?"

"That makes five," was the response. "And then there 's Jim Green, poor old boy! Ever since Andersonville he has had his ups and downs, but on his well days he will come, I know, and — What do you think of Bennet?"

"Oh," groaned Harcourt, "he is *so* deaf, so unnecessarily deaf! I know he must put it on."

"Yes," assented the judge, "Jack Dalton said of him the other day, 'There 's none so deaf as those who *can't* hear.' But think, Charles, what Bennet did for us at college. We should never have won our sheepskins if he had n't drummed mathematics into our heads and labored with us over our Greek and Latin."

Harcourt relented. "Well, we will have him, then. Now we need only one more. Who shall it be?"

There was a long silence. "Charles," said the judge at last in an awed voice, "is it possible there are only seven of us who have not — gone?"

"Never mind," said his friend hastily. "Seven is a good number. It 's an odd number. There is luck in it. We don't want but seven. Now, George, I will make you secretary of the club. You write to the boys. I would do it myself, but I have to buy some new glasses; mine don't fit my eyes. Miserable opticians they have in these days. I will constitute myself president, and will look up a house for us. We will arrange the first meeting for Friday fortnight. Open it with a dinner. Now I must be off. I have that long hill to climb, and I must take it slowly."

"Wait a moment and have a glass of sherry," responded the judge, touching a bell. "It will halve the distance and double the view, Charles," he added, laughing.

. . . . . .

The president of the newly formed club — or rather, the president's daughter — had no difficulty in finding the sunny little house which was desired. In its rooms each delighted old fellow deposited the relics of his college days, — books, tables, chairs, desks, and pictures which had been buried in attics and cellars for over half a century, — and they thanked Heaven for the sentiment which had saved these antiquated pieces from auctions for this happier fate.

Old Charles Harcourt and the judge walked arm in arm through the rooms, the night of the opening of the club-house, and surveyed its fittings with great satisfaction.

In the reading-room they paused before a bookcase, through whose newly polished surface faintly appeared countless carved "J. D.'s," and Harcourt drew from a shelf a musty volume of Tom Jones, and squinted over its yellow pages to find dimly remembered witticisms of Fielding.

They passed from the library into the dining-room. A servant was lighting the seven candles which stood in old-fashioned silver sticks in a circle about the table.

"It must be nearly time the boys were here," observed Harcourt cheerfully, as he watched the man. "What do you say, George, to betting on the first arrival? Do you recollect how we always bet on every imaginable incident, and what a zest it gave to life?"

"Beg pardon, sir, here are some letters I found on the desk in the library," said the servant, who had left the dining-room a moment before, and now re-

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appeared for an instant to deliver the notes.

There were four letters in all, and they were addressed to the secretary of the club. The judge tore open the first one and scanned it with troubled eyes. "Well, well," he remarked, laying it on the table with a sigh, and tearing open the next. "This is melancholy. Here is Langdon ill with the gout. No dining and wining for him to-night. And Bill Richardson is in bed with rheumatism. Deuce take the man! Serves him right for being so imprudent. Actually went sleighriding yesterday, Charles. And this one — let me see. It 's from Bennet, I should say. Yes, Bennet has pleurisy, poor old boy! And here Letitia Green tells us in this note that her grandfather is in the clutches of the grippe. Dear me! I call this 'hospital'-ity." He gave a forced laugh at his feeble joke. "But we have n't heard a word from Jack Dalton," he continued more cheerfully. "He never failed us yet, thank Heaven! We shall have a lively evening with him, at any rate, Charles."

"He ought to be here any moment," said Harcourt listlessly. "He had a bad cold a week ago, and so I sent Dinan out in my carriage for him. It is too long a drive from Chestnut Hill in a drafty hired cab. He should be here by this time," he said again, looking anxiously at his watch.

A carriage drove hastily down the street, and stopped at the club-house door.

"This must be he," said the judge, brightening visibly. "There will be three of us here to-night, and there is luck in odd numbers, as you said, — eh, Charles?"

At the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, both men started eagerly forward from their chairs; but when a rap came at the door, and Dinan entered the room *alone*, they sank back tremblingly and looked at him with anxious eyes.

"'Ave a bit of sherry, sir," said the old man servant, taking a decanter from the table and pouring wine into two glasses. "It 's cold in this room. Better 'ave it. It 'll warm you up, sir."

"Yes, yes, so it will," quavered Harcourt. He lifted the tiny glass unsteadily and put it to his trembling lips. When he set it down, empty, he looked inquiringly up at Dinan, but the servant's face remained stolid until the judge's wineglass was emptied, also, and placed beside the other. Then he said quietly, "I found Mr. Dalton ill, sir."

"Very ill?" faltered Mr. Harcourt.

"*Very* ill, sir."

"*Dead?*" breathed his master almost inaudibly.

"Yes, sir," answered Dinan. "And 'ere 's a letter from 'is wife, sir." He handed it to him, and then left the room.

Harcourt slowly drew the note from the envelope. The sheet fluttered in his fingers, and his voice failed him when he tried to read aloud the sad words it held. So the two men, with silent accord, drew their chairs to the gayly decorated table, spread the letter out before their dim eyes, and together read the widow's piteous words.

They finished it. Still neither spoke nor changed his position. Their eyes wandered about the table till they rested on the chair designed for Dalton, on the dinner-card which bore his name and a merry old college squib. Then Charles Harcourt rose weakly from his chair, leaned over the table, and took from the centre vase a great bunch of Maréchal Niel roses.

"Shall we take them to her?" he said simply.

The judge bowed his head reverently in assent.

When they opened the door to leave the room, a blast of wintry air rushed by them and blew fiercely about the table. The light from the candles in the seven massive silver sticks flickered, and finally yielded to the lusty breath, and died out.

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R. Kipling: Comparative Psychologist.

In all the expressions of appreciation that Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books still arouse, I wonder if any one has yet pointed out the change these works have quietly wrought in our attitude toward the rest of the animal world? Before these books, and since Darwin, we have believed, or have known vaguely that we ought to believe, that our "in'ards," both of body and of brain, are very much the same kind of "in'ards" as those of a cat or a monkey; and we have perhaps prided ourselves on our openness of mind in being ready to accept such lowly relatives without repugnance. What Mr. Kipling has done for us is to make us really know and feel that the larger part of our mental composition is of the same substance as that of our cousins the animals, with a certain superstructure of reasoning faculty which has enabled us to become their masters. Mr. Kipling, indeed, has expounded relationships in the psychology of the animal world as far-reaching as those which Darwin discovered in its morphology.

Mr. Kipling's animals, in the first place, are real; not men in the skins of animals, hunting a moral or a fancy. No matter how much the Bandar-log in the Cold Lairs may remind us of the chronic turmoils of Paris, we never think of Mr. Kipling as a satirist: the monkeys are like the Frenchmen because so much of what we call human nature was, as a matter of fact, brought to its full growth before the fortunate variation which split off the branch of the monkeys who were to be monkeys no more. Or again, if on some warm, sweet afternoon in May, recalling the inimitable diagnosis of spring fever in the Spring Running, we are tempted to let work slide, with the comfortable confession that after all, since we are animals, it is vain to think that long days of furnace and roll-top desk can or ought to smother out the animal spirit in us, there will come to mind that other scene of the great black panther going wild with the smells of the night, until Mowgli's single human word brought him to a full stop and held him quivering while the human eye stared him into subjection. Indeed, Mowgli is always thrusting in his difference, and showing his unaffected consciousness that he is master of the jungle, just because the animals are animals and he is man.

In spite, however, of this distinction that Mr. Kipling keeps so clear; in spite of the fact that Mowgli, living with the animals, can hear what they hear, can smell what they smell, can talk their talk, though they cannot think what he thinks, — in spite of all this, it is true that, except for such artificialities of life as civil engineering or municipal government or the higher education, the differences are skin-deep. You do not choose a wife because your immortal reason tells you that she is a superior woman, but because her eyes please your eye, or because she has an exquisite manner of making you feel that you are after all stronger or wiser or handsomer than most men have the sense to see. On the other hand, your hate or your fear is not to be traced to any gifts of mind which you do not share with the animals: the silly panics which overcome crowds are in no way different from those so wisely illuminated in Her Majesty's Servants. More certainly still does the spring fever I have spoken of — that which stirs in us at the call of the moist, earthy April wind — go back beyond the cave-dweller and the maker of flint spear-heads to the ancestor of whom Stevenson speaks, who was "probably arboreal." Passing by the sensations and intuitions which M. Pierre Loti and other Frenchmen have exploited so effectively, farthest of all, perhaps, go those vague curiosities of mental life which the Society for Psychical Research has preëmpted for its own field. Professor Wendell, in an essay on the Salem Witches, lays down

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the hypothesis that all the phenomena of suggestion and hypnotism, of clairvoyance and mediumship, which science uses now to explain what was miraculous to our ancestors, may very plausibly be considered rudimentary vestiges of powers of perception and communication which belonged to what was man before he stood upright on his hind legs and knew how to use his tongue for speech. Such a doctrine finds much illumination in the Jungle Books. In short, in whatever direction we turn we find ourselves filled with instincts and prejudices, with sensations or intuitions, that beyond doubt make up the whole mental life of the other animals.

Man, as we usually think of him, is a being of pure reason, the product and the aim of countless ages of slow and halting development. But underneath all this brilliant flower of the intellect there still lies, for all time and of necessity, the mass of sensations, the network of likes and dislikes, of repulsions, of desires, of instinctive activities and judgments, which, taken together, form most of his active existence. And these are much more real to some of us since we have read all that Mr. Kipling has had to tell us of Akela, of the Bandar-log, of Baloo, and of the great Kaa, who was older than many trees, and who had seen all that the jungle has done.

A Story on the Color-Line.

My friend the musician dropped into my den, the other afternoon, for our annual talk.

"I read that last book of yours," said he. "It 's the best thing you 've done. How 's it going?"

I suppose my gesture must have been expressive of small financial success.

"Ah!" he exclaimed commiseratingly. "I don't understand that."

"I do," said I. "I killed the book by making the hero a colored man."

"But he was n't!" cried Storson.

"I let people think so for a dozen chapters. It 's the same thing."

"But, hang it, that was just where the art came in! That uncertainty was precisely the point of the story."

"Thank you. Would you have had me say that in the preface?"

"Say it in the preface to the next one. Take the very same theme, old fellow, — the color-line in the North, — and hammer away. There 's an Uncle Tom's Cabin in it for somebody."

I shook my head. "Not for me. I 'm no crusader. And besides, a year's work is all I can afford to lose. I 'm going back to the old thing: that sells very decently."

"Yes, I know," he flung in impatiently; "genial banter, a knack for description, and a romanticism that you don't quite dare own. It 's delicate, and it 's well done. But in that book you spoke out, — you cut to the bone, man. And I want to see you do it again."

I smoked in silence.

"If you will," he went on, "I 'll give you a plot, here and now."

"That does n't tempt me," I said. "There are plots enough, Heaven knows. But go ahead. Do you begin with a sort of overture, lights turned down, pianissimo?"

"I 'm quite serious," replied Storson. "It 's about a fellow I know very well; white as the man in your story, and the grandson of a United States Senator to boot. He was a pupil of Reif, in Berlin. I met him there, and afterward at the Conservatory at Leipsic. He had studied music for two years at Oberlin before he went abroad, and he thinks now that that was his ruin."

"Why?"

"They treated him as they treated any other student, and it fooled him. It gave him the feeling that there was a professional future for him. He went to Europe on that idea."

"But the color-line could n't have troubled him over there?"

"No. He might have stayed there and been happy. But the foreign market is terribly overcrowded, and when

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his money gave out he had to come home."

"Well?"

"I want you to understand," said Storson deliberately, "that this fellow was, and is, a genius, in the full sense of that spoiled word; and that he has a sound musical education, and a physique that permits him to practice eight hours a day. I 've seen darkies enough with a marvelous knack at picking out a tune. Generally they never get any farther. This man is different. I 've known pretty nearly a thousand pianists — fellow students and pupils — since I began myself, and not more than two are in that fellow's class."

"Now for the plot," said I. "Your gifted 'might have been' is a rather conventional character."

"Very well. Where do you suppose he is to-day?"

I waited, watching the musician's leonine face darken.

"I see him whenever I play in Chicago," he went on. "Four years ago he had just come back from Leipsic. He made an engagement as church organist in a little town out on the Burlington road, and had a dozen pupils on the piano. He was radiant; but the game lasted just six weeks. Then it got abroad that the organist at the Methodist Church was a colored man, and the music committee forced him to resign. His pupils stopped taking lessons, and he had to leave town. Then he tried giving concerts in colored churches, at ten cents admission; two years ago he was starving at that. A year ago I gave a concert in a college town in Michigan, and who do you think waited on me at the hotel table? My fellow student at Reif's! He came up to my room, after the hotel was quiet, and we had a talk. He was absolutely discouraged. He had no money. It had been a choice between waiting on the table and the Potter's Field. Well, I gave him letters to some musical people in Chicago, and lent him fifty dollars to try his luck once more. He had not touched a piano for months."

"And you have n't heard from him?" I asked.

"He called on me last week at the Auditorium," said Storson, tossing away his cigar nervously. "For a long time I could n't get out of him what he was doing. Then he told me that he was playing the piano at a dance-house. He was well paid, well dressed, and he gave me my fifty dollars. He plays Bach there, do you know, Bach and Beethoven, transposed and the time changed into the devil's own gallop, and nobody knows the difference. They don't draw the color-line on him. It 's a very democratic place. He has found out at last, he says, what an American colored man with a gift for music is expected to do with it. He 'll shoot himself some day, but he is n't going to starve any more."

I stared out of the window into the twilight. For a whole year, once, I had brooded over such tragedies as this, fancying that one of them might be turned into art.

"There 's your story," Storson said.

"And after all," I replied, "what 's the use? If you announced that your musician was colored, nobody would read the story. If you made him of doubtful blood, they would like it less still: I 've tried that, you see. In fact, the whole thing is too unpleasant to the contemporary American public. If it were far enough away, — in Mashona Land, for instance, — or a couple of hundred years ago" —

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?" argued Storson.

"Or if I were Mrs. Stowe," I admitted. "But suppose I wrote it out just as you have told it, without changing anything, — a story based on the color-line, — do you know what it would be worth, as copy? It would n't be worth the stamps for returning the manuscript. Editors know the public taste too well."

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